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ERRATA.

Page 139, col. 1, line 17, for *is* read *are*.

Page 148, col. 1, line 5, for *climacterie* read *climacteric*.

Page 152, col. 1, line 4, insert " after the words *evil principle*, and destroy " after the word *Manichæism*, line 12.

Page 156, col. 1, line 14, for *it was not the taking* read *it was the taking*.

Page 169, col. 2, line 4, dele *the*.

Page 172, col. 1, line 7, for *under, it* read *under it*.

Page 173, col. 1, line 16, from the bottom, for *on equality* read *on an equality*.

Page 178, col. 1, line 7, from the bottom, for *o youth* read *of youth*

Page 178, col. 2, line 4, from the bottom, for *most sweet lady* read "*Most sweet lady*.

Page lxiii, col. 1, line 12, for *Millond* read *Milloud*: and at line 20, for *Oned* read *Oued*.

Page lxiii, col. 2, line 6, for *Libowne* read *Libourne*: and at line 7, for *deporte* read *department*.

Page lxvi, col. 1, line 6, from the bottom, after the word *enemies* insert "

Page lxvii, col. 2, line 4, for *Camoricière* read *Lamoricière*.

Page lxviii, col. 2, lines 2, 5, and 20, for *Kird* read *Kaid*.

Page lxviii, col. 2, line 33, for *Toydempt* read *Tagdempt*.

Page lxix, col. 1, line 10, for *expecting* read *excepting*.

Page lxix, col. 2, line 8, for *though* read *and*.

Page lxix, col. 2, line 7, from the bottom, for *though the* read *thought he*.

SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. III.] JANUARY, 1852. [Vol. I.

RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I., RELATED BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER X.

I SHALL make no apology for the absence of incident in this book. It professes to contain my retrospections; and the history of a mind in the nineteenth century does not afford scope for the narration of stirring events, although the path of one's pilgrimage be through the most remote and romantic scenes. Egypt is only one of the watering places of modern London: in India you have bottled stout and newspapers; a continent unknown to Arthur, Alfred, or Charlemagne, is attainable by a fortnight's pleasure sailing. External incident and adventure is no more, but the thoughtful will perceive that the interest of round tables and crusades is only transferred, not lost. The mind of man has still its heroic enterprizes; many an innocent needs defending, many a monster must be slain, and the trials of love, faith, courage and courtesy, are still at hand, in new forms, to fit that mind for a better world. To such thoughtful readers then I address myself, in the hope that my adventures may find in their hearts as ready an echo, as did those of the Paladins in the imaginations of their ancestors.

The short time I spent under Cope's new roof had the greatest effect on my future life: while at Stagnum, he had had other duties, I another home, but at Blackmoor we were almost always together; for the other pupils were fonder of out-door sports than either their tutor or myself.

One day in autumn, we were walking together through a muddy lane. The colourless heaven was gathered into one insipid frown; the wind was whistling wildly through the branches of the trees,

and the leaves that had been a shelter to birds, and a delight to the eye of man, were whirling round us. Cub-hunting had just begun, and Lionel Dashwood, who was studying (as wealthy young men of rank study) under Cope, while waiting for a vacant set of rooms in Christ-church, had gone out on a thorough-bred, weedy little mare, quite up to his slight weight. However it seemed she had made some blunder this morning, for he came slowly up to us from behind, the mare limping, and one side of his coat (I forget which) covered with the clay of the neighbourhood.

"You appear to have sustained a fall," said the cautious Cope.

"Why, yes sir," said the young man, "the mare sprained her shoulders at full gallop, and came down with me; slipped up in a lane too; no fun for the money."

"Is there ever any fun for your money, Mr. Dashwood? What is the object in hunting? I suppose if you are liable to lame your horse, and spoil your coat in a lane, you are always capable of something still more disagreeable in going across the country?"

"It is agreeable, my dear sir," said I, as Dashwood seemed to have nothing to answer. "You don't think of the excitement. Is it not good for the mind to derive excitement from danger?"

"Then let them put arsenic in the salt-cellars, have a spring-gun in their feather-beds, or do something where they alone are in danger. I don't know what business they have to kill their horses."

Lionel's handsome swarthy face crimsoned at this attack; he was never intentionally selfish, though his time of life, and the ardour of his constitution, caused him to enter into every pursuit with the most complete interest. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did with all his might, and this was the cause of his being the good fellow he was. Unlike most young men of his station, he did not confine his eagerness to the damning pursuits of self-indulgence, but was at the same time the greatest rake, the hardest reader, and the warmest philanthropist I ever met: of course the inner life was neglected, or rather it was naturally weak; I suspect he could not carry on a train of thought, without pegs of external interest to hang it on.

We walked on towards the village, where Cope was already highly unpopular; his doctrines were dry and musty, being taken at second hand; and his manners, from ignorance of mankind, and constitutional refinement, did not do justice to his excellent heart. Besides this, he was physically timid to a fault; and none but those who knew him well, and saw him in moments of serious trial, could have respected him as he deserved.

As we drew near the usually deserted green, through which ran the stream that bounded the country, we saw an enormous crowd. Lionel, still a little sulky, brightened up: "The Woodstock wonner!" cried he, "and the Miller of Mansfield!" "What's that? A prize-fight?" murmured our tutor, "and in my parish?" and without another word, he bounded into the ring with an activity and a "pluck" that surprised us both: the result may be easily guessed; he was pulled, pushed, and bonnetted; his coat was torn down his back, and an industrious pick-pocket availed himself of the opportunity to cut off the long skirts, in which he was doomed to find nothing but a

(Scotch) cambric handkerchief, a Latin copy of Jewell's Apology, and a tooth-pick case containing a lock of hair, believed to be a relic. These articles were much regretted by their owner, but were afterwards found, wet through, in the mud.

Of course Lionel had lost his sense of annoyance at the first sight of these events; and leaping off his mare, rushed to the spot with myself, just in time to hear cries of "Duck him," and to observe our "guide, philosopher and friend," carried off in the direction of a weed-mantled pond about four hundred yards from the spot. We were speedily engaged with the foremost of his assailants, and should, ere long, have shared his (and a worse) fate, but for the timely arrival of the Rural Police, whose delay, as they afterwards informed us, had been caused by their having to collect from two shires.

The mob was dispersed, our rescuers not being strong enough to take any of them into custody; and our unhappy preceptor borne to his house, where he was confined to his bed for some days, during which I saw more of his character, and learned to like him better than ever. In his misfortunes, the poor fellow clung to one he had known so long, and rewarded my attentions by indoctrinating me with his ideas on Church government—for of doctrine he had but little notion.

What he thought (or thought he thought, for he got it all from others) was plausible enough, and recommended itself greatly to my imagination, heated by neo-chivalry, and prejudiced by sensitiveness to all that was vulgar or contentious. The Church (by which I presume he meant several things of different kinds, from a building with a steeple, to the whole body of believers, but I had no idea of asking him at the time) had been ordained by the founder of our religion, who had conferred on it infallibility, and the promise of his perpetual presence. This was to be kept up, (here it must have meant the clergy) by an irrefragable succession, and all its opinions, upon the interpretation of Scripture, were to be final. Beyond its pale was no safety: there were, to be sure, certain vague, "uncovenanted mercies," on the nature of which he did not venture to explain himself. Within it, let a man be baptized, communicate, and die, his state was beyond all doubt. I did not then perceive how indifferently this definition answered the real character of that convenient, kind, sensible, but somewhat bolstered piece of compromise called "The Church of England:" and what was of more serious injury to me, I did not see how far was the touch not, taste not, handle not, religion it gave birth to, from feeding that divine furnace of the soul, which is necessary to sustain the Christian's life of action. Of course a superstitious man may be a good one, but his religion does not force him to be so, or furnish him with sufficient motives. All external religions have this mark (name them as you will) that their professors can comply with their injunctions, without any moral benefit. Facts afterwards taught me this; some in my personal experience, others that I saw in heathen countries.

Cope soon recovered from his injuries and his fright; the winter months, passed by, and I went

into residence at a small and quiet college in the beginning of the next year. Nothing happened in the circle of my friends at Stagnum, except the melancholy circumstance kindly conveyed to me by Dr. Warren, that my mother, who had been long in a low, unhappy state, had now sank into complete mental apathy. Poor parent! many a heart-ache did she escape by what seemed such a calamity. My religious opinions, of which she had at the time but little knowledge, would have been alone sufficient to wound her heart, imbued as it was with the most rigid Calvinism; and this was the least of the troubles I should have brought upon her.

CHAPTER XI.

I WAS now settled at Oxford, and a very grand gentleman in my own ideas. The first time I put on my cap and gown, I felt that I was a member of that institution which had nursed the greatest of our great and the best of our good—an old English University. The careers of Coleridge, Gibbon, Southey, Shelley, and other men of genius, I resolved to overlook; their conviction of the evils of the system flowed from some faults of their own. For myself, I would revel in the scenes of my childhood; I would breathe the learned atmosphere of the libraries; I would benefit by the elaborate results of her "Science;" and would, in the meantime, allow myself an innocent participation in the pleasures of this crowd of generous young men, my equals in age, and many of them my superiors in rank.

At Christ-church, besides my old friend Lionel, who abused his father's dull house, where he had been passing Christmas, and raved of the delights he had experienced in the constant society of Edith Eversfield, (I could have swooned with rage,) I also renewed an acquaintance with Cox-Bloxam, who was destined for the more aristocratic part of the army, as became his high station, and at present condescended to wear the silk-gown and velvet cap of a gentleman commoner. Another of my old school-fellows was at Christ-church whose father, a poor curate of the name of DeVere, was a lineal representative of the house of Oxford. But the young man, I was informed, I could not know—he was a Servitor. Ignorant of the stigma thus employed, I called on him (in blissful ignorance of University etiquette,) or, at any rate, attempted to do so. Long was it before the august porter of Canterbury gate could recollect whether so obscure a person inhabited the College; and when at length a "scout" condescended to show me the building, at the extreme summit of which he lived, I could still scarcely find his door; I mean, I could scarcely imagine that any gentleman could be permitted—even in charity—to live in such a garret. I knocked at his door. There was a scuffle, a noise of glass, and an invitation to enter: immediately came a strong smell of gin, and there sate poor DeVere in a garret, with one chair and a stand-up desk, covered with books. He recognized me with a brightening eye, and many a talk we had over old times, under Cope's roof, at Stagnum-in-the-Mere.

"These are not very nice rooms," said I, "and I had some difficulty in making them out."

"I am very glad you did so though. You must know that Freshmen are expected to 'wait till called on'; but you may suppose I should not have taken the liberty of calling on you."

"Why not?" I was about to ask, when my eye followed his to the tuftless cap which hung on a peg near the mantle-piece; curiously enough I saw one on the next, which had a tuft of gold.

My entertainer blushed scarlet; there was a mystery, which he refused to explain, about those two caps, the two ends of the social scale in the university system. I afterwards learned that the "Honorable" Mr. Buttonshank, who was studying with my poor friend the Servitor DeVere, was in the habit of secreting himself in the cupboard when any guest came, so unwilling was he to risk his mushroom honors (his father had been a manufacturer) by being known to associate with a servitor. This snob was ultimately discovered, and laughed at by the whole University, one half of which thought him wrong for going, and the rest more justly condemning his concealment!

Owing to my father's memory, and Dr. Warren's kind introductions, I was rather more familiar with the "Dons" than is usual for an undergraduate. Of course what I saw in their rooms and houses must be confidential; but there was one who is such a type of his class, that, there existing in this case no reason to the contrary, I must devote a few pages to what I remember of his story.

J. N. was the second son of a country Baronet, whose way of life was somewhat superior to his means. When therefore the young man entered on his residence at —Hall, he found himself less comfortable than he had been when moving within the orbit of paternal magnificence. Naturally fond of ease, he saw no plan better than to avail himself of a fellowship, that glorious provision of our ancestors by which a man of tolerable industry or luck is enabled to do nothing for life, and get well paid for it.

As there is no foundation at the Halls of Oxford, he was compelled to look about for what he wanted, nor was it long ere he discovered a vacancy, to which men of his county had a preference of eligibility. Being a fair scholar, he took what, twenty years ago, was considered a good degree, and immediately removed to his new college.

As soon as he found that he was independent of his penurious brother, who had inherited little beyond the title of their extravagant sire, he resolved to retire altogether from the world, and live, he said, on his roots and water, like a true Cœnobite. His knowledge of the right and fitting procured him respect and influence in the common-room society; and he succeeded in seducing M. Brioche, his late father's cook, an artist who had become weary of life under the new regime, and unappreciative economy of the young Baronet. N.'s heart, so he informed me, swelled with pride; they imported their own wines, and he was happy. "Here," he thought, "in these learned shades, I may spend a frugal, peaceful, and altogether useless life; and if I can only escape being made Tutor,

or Proctor, I shall have nothing in the world to complain of."

"One year," he used to say, "I got it into my head that this way of life was monotonous, and that I might spend a long vacation in foreign travel. The accounts I had heard of the German cookery were not encouraging, and Eustace informed me that the Italians understood neither the feeding nor the cooking of meat. Otherwise, I could have visited with rapture the disburied wonders of Pompeii, or mused by moonlight over the ruins of the Coliseum, which Byron had just then brought into fashion. At last I made up my mind. 'I will go,' I cried, 'to Paris. I will visit that beautiful city of fricandeaus and fortifications, where all that is well dressed of meats and of men come together in genial communion.'

"To Paris I accordingly went, and was much pleased with it. The ale of course was bad, and the Port not worth drinking. Still the weather and the pictures and the cookery altogether kept me up, and I began to like claret very much.

"It was at this period that an interesting epoch occurred in my life,—one that had nearly blasted my prospects, and made me a comfortless and miserable man for the rest of my days.

"You look surprised. Understand that I was very near being married: I'll tell you how it came about.

"One evening I had been to the opera, and was sitting afterwards at Vérey's, waiting for my supper, and on the point of making one of the most tremendous mistakes in my whole career (next to marrying at least); I remember it well. I had ordered 'biftecks aux truffes,' and the dish was brought steaming in and placed upon my table: suddenly a man, who had been eyeing me for some time, stepped forward, and with a polite bow, said in a low voice—

'Monsieur will excuse me, for I cannot sit by and see a worthy and sensible man the dupe of a wily Frenchman...'

He sank his voice to a hissing whisper as he said.

'At this house they do not cut their steaks from the rump.'

"My knife and fork fell from my hands. Murmuring my thanks with a glance of execration at the waiters, I dashed from the treacherous roof.

"The next day I met the courteous unknown in the Champs Elysées with an elegant young lady; we bowed, and after a little conversation, he asked me to dine with him.

"The Baron von Essenwohl gave me a capital dinner, and good wine; and I became a frequent guest. From habit I soon became used to his daughter, and gradually I think visited the baron as much for her sake as for his dinners. He was unable to dine with *me*, for he could not leave Angelique for so long. But he often supped with me, and I was able to assist him in several difficulties which were, he assured me, merely temporary.

"At length the day arrived that was to separate us. The Baron was to go to look after the purchase of an estate in Germany; Angelique was to go of course with him; I was to join them at Baden Baden.

"My young friend," continued J. with a sigh, "I cannot describe to you the beauty of Angelique: she was fairer than Blancmange,

and her teeth shone like bleached almonds. I was convinced that I loved her, and before her departure, extorted the flattering avowal that I was not indifferent to her.

'We shall soon meet,' said I, 'till then let us correspond: let us write to one another, and say what we have had for dinner, that we particularly enjoyed during the week.'

"Angelique smiled assent, and I was happy.

"Suddenly the Baron entered with a flushed face, followed by two or three odd-looking persons; made a hasty apology to me, and seemed to wish me to go. But I was too busy with Angelique, and determined to stay.

'O! it's no use for you to come that,' said one of the ruffians; 'we saw the boxes in the Hall.'

"The truth flashed upon me; the Baron was leaving Paris without paying his bills, and these were duns. He turned to me to implore assistance; and began pledging his word, as a German nobleman, while Angelique fainted on the sofa, when a neighbouring *traiteur*, whom I knew well by sight, rushed in with his bill.

"The *traiteur* also turned to me.

'It is too bad,' said he; "that man owes me a thousand francs for dinners furnished him here, and now he wants to put me off. But he'll find me a different customer."

"I was paralyzed at this new stroke. I had evidently been the victim of a train of the blackest treachery; and this man, whose dinners had been his chief recommendation, had been giving me dinners from a cook-shop.

"I darted a look of hatred and contempt at the miserable swindler, and without a word, left the house for ever."

The end of this gentleman's story will be shewn in its proper place.

CHAPTER XII.

I CONTINUED my headlong course. Fool, fool that I have been, and how can I even now bear to relate the story of my folly, bitterly though I have repented of it since? Justly may it be urged that the pain I brought upon my loving friends, and the ruin which all but overtook me, must have been principally my own doing. Numbers of young men leave our Universities yearly, with credit, and become respectable and useful members of society; yet there surely is something more to be expected of these favoured schools, and a serious complaint against them that they do no more. It is a serious complaint that their system is narrow and bigoted in religion, politics, and learning; teaching an acquaintance with the outward shews of these vital things, knowing nothing of any insight into their principles. Little does the world consider, when a young clergyman enters on his duties, with the appearance and qualifications, for instance of my friend Basil Cope, that his pale countenance and bald head proceed from premature dissipation; his mild, and insinuating manner, from three or four years of constant time-serving, and enforced attention to a puerile discipline; the coldness of his preaching, and

the comparative ill success of his parochial labours, from an ignorance of his own nature, and of the wants of his flock.

I am thankful, amidst all my regrets, that the system broke down with me long before I got to *that* state; the dry tuition, the dull, uninformed pedantry of the lecture rooms, did not altogether close my mind to better and brighter visions. The discipline, where it was not supported by moral reasons, I studiously though courteously neglected; the slavish social system I utterly contemned; and I probably even then felt that their unreasoning, external, second-hand religion was but dead Christianity galvanized. But the bitter cup of doubt on this awful subject was for a while withheld from my lips, and I still went on as I had been taught, and fancied that, as long as "I followed the Church," I belonged to a sort of a spiritual life-insurance, and that She was responsible for my safety.

I had kept up the odd compromise that my peculiar childhood had given birth to; I was not yet made aware how incompatible are sin and sentiment, when they are both real; nor were the books which chiefly influenced me, likely to assist in my enlightenment; nothing but experience, of my own, did that.

The works of the author of "Ernest Maltravers" were then in everybody's hands, and in the zenith of their very natural popularity. Coleridge, in alluding to the Poems of Bowles, has shewn how great is the influence upon an imaginative young man, of the writings of an inspired cotemporary, an influence exceeding that of the greatest of past authors. What Bowles was to Coleridge, that have Bulwer and Tennyson been to many of the present generation, to myself among the number; and especially the former. The high-souled student with his clear brow, his soaring speculations, and his keen zest of the pleasures of Nature, with that social grandeur which has such fascinations for all the young and ardent, who are moved by their own sympathies to long for the admiration of their neighbours, ah! this is indeed an ideal, which may well have impressed more vividly than usual a mind such as mine was then.

I need not dwell upon the oft-told tale of the University life of a young man of volatile temperament. There has been "something too much of this" already; the stale jokes, the infantile debaucheries, the fox huntings, proctorizations, boat races, make up a story which could never have been altogether indispensable to the well-being of the world. But it has been given, and given again, so that I may spare myself the pain of doing any thing more than glancing at my own share in such matters.

One day, an eventful day for me, there was to be a Steeple-chase, at a village some twenty miles from London, and about the same distance from the nearest station on the great Western Railway; Lionel Dashwood and I agreed to go together. We sent our horses by train to the above mentioned station, drove over to Steventon, then the nearest place where the Railway was accessible from Oxford, went as far as we could by train, mounted our horses, and got to the ground just as the first race began. We

had two glorious bursts over the course, so as to keep the running horses in view all the time the two events of the day were being decided, and then sate down to a well-earned dinner in the village Inn. Among the guests was Cox-Bloxam, in a tremendous pair of moustaches; for he had left Oxford, gone into the Dragoon Guards, and was the proprietor of more than one of the horses that had that morning suffered defeat. The talk ran upon a new opera which had just began to create a great sensation in London, and I found, when at 6 o'clock I proposed to Dashwood that we should order our horses and return to Oxford, that he was too excited to listen to my arguments. We had both taken a good deal of wine, and were, moreover, under the influence of previous excitement.

"Six o'clock is it?" said Lionel. "Then, my boy, it is no use our going back to the station, for the only train that's any use to us, leaves at ¼ past 7. You know we settled that this morning."

It was too true; if in time for that train, we could not hope to get to Oxford before eleven at night; the next train did not start till ½ past 8, and being a slow one too, would not reach Steventon till we ought to have been on the right side of our College gates.

"We might make a push for it," I said; "only make up your mind at once. If we catch that train (it is not yet quite 6 by the railway time) we'reall right, and if we don't, there's the half-past eight, that's better than nothing."

"No good at all," cried he, briskly; "if I'm not in college before twelve, it's safe rustication; and you know very well that at your place (where is it?) they wouldn't open to the Dean himself after half-past eleven. There is no help for it Charley, my boy; in for a penny, in for a pound; the opera has made us late, and the opera shall console us. *Sic Dis visum*, our chance of escape is better in not going back at all than in going back late. Come up to town with Cox and me; run down by the early train to Steventon; there's the Buggy there; and if your scout talks of peaching, punch his head. I'm sick to death of the place, and would just as soon get into a row as not."

"Spoken like a man," cried Bloxam.

That remark decided my fate. I had nothing to oppose to such rhetoric (backed as it was by my own inclinations), and we presently started for London.

I do not remember many particulars of our ride; we passed through a pleasant country, but did not spare our horses. We forgot what they had done, though they did not. The pace flagged, and we went ten miles out of the road by following a malicious misdirection (one of those glorious practical jokes in which honest Clodpole so much excels). Dashwood's horse and mine—sorry hacks at best—shut up altogether, at a small town about ten miles from Regent Circus; and we lost half an hour in getting a post-chaise; we had however the satisfaction of shaking off Cox-Bloxam, who rode ahead on his thorough-bred horse. At length we arrived at Long's, drank a bottle of champagne, and dressed in Lionel's room—his clothes fitted me to a hair.—It was half-past ten when our swimming eyes opened on the magnificent dazzle

of that most magnificent of earthly scenes—the Italian Opera. I for one, was sobered instantly. Giulietta Grisi was then in her climacterie, and singing in her most impassioned mood. I passed an hour of the intensest transport, and when the curtain fell on the dead bodies of the whole corps dramatique, we had neither of us, to our credit be it said, any heart for the Ballet that was to follow. What indeed is the most exquisite "poetry of motion" to an imagination of twenty, moved to tears by the union of all that is grandest in music and drama?

We went silently into the Crush-room, and began to make our way to the stairs, when I saw a sight that changed at once all the current of my high-wrought feelings. Leaning on the arm of a tall bald man in a formal white tie, and light whiskers, was Edith Eversfield. Her eyelids dropped as I caught her look: she turned round, and shook hands warmly with Dashwood. Stung to the quick, I left his side and addressed her:

"Have you heard from your mother lately?" asked the Empress of my heart.

I could hear no more, and rushed speechless from the house.

DYSPEPSIA.

Ah! what shall a man full of sin do,
  When his heart is as cold as a stone,
With the owl looking in at the window,
  As he lies on his death-bed alone?

When the spirit, half free from the bare case,
  Is shrinking for fear of the gloom,
And the sound of the feet on the stair-case,
  And the whisper of wings in the room:

As they bear him with sorrowful laughter,
  Tho' he clings with the might of despair,
To bedpost and lintel and rafter,
  Away to the Prince of the Air!

H. G. K.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN INDIA.

No. II.

The atonement or propitiation which God accepts can be no other thing than an act of God. God who is eternal, that is who cannot be temporary, must act eternally. His acts cannot be done in time. For time is and can be nothing more than the modes of apprehension of temporary beings. God's acts when *shown* to such beings, must be shown them in Time, as with the relations of Time or succession of events, such only being their modes of apprehension. When St. John therefore says "the lamb slain before the foundation of the world," or St. Peter "the precious blood of Christ foreordained from the foundation of the world," or when St. John asserts that the Logos or Word which was and is "the Life and Light of men, existed *in the beginning*," it is plain that all these different expressions refer to the same thing, the same act of God—an act in eternity; but manifested to man in Time. "*Manifested* in these last times for you," says St. Peter. "That which was from the beginning, but which we have heard, which we have seen," &c. says St. John. For "though no man hath seen God at any time, yet the only begotten Son, he which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared Him," hath shewn forth his character, hath imitated his action. For, "whatsoever the Father doeth, that doeth the Son likewise," and of course *sheweth*, because done in a human form, to man. "The Father worketh hitherto, (in secret) and I work;" I manifest my Father's mode of action. So when St. Paul says, "In him, Christ, dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead *bodily*," that is in a corporal form; the meaning evidently is that *all the fulness*, or *whole* character, of God, which could be revealed or made intelligible to such beings as mankind, had been manifested by Christ in his life, death, and resurrection. Now is there any thing in the whole character of Christ, any passage whatever in his life or death or resurrection, which can in any way lead us, even for a moment, to suppose that he wreaks, or has wreaked, or will wreak, his vengeance on any innocent being, in order to his being induced to pardon a guilty being? If there be not any such passage, and if he has indeed manifested the character of God to the fullest extent which it is possible for the human intellect to embrace; how can we yet conceive of *that* God that He would do, and does, or did to His Son, what His Son has not done—what we cannot conceive he would do?—How can we reconcile the usually taught dogma of the atonement, viz. that God wreaks his vengeance on the innocent in lieu of the guilty, with the above plain declaration? The fact is, we cannot: our intellect refuses to embrace such an idea; and *therefore* it is, that in the *fullest* manifestation of God which that intellect could embrace, such an idea is *not* manifested.

It is of no moment,—no, not worth an iota,—to reply to this, by saying that the intellect of very many excellent men has, and still does, embrace such an idea; nay, cherishes it as the firmest foundation of their faith and hope. For this is *not* a *fact:* they only strenuously endeavour to think so; at least in the first instance; and if they do really ever succeed in thinking so, it is at the expence of the intellect, which they sacrifice for, what they are told is, the only way of salvation—and thus making the idea into a duty, sacrifice the intellect to it.

But we have thus progressed to two distinct notions which reason and scripture equally support; 1st, that "the atonement" must be an eternal act of God, and consequently the *same* to *all* mankind, in every past, present, and future generation:—and 2ndly, that this atonement or satisfaction or reconciliation does *not* consist in God's laying the punishment due to the guilty on the innocent. From the first of these there results that the physical death of Jesus, a (*temporary* event, an act in *time*) cannot constitute the atonement; and from the 2nd that no attempt to evade the conclusion, by saying that Christ was another God, the second person in the Trinity, and that he *willingly* suffered, can affect the decision. This last supposition adds indeed to the difficulty; for can we reconcile the assertion that Christ is God, co-equal with God, and yet that *he* suffered under the anger of the first God? He being God, must be as essential justice as the first God; must be therefore equally offended with man's disobedience as the first God; must therefore equally require satisfaction *himself* as the first God; and then, if the sufferings of *any other being whatever* be required to pacify his anger, or propitiate his favor, where are we to find such a being?

The mistake which lies at the bottom of all these difficulties is made by rejecting the truth,—"God manifest in the flesh." This is not an assertion that some other God was manifested; but that the ONE, the only true God, was *manifested.* Thus we shall avoid maintaining in reality, (however we shift about and say that though Christ and God are separate beings, yet that they are one and the same God,) that one God wreaks his vengeance on another God, &c. &c. By heartily accepting the declaration, *God* manifest in the flesh, we avoid all these difficulties. But how then can we suppose that the Almighty God suffers? Can God die? Can God die under the hands of his own creatures? To these questions must be opposed, do you not maintain that Christ is God? If you do, you maintain all that you object to by these questions. Not one is avoided or answered by your theory.

Two very different notions have been entertained of God. One, commonly called the Epicurean—that God created, and then left his creation to itself, under the guidance or misguidance of *natural* causes. Though what a *natural cause* can be, or how that which is always being caused, can be a cause at all, is of the darkest. The other, the providential,—that God watches over, guides, and directs his creation, and all created beings. To the latter it has always been objected—then he misdirects and misguides;

for else how could so much wickedness, evil, and misery, exist? Theologians endeavour to reply and obviate this objection by pointing to the fall of Adam: in consequence of which, they tell us, all evil, misery, disease, and death, both of body and mind, entered into the world—all physical and spiritual suffering, in short, of all kinds. To support this, they enlarge with great powers of imagination on the *perfection* of the nature of Adam, and of the entire holiness and spirituality with which he was endued—on the peacefulness and happiness, the fertility and beauty of the earth, and all its varied creatures, &c. &c. &c. It is sufficient to observe that all these descriptions are purely imaginary, like the golden age of the Poets. As for the *perfection* of Adam's nature; that which is only tried by one temptation, and which we, *imperfect* as we are, should scarcely deem any temptation at all; the very opposite idea is suggested to any reflecting mind by the very short account given of the transaction. It will be reasonably concluded that Adam was left in all other respects to the guidance of instinct, like the brute creature, and that in one small point only was he empowered to choose.

The objection, however, even on the admission of the Theologic fancies of the perfection of Adam's nature, is not at all destroyed. After moving it one step back, it appears equally strong in another shape; why did not God guide Adam better, when he foresaw the disobedience, and all the consequences of that disobedience? Nor again will it advance us one step to say that God gives *choice* both to Adam and his descendants, and exacts from them responsibility for the employment of that choice; punishes or rewards according to their bad or good choosing. At least this is the case, if *choice* be considered *free* choice; with the liberty to choose or, as it has been termed, "with the liberty of indifference." For if God had conferred on men *such* a choice, it is perfectly evident he would not, with any shew of justice, be in a position to bring them to account, for the exercise of the liberty which he himself bestowed: in other words, the exercise of this liberty could in no case be a sin. If, for instance, any man gives another, unconditionally, a sum of money, he is in no position to demand, as far as justice is concerned, an account of the mode of expenditure:—certainly not to punish for malversation, however ill the uses be to which it may have been applied. If, on the other hand, he entrusts another with money for certain purposes, he is in a position to demand or inflict punishment for malversation.

This subject, however, cannot be dismissed with an imperfect illustration of this kind; which, like the forensic schemes of atonement, offers no satisfaction to the mind. The subject involves the consideration of "evil," and of the *gift* of God, for the use of which man is responsible.

Bayle has said:—"It is inconceivable that the first man could have received from a good principle the power of doing evil. This power is a vice. Every thing which can work evil, is evil: for evil can only arise from an evil cause: and thus the free will of Adam came from two contrary principles; in so far as he could

do good, he sprung from the good principle ; but inasmuch as he could do evil, he sprung from the evil principle. ('Vide also Coleridge, Aids to Reflexion page 195, 5th Edition, 1843.') There is no flaw in this reasoning : so that if the premises tacitly assumed in the above are true, we find ourselves, notwithstanding our interposition of *choice* and *free will*, landed helplessly in Manichæism."

But further :—"It is impossible to comprehend that God has only *permitted* sin : for a simple permission to sin, adds nothing to the idea of free will ; and could not cause foresight of whether Adam would stand in innocence or fall. Besides this, by the notions we have of a created being, we cannot comprehend that he should be a principle of action (a self-mover or motiver) ; that he could move, (or motive) himself : nor, that receiving in every moment both his existence and the support of his faculties ; receiving these, I say, quite wholly from an extraneous cause ; he should yet create in himself modalities (powers of action) by a power of his own. These modalities must be either essential to, and inseparable from, the substance of soul, as the new philosophers say ; or separate from that substance as the Peripatetics affirm. If they are inseparable, they can be produced only by that cause which can produce the substance itself of the soul. Now it is evident that man himself is not that cause, and cannot be. If they are created beings, beings drawn from nothingness, inasmuch as they are not composed of soul, nor of any other pre-existent nature, they can only be produced, therefore, by a cause which can create. Now all sects of philosophers agree that man is not such a cause, and cannot be. Some insist that the motive which moves him to any act comes from elsewhere, (not from himself ;) but that nevertheless he can stop or hinder it, and direct it upon what object he pleases. But this is absurd ; because it requires no less (physical or moral) power to stop what is moving, than to move what is at rest. A creature therefore cannot be moved by a simple *permission* to act ; and, not having in himself the principle of movement, it follows, necessarily, that God moves him. God does therefore something altogether more than merely permit him to sin." Again, there is no flaw in this reasoning : so that if the premises assumed in the above extract be true, man has no *choice*, in any sense ; consequently no responsibility. There must then be something quite erroneous in the premises of the argument ; or we must throw aside all religion as a farce and a folly ; or, be no better than the idolaters or bigots who worship "an unknown God."

The immediate correction of the error in the premises of the last extract is, that man is not *merely* the "creature" of God, but "his *offspring*," his *children* : partaking therefore of his Nature ; admitted to, or gifted with a participation of His essence or substance, "partakers of the Divine nature," as St. Peter terms them. The motive or force which moves him is in himself ; or, as well expressed by Coleridge, "Man makes the motive, and not the motive the man." In other words, like as (extent makes no difference), like as God has

motive power in himself, so has he given to man to have motive power in himself. This is said by our Saviour: "As the Father hath life in himself, so he hath given to the Son to have life in himself." This, be it remembered, is asserted of one who "was made *in all things* like unto his brethren."

We see then that it is *not* true that "man is a creature not having in himself the principle of movement." But it appears nevertheless to be true, that "God moves him, and that God does something altogether more than merely permit him to sin."

But this seems to maintain that God is not merely the permitter, but the author, nay more, the committer of sin! Let us not be frightened by words till we know their meaning. We are now brought to the consideration of the first extract. The premises assumed are—"The power of doing evil is a vice. Every thing which can work evil is evil for evil can only arise from an evil cause." From this it would follow as indeed it is clearly stated further on in the extract, that *evil* cannot be from God.

Whatever *evil* may be, it is plain that we men can have no other knowledge of it than what is derived from experience; or, the intuitions of our nature (improved more or less by observation and reasoning); or, from any further verbally explained Revelation which God may have vouchsafed to us. Now "experience" may and does teach animals the sense of "evil," in as far as it is *pain*. The "intuitions of our nature," *i. e.* the implanted ideas we have, may and do teach men the sense of "evil" inasmuch as it is *moral* evil: an evil which may or may not be accompanied with physical suffering or pain.

With regard to the first, physical or corporeal pain, its highest exemplification or expression is *death*. By death we endeavour to express the limit to which *this* evil, this suffering of pain can extend. But in respect to this we have the most undeniable proofs from Geology, that *death* reigned over an innumerable series of ages and series of creatures long before man, long before a *moral* animal was, or existed, on this earth. We therefore have the most distinct proof that *physical* suffering, that *death*, was NOT introduced into the creation, among the inferior animals, by the fall of Adam. This must be the conclusion, unless we choose to suppose that the sin of Adam caused *retrospective* effect upon the creatures which existed before him; and caused them to eat each other. In other words, this would be to suppose that Adam's sin was "*imputed*" retrospectively to the anterior races of animals, in the same sort of imagined manner, in which his sin has, according to the dogma of the orthodox theology, been "*imputed*" prospectively to all his descendants, and to all the posterior races of animals; or, it would be to imagine, with those who hold Christ's physical death to constitute the atonement, that Adam's sin was "*imputed*" retrospectively, in the same sort of way as the merit of Christ's sacrifice is "imputed" *retrospectively* to some (many or few) who lived before this sacrifice.

If then we infer from facts and reason, and not from *à priori* reasonings or assumptions, we

find that physical or corporeal pain, and death, are not excluded by God from the creatures he has made. Nay, that he has fixed *death* as the condition of their natures, before, and irrespective of, any *moral* guilt or innocence. If therefore this death be *evil*, God is decidedly and clearly the author and committer of *evil*. Turning to Scripture we find God decisively saying of himself—"I am Jehovah, and there is none else"—no other power from whom good or evil proceeds—"the Former of Light, and the Creator of darkness, the Maker of peace, and the Creator of evil; I am Jehovah the Maker of all these." (Is. 45-7.) Again—"Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" (Amos 3-8.) And Job says, "This one thing (I know) therefore I said it. He (God) destroyeth the perfect and the wicked." "Shall we receive good at *the hand of the Lord*, and shall we not receive evil?"

But we also know as a fact, that keen mental anguish, intense suffering, may and does exist, and is felt quite independently of corporeal pain, or of want; and may be, and is, felt concurrently with all material and worldly comforts and appliances. Further; that very intense grief and mental suffering, so far indeed as to destroy the life of the body, may be undergone from the misconduct of others, when the sufferer has nothing to reproach himself with; nay, that the best and most generous and most innocent in their lives are the *most* open to this suffering. The misconduct of others, then, occasions mental pain quite irrespective of corporeal injury, or loss in goods or reputation. It is plain therefore that men suffer under *Moral* Evil—evil which may be quite disconnected with physical or material injury or loss or deprivation; that this *moral* evil may be inflicted by others, quite as readily as corporeal injuries or material damage; and that thus *moral* evil may be *suffered*, THROUGH or BY, or FOR THE SAKE of others, without the sufferer having merited from the inflictor any such suffering: nay, having rather merited quite the opposite, having rather merited the most grateful kindness, the most unwearied love. Over and above this, we see that such a sufferer may not return the unkindness; may not *revenge* the misconduct; may not reproach or upbraid the offender, but may reason or expostulate with him; entreat, exhort him; appeal to his own reason; to facts, to friends as arbitrators; by each and all such methods earnestly and affectionately applied, in order to shew him that indeed the cause of his so acting is a monomania; an aberration of mind which, if indulged, or not controlled, will certainly lead to total subversion of the moral or mental powers.

We have then arrived at two conclusions; 1st, that physical "Evil," or corporeal pain and death, may be, and are quite disconnected with, and irrespective of, any *moral* guilt or *moral* "evil;" and 2ndly, that *moral* "*evil*," if understood in the sense of *guilt* is or may be something quite distinct from the *suffering* of or under moral "Evil." These are the enunciations of mere truisms—yet are they truths so continually overlooked as to cause many of our puzzles.

We further know that remorse for having done "evil" is fre-

quently so powerful as to induce suicide; and even to kill the self-convicted without the corporeal act, without the pistol, the halter, or the poison. Yet if we ask ourselves what this *evil* is that thus re-acts so forcibly, we shall find it resolves itself into *misuse of power*. "Sin," or the active commission of *evil*, is "transgressing law," external or internal; in other words, it is using *power* improperly, without regard to, or in defiance of, what we know to be its rightful use. We find then that this *power* within us is a self-destructive, as well as a self-preserving power, and that if we use this power to the destruction and injury of others, instead of to their benefit and preservation, we provoke (and all acknowledge most justly provoke) the same conduct from them in return.

When it is said, then, that "the first man," or any of his descendants, "could not have received from a good principle the power of doing evil, and that such power is a vice, and that evil can only arise from an evil cause," &c., we see that the real meaning is to declare that *power* COULD NOT be committed to *any* creature. For as none but God can use power perfectly, it is certain that every being, at all inferior to God, *must* in some degree misuse power. This is that result, which in mathematics we deem conclusive, and rejecting the premise, affirm its opposite—viz., that "man could receive from a good principle the power of doing evil."

What happened to the *first* man, happens also to the *second*—but in a very enlarged degree. The *power* of God, communicated to the first man, was very limited. He was as nearly in the condition of mere animal life as a being endued with *any* responsibility; that is, with any moral power of God, can well be imagined to be. "The first Adam," St. Paul says, "was a type, or general sketch, of him that was to come,"—a faint outline of the second condition of man, which was to be "*manifested* in the fulness of time." However we may talk of the power of God, and strive to fancy that by so doing we mean something distinct from God, we cannot really form any idea of God's power as a thing separate from God himself. Thus God's holiness, is God viewed by us as Holy. His justice, is God viewed by us as just, &c. &c. It must follow that God's *power* communicated to any creature, in any degree, must be the communication to that creature, in that degree, of God himself. The degree or extent to which this communication is made is of no import in the argument; so that the more, or the less the "proportion of faith," as St. Paul calls it—does not invalidate the announcement, that we have, each man within us, a self-preserving and a self-destructive power. Christ was *the* full manifestation and perfection of this power. He was "God manifest in the flesh;" "manifested once for all;" that the actual fact should be acknowledged by mankind. To mankind at large the Spirit of God is given "by measure"—to him it was given "not by measure." The *more* of this Spirit which is given by God—the greater the extent of God's communication of himself—or the greater the out-pouring of his Spirit, (all these expressions meaning the same thing);

the larger is the responsibility. Hence the notion that many people entertain that Jesus was, through this extraordinary communication of the Spirit to him, or of God to him, *prevented* from sinning, or *made* holy so as not to sin, so as not to mis-use this *power*, is quite a fallacy. For it was not the body or material frame work of Jesus which was God—but this "body was prepared for him ;" for his *manifestation*. It was not the taking of this body which "made, or *shewed him*, to be like his brethren." By which phrase is intimated that they, men, were *his brethren* BEFORE he took bodily form. This fraternity *must* therefore mean that men were, even before his manifestation, partakers of the same spirit. Wycliffe has plainly and boldly expressed this by—"Christ is both God and Man ; and as he is very man, he is a part of *all* mankind."

But if he were *God* shewn in the flesh, and if he *suffered*, then it is plain that *God* suffered :—suffered under the mis-use of His own power given to men—and *for the sake* of men, who were *sinners*, especially of those men under whom he suffered ; who especially mis-used that power. He suffered *for* sinners ; and *under* sins, or *through* sins, or *for* sins, or *by* sins ; viz. by the misuse of his own power granted to men : and this, in order to *manifest* to mankind, "once for all," that this is his *Kingdom*—his mode of governance, his character. Now if God be not the Epicurean God, he must be in constant relation to his creatures ; and as man is a *moral* being or creature, God *must* be in *constant* relation with man, *morally* ; must be in constant *moral* relation with all men. All *moral* relation implies, nay *is*, sympathy between those related. The acts and conduct of the parties related re-act on each other. The mere affirmation then of a *providential* God, affirms this relationship, this sympathy. This compels us to acknowledge that God is pleased or displeased ; is "*grieved* ;" that is, suffers, or is "pleased ;" that is, receives pleasure from our use or mis-use of his power. Not that God was under any necessity to have created such relationship between himself and any creature : we see that he was not, in the case of the inferior animals. But though we are thus impelled by reason to the foregoing conclusion, and though God has *manifested* himself in the person of Jesus Christ as thus suffering under the mis-use of his own power, it is evident from the whole conduct of mankind that they are averse to believing this. They wriggle out of the conspicuous confirmation given to this in the manifestation of our Saviour, by saying that God punished another God for the sins of men : next, that this punishment of a God only benefited those who should hear of it : next, only those who should believe it : next, those only who should believe it according to the notions they form of it, &c. &c. !

But next, the plain truth that all creatures of God live and act through or by him, is too palpable to be contradicted. There is no escape :—whatever any creature does is done by the power of the Creator. To maintain that this power was once communicated, and then left to be exercised at will, is to revert again to the old Epicurean God ; and to extin-

guish all responsibility. But "in him we live and move and are," as St. Paul affirmed to be the truth of God, although it was enunciated by men with only the light of reason to shew it. Our physical and moral lives and acts are equally maintained by his continually communicated power. "He does *all* that a man does" is Wycliffe's bold and true declaration. But if so, it may be objected, how is man *responsible?* Is not responsibility as much abolished by this *truth* as by the Epicurean falsehood?—To this we reply first, that we have already seen the power of God to be a self-destructive as well as a self-preserving power; and now add that "our God is a consuming fire," as well as "our God is love." Next we must observe, that acts done by the power of God, which is eternal, must be also eternal, unless "*cancelled*," "*blotted out*," *un*-created by the Almighty, who has "given to us *of*, or out of, his Spirit." The *full* effect of the good use or mis-use of his power will not be developed in this world, where our task is to learn to use it aright to the benefit, not the injury, of our fellow beings. But while even in this world, we see the misery produced to ourselves and others by mis-use of power,—"now as in a glass darkly;" we see also that many of those evil consequences which we fearfully looked for from sinful acts are averted, and do not fall upon us. For this we are told to pray —"Deliver us from evil." These consequences are frequently averted from us "on our *repentance*," on our heartily disavowing and disapproving that mis-use of God's power which (as we say *naturally*) would produce such consequences. It might be expressed, God '*absorbs our acts*;' and suffering himself, taking to himself their consequences, *blots them out*—"they shall no more be mentioned." But on the other hand, if not *repented* of, if the state of mind which produced those acts, if the mis-use of Gods' power is persisted in; God still acts with the sinner, more and more; "God gives them up," or, as the original word is, God *betrays* those who betray him. ——Is this *not* responsibility? Can any be more fearful? Does this view then destroy responsibility? With respect to the second difficulty; viz. that God is thus made out as committing sin, or, as we would prefer to say, mis-using his own power; this difficulty amounts, we observe again, to just this, and no more. Why did God communicate his power to any being inferior to himself? St. Paul saw this objection to the Christian proclamation—"Why doth he yet find fault?" Since you say every thing is done by his will, nay, by his power, *i. e.* by himself, "why doth he yet find fault; for who has resisted his will?" To this question St. Paul replies: "Nay, but who art thou, O man, who repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him who formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" *This* is the question or objection which St. Paul was considering; and not that God had created a large or the larger portion of mankind for eternal misery, and the smaller portion for eternal happiness—which is the wrong light in which many theologians have viewed the passage. It is the same as in a former passage, where the same objection is considered. "If our

unrighteousness commend [stand with, be coincident with] the righteousness of God, what shall we say? [Shall we say] God is unrighteous who taketh vengeance? God forbid! for how then shall God judge the world?" He cuts the objection short by shewing that the objection would militate against a principle which the objector admitted. St. Paul, and the other apostles, proclaimed that *all* men were gifted with eternal life; with salvation: that the life, death, and resurrection of Christ proved or manifested this: that they had nothing therefore *to do* in order to be saved or *attain* salvation; but only that when this knowledge or assurance was presented to them, they should believe it—welcome it; and should *retain* it, by such conduct as those who *knew* they were sons of God would follow. But the gift of eternal life can be nothing less than the gift of participation in the nature of God, in the eternity of God. Accordingly St. Paul constantly reminds his converts in his written epistles that "Christ was in them;" that the "Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit or Spirit of God was in them," &c. &c., and he also constantly affirmed that what he *writes* to them was the *same* as what he at first proclaimed to them verbally. It follows that his *first* proclamation of the Gospel to the "unconverted" was, "Christ is in you," *i. e.* God is in you—ye are sons of God. Do not any longer doubt as to your eternal happiness; that which no man could by any means acquire or merit or buy from God, God has freely bestowed on *all men*. Hold it fast; conduct yourselves as those who know themselves to be his children. Such cannot be difficult to be believed and welcomed;—but if you will not believe this, if you will still think of God that he is a being who has created men subject to misery in this world, and to eternal misery in the world to come; and which subjection can be avoided only by payments and offerings to priests, brahmins, &c. in order to secure his favor; if you will continue against your reason so to conceive of God, as of a Moloch; so to conceive of God as you would not of any good man; if you will continue to do this not merely against your reason, but in spite of that manifestation of himself, which we here give you; go on. God will still work with you and in you; you will still carry him with you, but as a consuming fire, and not as that love which you reject.

Now to this doctrine which met with such success that it has been attributed to miraculous interference with the ordinary mental powers of those to whom it was addressed, the Jews, who had persuaded themselves that they alone of all mankind were entitled to God's favor and affection; and had brought the revealed word of God, by their misinterpretations of it, to confirm them in this error; opposed themselves most vigorously. It took away from them the monopoly they had imagined for themselves: and they insisted that those who had been assured of salvation should not be sure of it till they adopted much, if not all of the Jewish law and Jewish ceremonies. The apostle had in all his epistles, to argue against any such restrictions to the proclamation of universal salvation; and to say, for

instance, "If ye be circumcised, Christ, the manifestation of Christ, shall profit you nothing." If ye again be persuaded that God has limited his salvation, so that it can be *conferred* only by any certain set of men, or by any ceremonies or observances, you forfeit all that *assurance* which I have proclaimed to you. These men "preach another gospel, which is not another," which is no gospel or good tidings at all. You again, in spite of your reason and the manifest assurance of God, will grovel at the feet of your fellow men—you will not believe that you are God's children and heirs of eternal life. By such arguments the Apostle combated the contradictions of the Jewish teachers. But these have been turned from their general applications so entirely to their exclusive application to the Jews, that the Christian teachers have exactly taken up the place of the Jewish teachers, and the Christian doctrine has hardly been heard since the time of the apostles.

We have now a synod convened by the Bishop of Exeter, which has decided quite in accordance with the veritable theologic dogma, that water baptism regenerates, or saves, *ipso facto*, when administered by duly appointed hands. It has been already determined by this Bishop, that the English laity* who have protested against the constitution and determination of this synod, are *not laity*. What then they may be, save heathens, it is difficult to say. And yet they are men who have been *regenerated by baptism!* but this is nothing; the same priestly hands that *conferred* regeneration can sponge it out again! Why not? Henry of Exeter is correct in his logic. If what a child is taught to say be true, viz. "My baptism, *wherein* I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven;" there can be no ground for denying that he who *confers* this baptism can *cancel* it. Henry of Exeter, insisting upon this, may ignore and set aside or explain away the belief expressed in the same catechism—"I learn to believe in God the Son who hath redeemed me and *all mankind*." Of course as *all mankind* have not been baptized, *all mankind* cannot have been redeemed. So Exeter translates this to mean *all who have been baptized* by our hands. As for the weekly thanksgiving which we offer up.—"We bless Thee, above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption *of the world* by our Lord Jesus Christ;" this also is a mere *façon de parler*, a conventional mode of speech, which every body knows does not mean what it says! So again in the Articles of the Church; in the second Article Christ is affirmed to be "a sacrifice *not only for original guilt*, but also for actual sins of men!! and again the 31st Article tells us—"The offering of Christ is that perfect redemption, propitiation and satisfaction *for all the sins of the whole world both original and actual*." Could words be

* "I wish to avoid differences (!)" says the Bishop: but "it is a great mistake to suppose that all those not in holy orders are the laity · the laity are the sound and faithful members of the Church, not in holy orders; and those who act in defiance of the Church, in direct hostility to her Governors, are not the laity—they are merely unordained persons!" Alhumdoo'lilla!

stronger? Can we suppose that any meaning could be more positively expressed. And yet these words mean nothing more than a formula which those who desire to be priests are required to say. For they are also required to say, (Article 9) that "every person born into this world deserveth God's wrath and indignation"—and that for those only who "believe and *are baptized*, there is no condemnation." They are required to declare they believe these flat contradictions, *exanimo*, with their whole minds; and they do so! And the poor heathens in this country are told that they must believe these men before they can be saved!

We repeat that the preaching of these dogmas is preaching, not Christianity, but Antichrist. We cannot and do not "wish them God speed"—but do earnestly desire them to consider well; for that they are no less than the Pharisees, "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

No doubt these dogmas have always been held, that is, from, very soon after the time of the apostles, but till rather lately, they had been for a good period in a latent state. "There have been times," says the Bishop of Oxford at the late third Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts—"there have been times of greater quietness in the Church, but were they always times of equal activity?" But at the same meeting a layman uttered the invocation—"God help the age that dubs itself a religious age!" We are more inclined to side with the layman than with the Bishop: and though assuredly it is good to be zealously affected in a good cause, we can scarcely accept sincerity in error, in the place of truth. The religion that is taught as Christianity illustrates the expression—"The play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out."

In a late notice of the Thirty-second Report of the Church Missionary Society of Calcutta, the *Friend of India* extracts some observations on those "who so unreasonably complain of the low moral standard occasionally observable among some of the converts." "It has often struck us as remarkable that, notwithstanding our frequent cautions to the contrary, and the statement of numerous facts which might well lead to a more correct view, many well-meaning persons will continue to form an estimate of Native Christians far higher than either truth or reason warrant, and to expect from Native Christian communities, like for instance those of Kishnagur, composed of half barbarous people, with the slenderest Christian advantages—an amount of Christian enlightenment and virtue, which are not to be found in any Christian community in the world, of equal numbers and in a similar rank in society, though perhaps in the uninterrupted enjoyment during their whole lives of far superior Christian privileges," &c. Now we are far from expecting "*such* an amount of virtue"—though that would not be much. But it is not unreasonable to expect a considerable and marked advance in honesty and truthfulness over those who remain in the heathen pale. If the writings of the apostles be consulted, they will be found inculcating that their converts should be marked

out from among the world," by honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, or steadiness of behaviour, meekness, goodness, temperance, and scarcely, if at all, by the shouting out of a creed, or the singularity of a wordy profession. And if we turn to the account given to Trajan by Pliny of the quiet, unobtrusive nature of the first Christian assemblies, we shall be no less struck with the contrast to the paraded numbers and religious attendencies of our converts in this country, than with the dissimilar nature of the proceedings at these religious meetings. They met to pledge themselves to one another (and of course to God) that they would not commit adultery, that they would not lie, that they would not steal, nor defraud, would work honestly, would not deny a pledge or a trust, &c. and then, "having sang a hymn to Christ as God," they departed to their homes. It will be found in the "apologies" of the early Christians, that they boldly averred that, in spite of the dis-favour they were under from their withdrawing from, and despising all existent priestcrafts, they were *trusted*, they were sought after as agents or servants, &c. But can this be affirmed of the Christian converts in this country? Might we not indeed point out with truth that this is so far from being the case, that they are rather avoided? We do not wish to be uncharitable, far less to be unreasonable, but only hint cautiously and reservedly, what we believe to be fact.

If we do this however with caution and reserve, we may with much more confidence point to the lives and conduct of European Christians, as strangely wanting in all that *should* distinguish them from the heathen that surround them. And we cannot avoid thinking that in this respect they are comparatively, and viewed generally, very much deteriorated from the generation which preceded them. Our mercantile, legal, governmental honour and reputation for probity and truthfulness has lamentably fallen of late years; and this, individually, as well as collectively. Our conduct to the natives, as individuals; our conduct to each other, has been so streaked (as the Americans say) with cheating, quibbling, and equivocation of all sorts, that the whole body may be not unfairly said to be tainted and corrupt. And these so numerous exceptions,—for as *exceptions* we still hope they may be regarded,—have by no means been confined to the irreligious part of our community. Some of the most striking examples have been furnished by the members of the most religious part of our Society. And, what is remarkable, deviations from honesty and right mindedness meet with scarcely any reprobation among us. We do not turn, save in the most flagrant and detestable instances, which have brought down public legal punishment, our faces against them. They do not meet with "the cold shoulder." And all this has happened and come upon us together with the most marked revival of attention to the outward observances, profession and endeavour to spread our religion. It was said to those of old time, who possessed *all the Revelation* which God had at that time vouchsafed to mankind, and who with great earnestness propagated their religion—"Ye compass sea and

land to make one proselyte, and when ye have made him, ye make him two-fold more the child of Hell than yourselves." Now we would not make the mistake of saying that because of the revival of religious feeling, comes this marked falling off in common honesty; but if that revived earnestness in religion does not produce the fruits which the apostles expected would follow the doctrines *they* inculcated, we may be sure of one of these two things; either their expectations were futile and ill-founded; *or*, we inculcate doctrines very different from *theirs:* for it is true as to doctrines as well as to men: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

"AN EMBLEM OF LIFE."

(Translated from the French of Mellin de Saint Gellais.)

The King of Chess, while lasts the dubious game,
Stalks o'er the board amidst his subjects small;
But mated, he is tumbled just the same
Into the bag, with knights and pawns and all.
This shows most plainly to the thinking mind,
That when this game of life we all have played,
And death hath laid us low, we then shall find
Vassals are great as those that kings were made:
For in the bag—once lost the noble game,—
Monarchs and pawns in honor are the same.

THE FRIARS OF OLD.

(From the same.)

Oh holy monks of pious worth!
You for a "thank you" get your dinner,
Oh happiest men above the earth!
Would I were like you, luckless sinner!
Like you I'd live without a care.
Money you touch not,—'tis your boast—
That vow forbids you too, 'tis clear,
With paltry gold to pay your host.

REVIEW OF DR. SPRENGER'S LIFE OF MOHAMMED.

No. II.

Having in our first number given a brief sketch of the religious and metaphysical condition of the countries immediately surrounding Arabia, and of the internal condition of Mekka itself, we will proceed to examine somewhat more closely the early career of the Arabian false prophet.

Mohammed, in his youth, was sickly, being troubled with epileptic fits—a fact established by Dr. Sprenger beyond the shadow of a doubt—and never manifested to any great degree that bodily energy which was characteristic of the great majority of his countrymen. According to the common accounts he visited Syria on a commercial expedition when about twelve years of age, and again, when about five and twenty, immediately before his marriage with Khadijah; nor is it improbable that he made a journey to Yemen when about sixteen. Extremely little however is known of the life of Mohammed until he was about forty years of age: but, in all probability, his marriage with the wealthy widow had no inconsiderable share in producing the religio-political revolution in Arabia; not merely because it rendered him independent in his worldly circumstances, but because of the character of his wife. Khadijah was no common woman. She possessed a masculine understanding, was nearly forty years of age at the time of her marriage with Mohammed, and, apparently from family ties, little addicted to idolatry, if not favourably disposed to Christianity. Dr. Sprenger says that Mohammed devoutly worshipped the gods of his fathers up to the fortieth year of his age; but to us this seems scarcely possible. He may indeed, up to that time, have kept his opinions to himself, and outwardly acquiesced in the common idolatry, as unquestionably he would have tolerated it at a later period, had he not been prevented by prudential considerations, as well as opposed by the remonstrances of his friends; but, in all likelihood, doubts arose in his mind immediately after his marriage, if they had not occurred to him beforehand. Even by some Christian historians and philosophers, Mohammed has been considered as having at once arisen and burst asunder the fetters of ignorance and superstition, and established a comparatively pure religion forsooth! but after all we may perhaps be making a miracle of one of the ordinary operations of the intellect. Writers of biographies frequently erect into demigods very ordinary mortals. Who has not witnessed the apotheosis of babes in leading strings, by admiring historiographers? and, if so, what wonder that a man, such as Mohammed really was, should have been considered as having done something almost beyond the power of human nature? In our own opinion the wonder is, not the origin, but the progress of the Mohammedan religion. It has always appeared to us wonderful that the change should have been delayed so long, and

then have progressed with such astonishing rapidity. Both, however, are illustrative of a grand fact, now well enough understood,—to wit, the mental lethargy and corporeal energy of the Arab. In intellect the Arab is little above the camel he bestrides; in energy of body he out-rivals the celebrated steed of his native land. Let no man think this a rash statement unsupported by facts, for we will give proofs demonstrative in this very paper; but for the present we are to examine the early career of Mohammed. We must, however, before proceeding further, say a few words respecting Monachism, as it is essential to our argument. Every one knows that amongst the eastern nations, from a very early period, habits of asceticism, both temporary and for life, long prevailed to a considerable extent. The vow of the Nazarite was a species of temporary asceticism; in the days of Josephus, the deserts bordering the Dead Sea swarmed with Therapeutæ; and at the time of Mohammed it was customary, both amongst Christians, Jews, and some tribes of Pagans, for those, who pretended to any degree of fervency of piety, to seclude themselves from the world for some stated times, at regular intervals. The Koraishites themselves had this custom, and Mohammed, for many years previous to his assumption of the prophetic character, indulged in the practice. We say indulged in the practice, for seclusion was then the chief luxury in which spiritual pride rioted. "Prouder in their goat skins than kings in their purple," was as true then as during the Crusades, when every species of religious asceticism had been brought to perfection and reduced to system. This eastern asceticism had in the most early times spread from Judæa into Egypt. In all probability it had in its milder form prevailed in Egypt before the Græcian dynasties. But Græcian literature, and Græcian habits and customs, however they might be tinged, never became saturated with the inhuman theological dogmas of the east, that the perfection of holiness consisted in the wooing of misery. As soon as Græcian literature began to decline, and the faint impressions which they had received of the true Christianity began to be obliterated, the spurious Christianity of the times produced the madman Anthony, and an innumerable host of frantic followers. Of course it is not our object to inquire into the habits and customs of the monks, or to discuss the nature of their institutions. Our business is to point out their numbers, and the localities over which they were principally distributed. Unfortunately however, a want of means prevents us pursuing the subject as fully as we could wish. An account of the exact directions in which the early monks spread themselves, and of the extent of the various migrations, is yet a desideratum in general, as well as in ecclesiastical history. Anthony, after a painful noviciate amongst tombs and ruined habitations, advanced three days journey to the eastward of the Nile, and fixed his habitation on a mountain overlooking the Red Sea. Although Anthony cannot be said to have been the founder of Monachism, he certainly was, to follow Jerome, the illustrator, and his example was fruitful in producing followers. Prolific colonies of ascetics multiplied on

the banks of the Nile, on the sands of Libya, and in the barren and burning rocks of Thebais. To the south of Alexandria, the desert of Nitria was peopled with five thousand anchorets. Along the canal of Oxyrinchus, it was computed in the fifth century that there were ten thousand females and twenty thousand males that followed the monastic profession. In upper Thebais, the island of Tabenne was peopled by Pachomius, and fourteen hundred of his followers. Nor did they confine themselves to the course of the Nile. Imitating the example of Anthony, they penetrated the desert in all directions, and wherever a few palm trees and a well of brackish water could be found, there was also to be found the crucifix of the solitary, with a mat for his bed and a bundle of palm leaves for his pillow. The Egyptians, indeed, who gloried in this marvellous revolution in the cause of sanctity, fondly hoped that the number of the monks was equal to the remainder of the people. From Egypt Monachism, in regular course, followed the former track of Christianity. It travelled southwards, and then westwards, across the Red Sea. The Abyssinian anchorets were greatly celebrated for their strict adherence to the early formula of their order, and Yemen abounded in monks of the Abyssinian type before the time of Mohammed. We may feel certain too that not a few of the Abyssinian monks visited Mekka. One of the chief reasons that Mohammed urges, why his followers, when compelled to fly from Mekka, should take refuge in Abyssinia, was the constant commercial intercourse that had been maintained between the two countries; and such restless wanderers as the monks would not fail very speedily to take advantage of such intercourse, in order to visit so celebrated a place as Mekka. Contemporaneously with the establishment and progress of monasticism in Egypt, was its establishment and progress in Syria and Arabia Petræa; nor is there any reason to believe that the monks were less numerous in these latter countries than in the former, many of the converted Arabs themselves being members of the order. Palestine and Syria were lands of Christian romance, and noble ladies, as well as learned priests, abandoned their western homes of ease and luxury, to undergo, in these countries, lives of penance and toil, and became beacons to the settled Arab and roving Bedouin, directing them to the faith of the gospel. There is no necessity for relating the stories of Hilarion and Malchus, of Basil and Simeon Stylites, for whose Christian benediction tribes of Arabs contended in arms. These were the great types of their order, each of whom had thousands of followers and adorers. Mesopotamia and the adjacent countries rivalled Egypt and Abyssinia; the early adoption of monasticism and the number of monks were especially great in and about Anbar and Hira, where a Christian and Arab monarchy had existed under the protection of Persia almost from the first propagation of Christianity. The founders of monasticism in these countries were Aones and Eugenius, Gaddanas and Azyzas, and their example was followed by such multitudes, that in a short time the whole east was covered with men who,

abandoning all earthly possessions, all earthly comforts, all earthly relations, spent their lives in enduring all manner of hardships, with scarcely a specific object in view, except indeed, that, which they themselves in their frenzy gave out, of weaning themselves prematurely from every thing material, and assuming complete spirituality before the putting off the mortal coil. Yet we must not conclude that the lives of these men were altogether unprofitable. Whether shut up in caves, elevated on pillars and pinnacles, or stretched on a mat beneath a palm tree, these men had a tale to tell. They were not, like the Mohammedan durvesh, or the Indian jogee, about the most degraded specimens of humanity. They professed to have lofty aspirings, had hopes of a glorious hereafter, and many of them were really the messengers of good things to the heathen. Nor can there be the least reason to doubt that there were many of these monks in the neighbourhood of Mekka at the time of Mohammed, nor that the prophet carried on a systematic intercourse with them. There is no want of evidence from the Mohammedan historians themselves, that the prophet was repeatedly accused by his enemies of receiving instruction from Christians; although it is the express object of those, who make this acknowledgment, to remove every trace of evidence that would militate against the divine mission of the founder of their religion. It must always be borne in mind, that the chief study of the Mohammedan historians, where the honor of their prophet was concerned, was not only a *suppressio veri*, but a *suggestio falsi*. Could the truth be now disinterred, it would infallibly be discovered that spurious Christianity had far more to do with the rise of Mohammedanism than is generally imagined. And what wonder? Christian monks, long ere this had settled in Æthiopia, had traversed India from court to court; nay, had penetrated into China, and surreptitiously conveyed the silkworm to Constantinople. They had robbed the remotest east of one of its choicest treasures; and was Mekka, lying almost within hail of their native home, and in one of the highways of commerce, to remain an undiscovered country?

But to shew that Mohammed must have had pretty extensive communication with Christians, it is only necessary to enumerate some of those with whom he was accused by his own countrymen of intriguing. One Mohammedan writer says that Mohammed received instruction from Jabar, a Greek Christian, servant of Amer Ibn al Hadrami, who knew how to read and write well. Another, that his instructors were Jabar and Yesar, two slaves who followed the trade of sword-cutlers at Mekka, and whom Mohammed often heard reading the Pentateuch and Gospel. Another says, that the instructor was Aish, a domestic of Howcitch-ibor Abad, who at the first professed the spurious Christianity that then was to be found in Arabia, but who afterwards became a convert to Mohammedanism. Another will have it, that it was Kais, a Christian, with whom Mohammed lived on terms of considerable intimacy. Another considers that it was the Christian Addas, who, according to some, was a slave of Otta ibn

Rabia. According to others, a monk of Nineveh, but about whose intercourse with Mohammed there cannot be the slightest doubt. Another avers that it was Salman, a Persian monk. Another opinion, and at one time a very prevalent one, was, that the chief instructor was a monk of Bosra in Syria, Sergius by name, and an Arab by birth. Most unquestionably the Mohammedan writers have taken great pains to conceal the nature of the intercourse which their prophet had with this Christian, but it is not difficult even now to form a pretty correct idea thereof. Hitherto the principal objection to the opinion, that Mohammed received any vast amount of illumination from the lamp of Sergius, was the entire absence of all evidence to prove that Sergius ever removed from Bosra to Mekka. The absence of evidence would not, however, have rendered such a migration very highly improbable. But there is no longer any want of evidence. Dr. Sprenger has produced a passage from the Secretary of Wakidy, which entirely establishes the popular tradition, as it not only proves that Sergius actually removed from Bosra to Mekka, but also that he had opportunities of exercising considerable influence over the youthful mind of the prophet. In all probability the history of Mohammed's early connection with Sergius stands thus. Mohammed during his first journey to Syria at the age of twelve, was taken ill in the neighbourhood of Bosra. There was at hand a very celebrated Christian monk, of Arabic extraction, who had some acquaintance with the nature of Mohammed's attack ; and acting under his advice, Abu Taleb, &c. found it advisable that his nephew should return home before the completion of the mercantile expedition. He therefore placed him under the charge of Sergius, who conducted him to Mekka, whence we have no intimation that ever the monk returned. There is also another monk mentioned, with whom Mohammed is said to have conversed during his second journey to Syria, Nestor by name. Now under all these circumstances, mentioned, in spite of themselves, by those whose object was to obliterate every thing that could militate against the divine mission of their prophet, it is surely not too much to aver that Mohammed had, from his early youth, notions instilled into him entirely hostile to the idolatry of his native Mekka.

But not only is it established that Mohammed received instruction from the monks, but it is also in the highest degree probable that he was, after his marriage, continually receiving it in his own household. One of the most instructive chapters that could be written on the origin of Mohammedanism would be that illustrative of the domesticities of Mohammed during the life of Khadijah. Dr. Sprenger well remarks that, in all probability, Khadijah had set Mohammed the example in the asceticism he practised previously to his declaring himself a prophet. There can scarcely be any doubt about it. She had acquired a complete ascendancy over her comparatively youthful husband. She retained, after marriage, the complete management of all her property in her own hands, and Mohammed was compelled, like a child, to ask for whatever he wanted. Again

it ought to be remembered, that Warakah, the cousin of Khadijah, had long been a professed unbeliever in the idolatrous worship of the Arabs, and had at length embraced Christianity; and he is moreover reported to have actually translated the Gospel into Arabic. This cousin was the chief resource of Khadijah in seasons of difficulty. When Mohammed pretended to believe that he himself was possessed with Jinn, the first person Khadijah consulted on the important affair was her Christian cousin Warakah, and the next was the Christian monk Addas. This is bringing Khadijah herself very near to the Christians, and we have not the most remote doubt on our own minds that she had long ceased to be a virtual believer in idolatry. Again, Warakah is said by some to have brought about the marriage of Khadijah with Mohammed. No man can read the accounts handed down of the manner in which the hand of the lady was obtained, without feeling that something yet remains unexplained. Could Mohammed have early manifested tendencies towards religious innovation? Could the seed implanted by Sergius have already expanded into blossom, and promised fruit? Could Warakah have already noticed a generous scepticism in the youth, so different from the generality of his countrymen? However this be, let us see how the case stood with Mohammed. At the age of twelve, he was placed, and remained for some time, under the charge of a Christian monk; from that time forward he had continual opportunities of receiving instructions from Christians. At the age of five-and-twenty he married Khadijah, a strong-minded woman, and probably sceptical as to the religion of her country, who lived in habits of intimacy with a cousin, a very learned man, and a convert to Christianity, and whom she consulted in every important crisis of her life. Moreover during all this time Mohammed, from the accounts of his own followers, must have had frequent communications with other Christians. Nor was he by any means dependent, for religious instruction, merely on what he had heard. According to Mohammedan authors themselves, he could read and write. He was charged by the Mekkians with making great use of the Asatir of the ancients, a book current in the Arabic language, long before the time of Mohammed. He appears to have been well acquainted with the work called the Book of Abraham, mentioned in the Koran. He must have read the Scriptures, which Warakah had translated into Arabic, although undoubtedly Arabic versions of them had existed long before, for even his wife Khadijah had read the Scriptures, and was acquainted with the history of the Prophets; and besides, scriptural allusions and quotations abound in almost every page of the Koran. Nor is it to be supposed that we have a complete list of the library of Mohammed, as most Mohammedan authors have done their best to suppress the sources of his information. Now under all these circumstances is it possible to conceive that Mohammed lived to forty years of age without ever calling into question the faith and religious practice of his countrymen? Ridiculous! Mohammed—if not long before, as we firmly believe he had—commenced his

religious education from the day of his marriage. He had then, be it remembered, fifteen years before him to mature his plan of action before he ever publicly announced a single doubt upon the subject. Fifteen years were a very respectable period to pass at school, especially in the case of such a pupil as Mohammed, on whom few opportunities were lost. It was then that Mohammed matured his plans as far as these were independent of circumstances. Some of his own countrymen before him had advanced as far as ever he did in their scepticism of idolatry, but none had yet attempted the overthrow of the reigning superstition and the superinduction of a new religion. Mohammed, however, took no rash step. He read the signs of the times, and abided until he fancied he saw a favorable opportunity—the requisite change in the public mind. Throughout the whole struggle, he conducted himself with the most consummate prudence; and, in all probability, would have succeeded in overthrowing the national religion without violence, had he, by some device, reserved for the aristocracy of Mekka the retention of their temporal privileges. But this was contrary to Mohammed's design, which was to erect his own power, spiritual and temporal, on the overthrow of every other. For this purpose he proclaimed the great truth he had learned from Christianity that all men are equal in the sight of God; nay, went so far as to declare that his preaching was chiefly designed for the poor. Taking only the then condition of his native town into consideration, the struggle consequent on the promulgation of the views of Mohammed was as much a struggle between the Aristocracy and Commons of Mekka, as the Reform Bill of 1832 was a struggle between the the Aristocracy and Commons of England. The time for the downfall of the Mekkian Aristocracy had arrived. Mohammed, however, with his usual prudence, did not attempt a revelation, until he had completely emancipated himself from the leading strings of his instructors. He did not attempt to prophesy until he had laid up a vast store of religious knowledge, and had become in this respect independent of assistance. But, with all this, the Aristocracy of Mekka were perfectly aware that his views were not original. They were perfectly aware that he had been largely helped to his pretended revelations, and therefore their conversion could only be brought about by the sword. And here we cannot help remarking a curious blunder that has been made by the latest popular writer who has handled this subject. Popular writers frequently become the props of popular delusions, and so it has happened in the case we are about to mention. Washington Irving, in the 39th chapter of Mohammed and his Successors, contrary to all history, and in defiance of the Koran itself, represents the prophet, before his mission, as amongst the most influential of the Aristocracy of Mekka. He says: "His situation and circumstances entitled him to look forward with confidence to the exalted trust" of the guardianship of the Kaaba, a trust only conferred on the most distinguished of the citizens; whereas Mohammed himself represents the Aristocracy of Mekka as saying, "Had this Koran been sent down

unto some great man of either of the cities (Mekka or Tayef) we would have received it." Such blunders as these, on ordinary subjects, would be pardonable in popular writers, but when they are hazarded on grave subjects, without any authority, they ought to be visited with the censure of the press.

The author of the Life of Mohammed has a curious passage on the words "I am afraid I am a Kahin," uttered by the prophet under, as it seems, great excitement, shortly before he entered upon his mission. These Kahins were a sort of soothsayers, whom the Arabians, *before their change of faith* be it remembered, believed to be possessed, by Jinn from whom they received revelations of the secrets of heaven. How Dr. Sprenger could ever come to the conclusion that a belief in Kahins or Soothsayers, was the offspring of liberty is incomprehensible. A similar belief is common to most eastern nations, whatever their political condition, at the present day. Nor perhaps would it be too much to say that a belief in soothsayers, in some shape, has been common in all ages to the whole of the Asiatic and European nations. Such a belief yet lurks in many of the nooks and corners of the most enlightened lands. Is the author aware that the story of Mohammed's possession by Jinn, and of his case being referred to the wisdom of a soothsayer is the very story of many of the most eminent persons of antiquity, and among others of St. Athanasius himself, the great bulwark of Orthodoxy. There are some slight differences in the details. The mother of St. Athanasius, and not the wife, called in the assistance of the cunning man, and she was an infidel and not a believer. The answers, however, of the soothsayers were the same in both instances, that neither St. Athanasius nor Mohammed were possessed by demons or jinn. It is wonderful with what flimsy disguises men are sometimes able to cloak their own impostures. Mohammed pretended to fear, it would seem, that he himself was a Kahin; but he no more really believed in possession by Jinn, or in the possibility of obtaining super-human knowledge by means of these, than the enlightened editor—we hope the compliment will be duly taken and acknowledged—of *Saunders' Monthly Magazine.* The prophet gave an incontrovertible proof of his own scepticism in such superstitions, inasmuch as he taught that after his own coming the jinn were restrained and deprived of power, and could no longer pry into the secrets of the other world. It served his purposes to admit such a belief for the time, but he was determined that it should not be in the power of any future impostor to use it for other purposes.

The personal appearance of Mohammed was that of a wily politician. Were a sculptor in want of a model for the statue of a scheming man, he could not do better than select that of Mohammed. "The forehead was broad, and his fine and long, but narrow eyebrows, were separated by a vein which you could see throbbing, if he was angry. Under long eye-lashes sparkled bloodshot black eyes, through wideslit eyelids. His nose was large, prominent, and slightly hooked, and the tip of it seemed to be turned up, but was not so in rea-

lity. The mouth was wide; he had a good set of teeth, and the foreteeth were asunder.

He stooped, and was slightly humpbacked. His gait was careless, and he walked fast, but heavily, as if he were ascending a hill; and if he looked back, he turned round his whole body. The mildness of his countenance gained him the confidence of every one; but he could not look straight into a man's face; he turned his eyes usually outwards." Again:—"His eyes were mostly cast to the ground, and he seldom raised them towards heaven." The whole description brings vividly to the imagination the characteristics of a London Jew. Perhaps it may be too hard in any instance to argue from a man's personal to his mental endowments; but Mohammed has been refined by so many late historians that it is absolutely necessary to place the whole picture before the reader, just as it is, with every spot and blemish upon it.

One more paragraph respecting the impostures of Mohammed, and we will proceed to discuss the merit of that reform he is said to have introduced into Arabia. We cannot refrain from placing before the reader a scene combining a revelation and an epileptic fit. Yalá ibn Omiyyah used to say, "I wish I could see the prophet when he receives the revelation. One day the prophet was at Al-Jiranah, and his garment was spread over him in such a manner as to afford shade, and many people were with him. There came a man who was profusely perfumed; and he said what dost thou think of a man who performs the pilgrimage in a quilted jacket, and anointed with perfume? The prophet looked for some time, and then came a revelation to him, and Omar made a sign to Yalá to come; and Yalá came and put his head under the garment under which Mohammed lay; and he saw that his face was red, and he snored in this manner for some time; then the attack left him. Then he said, where is the man who asked me just now respecting the pilgrimage? and when he was brought to him, he said,—"Wash off the perfume which is on thee three times, and take off thy quilted jacket, and then perform thy pilgrimage." Can anything be plainer than this? Is there not here the most palpable imposture? Mohammed is asked a question just before he is seized with the epileptic fit: he remembers, of course, the question after the epileptic fit is over, and gives the response, and makes his wondering hearers believe that during the fit he has received the revelation. We really cannot help feeling a kind of pity for those who believe that Mohammed deceived himself. We have had, and still have, in our own days, prophets and wonder-workers, Irvingites and Mormonites; but however we may agree that many of the hearers are, and were, deceived, is there any man now so silly as to believe that the speakers with tongues, or the wonder-workers, ever believed in their own miraculous powers? In every age of the world, the gullibility of the mass has been dexterously laid hold of by the wise and cunning, who themselves had little faith in anything past, present, or to come. To see how easily able men may be deceived, it is only necessary to consider how many members

of a profession proverbial for ability, were induced to believe in that terrible and incomprehensible disease denominated monomania, which a few years ago prompted those unhappy persons who laboured under, it to shoot with pistols—not to do to death by other means—any one whom they might fancy obnoxious to the public. The law, however, backed by public opinion, refused to recognise monomania as sufficient justification of attempts to murder, and lo! the practice of public pistol-shooting immediately ceased to exist. Mohammed was born under a more lucky star than impostors in general. He proceeded, in regular course, from imposture to the most unrelenting cruelty, from cruelty to the most abandoned profligacy. And at last died, enjoying the full benefit of the prophetic character, after permitting the angel of death to separate the soul from the body; for, without the consent of the prophet himself, dissolution was impossible. Mohammed had at last brought himself to believe in nothing, and he died with a lie in his right hand.

We come now to examine the reforms introduced by Mohammed, and to discuss the complete merit of his system.

It will not be necessary, we apprehend, to say more of the great theological dogma of the unity of God, inculcated by the Arabian prophet, than that it was taken from the Christians and Jews, and that when once this point of faith was fully established, idolatry was unable to hold its ground. The establishment of the unity of God and the overthrow of idolatry are one and the same proposition; yet Mohammed has been, ludicrously enough, bespattered with praise on both accounts, as if they were perfectly distinct. Another of Mohammed's reforms, or rather half reforms, was the amelioration of the condition of woman, and the inculcation of their immortality and responsibility. This, in like manner, he derived from the Christians, but he hesitated to give full scope to the doctrines he had himself learned. His wife Khadijah, too, had doubtless considerably influenced him in adopting this article of faith, which ought to be viewed in connection with the practical reform of setting bounds to polygamy. Every one is acquainted with the degraded state of women throughout the entire east in ancient times. Bad as their condition is now, it has been infinitely worse. They were considered to have been created solely for the pleasure of the male, and treated accordingly; and nowhere did this abominable doctrine, and the abominable practices arising therefrom, exercise more influence than in ancient Arabia. Even amongst the Jews, the chosen people of God, polygamy was tolerated, if not expressly allowed; but it appears to have entirely disappeared after the return of that people from the Babylonish Captivity. We find however in the works of the Talmudists and Rabbins, cited in Selden, de Uxore Hebraica, that the Jewish doctors reduced the number of wives, when polygamy prevailed among them, to four. This was the precedent followed by Mohammed, who either would not, or dared not, bridle up any tighter the licentious passions of his countrymen. Moreover, since the

second century of Christianity, doctrines had been afloat in Egypt, Syria, Arabia Petræa, and in every country where Christianity exercised any influence, favourable to the rights of women, and which have ultimately secured them their rights even in countries that have not acknowledged the gospel. Every Christian of eminence, deliberately set his face against polygamy and concubinage, and taught that every respect should be paid to members of that sex, which had brought into existence the Saviour of the world. Nay, a holy virgin was considered as the most acceptable, in the sight of God, of all his creatures. Basil, the two Gregories, Ambrose, Augustin, Chrysostom, and a host of others, are full of these sentiments ; and the vehement Jerome, after describing the glories of virginity in the most glowing colours, winds up his eulogium with, *laudo nuptias, laudo conjugium, sed quia mihi virgines generat.* The sentiments of the Christians indeed erred as much on the side favourable to female rights as those of Mohammed did on the other. Mohammed never could be brought to rank the female on equality with the male, and to this day has stamped the former as an inferior order of creation ; in this as in his whole system so dexterously mixing the evil and the good, that the effects of the former remain till now, while those of the latter have long since passed away. Another of his practical reforms was the prohibition of the use of wine ; but his precepts on this subject were neither new nor extraordinary. For ages before the preaching of Mohammed, wine was little used, either in Egypt or Arabia, and the reform was therefore not difficult to be brought about. The Egyptian law-givers called in the aid of religious imposture to give efficacy to their prohibition. Wine by them was declared to be an abomination to the gods, and the blood of the ancient enemies of their country. The Persian philosophers too, from a very remote period, seem to have considered wine the blood of the evil principle. To such an extent was the abhorrence of wine carried, that the Christian sects of the Tatianites, Gnostics, and Manichæans—at least all those of Asiatic origin—religiously abstained from wine. Mohammed does not then appear, in this respect, to have originated any new or difficult law, but merely revised and sanctioned with his authority, an ancient regulation of the Arabs, the Persians, the Syrians, the Egyptians, and other oriental nations. Another practical reform was, the prohibition of gaming. It is scarcely necessary to say that in almost every body of Eastern laws such a prohibition existed, and also in many of the western codes. It is common to the institutes of Menu, and the general body of the Gentoo laws, to the decisions of the Talmudists, and to the ancient Roman laws. The *vetita legibus alea* of Horace is familiar to every one, and Justinian, following the precedents set him by the Cornelian, Publian, and Titian laws, interdicted all amusements of chance to the clergy at all times, and allowed them to the laity only during the times of general festivity. Another reform was, the prohibition of female infanticide. Infanticide, and more especially female infanticide, is a vice from which scarcely any na-

tion has been free. In the polished Athens, and in the wealthy Rome, it was carried to an abominable excess, and in the latter violated nature had to be vindicated by the enactments of the Cornelian code. In the Roman world however, at the time of Mohammed, it had entirely disappeared. The humanizing influence of Christianity was more effectual in putting a stop to the unnatural practice, than the restraints of laws and the edicts of emperors; and Mohammed in this respect only gave effect to the general spirit of the age.

These are the principal, if not the sole, reforms that Mohammed introduced. We have been careful in stating them, as we mean to attempt to prove that the evil of his system far more than counterbalanced the good. The moral, legal, and religious system of the Koran is indeed a striking mixture of folly and wisdom, of impolicy and prudence, of truth and error; but like every system dictated by passion and ambition, the folly, the impolicy, and the error greatly prevail. The social duties are sometimes stated with justness and precision or referred to as generally understood and practised; but in vain should we search the Koran for any acknowledgment of a fraternal connexion between the whole human race, and for exhortations to universal love and charity. The solid foundation on which every superstructure of correct morality must be raised is wanting. With the exception of a few passages, which have been praised by superficial writers for the sentiments of toleration which they apparently contain, and which were only revealed when the impostor himself stood in danger of persecution, and was unable to persecute others, the spirit breathed throughout the Koran is that of implacable hatred to all unbelievers,—a spirit in fact, that must wage eternal war against the progress of the whole human race. The deadly poison is mixed in the cup of generous wine, and those who drink, instead of acquiring thereby an increase of health and vigour, imbibe a potion that destroys every faculty and prostrates every energy.

The Mohammedan system is one of universal violence, backed by her handmaid ignorance, and the whole resting upon the terrible doctrine of fatalism. All the human race is to be converted, slaughtered, or made tributary; all knowledge consists in a knowledge of religion; that is, of the Koran; all things, what a man does and what he suffers, his good and evil fortune in this world, his faith and unbelief, are predetermined. The exhortations of the Prophet, and his own conduct, to the very letter in accordance with the exhortation, make the reader shudder.

"Fight for the religion of God;" "And if they turn back from the faith, take them and kill them, wherever you find them;" "O true believers! wage war against such of the infidels as are near you, and let them find severity in you;" "Verily God hath purchased of the true believers their souls and their substance, promising them the enjoyment of Paradise, on condition that they fight for the cause of God: whether they slay or be slain, the promise for the same is assuredly due by the law and the Gospel, and the Koran." The doctrine of a

knowledge of the Koran being sufficient for all things, is expressly taught at great length in the fourth and sixteenth chapters, so that after all, those may be mistaken who regard as apocryphal the destruction of the celebrated library of Alexandria, with the famous answer of Omar, so much in consonance with his character, on the case being referred for his decision. "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved: if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." Gibbon, and those historians who followed him, rejected on very slight grounds the statements of many Christian writers that made against the early Mohammedans; but many of the rejected, unfortunately for the credit of the great historian, have, upon further information, turned out quite correct. Witness the epileptic fits of Mohammed sneered at by Gibbon as an absurd calumny of the Greeks, but the truth of which no man in his senses would now dispute. Nor did the exhortations of Mohammed to establish his religion by the sword in all countries, backed by the assurance that "if twenty of them persevered, two hundred of their enemies should be overcome, and if one hundred were firm, one thousand could not resist them," and by the promise of paradise to those who might fall fighting for the cause of God, and backed too by his own cruel example, fail to bring forth fruit. It is only necessary to cite a few instances. The instructions of Abu Beker to Yezid on the invasion of Syria: "And you will find another sort of people that belong to the Synagogue of Satan, who have shaven crowns; be sure you cleave their skulls and give them no quarter, till they either turn Mohammedans, or pay tribute." The answer of Caled to the Messenger of Wardan: "No peace—but either become tributaries, or Mohammedans. Your great armies affright us not. We are promised victory by our prophet Mohammed, and we reject with scorn your proffered vests, turbans, and money: we like war better than peace; and however poorly you may think of us, we reckon you no better than dogs." Caled was a genuine Moslem, and perhaps no more savage character, brutalized by religion, has ever appeared in history. Who is not familiar with his fiendish war cries of "Fight, Fight; Paradise, Paradise." "No quarter to the enemies of the Lord." "Paradise is before you, the Devil and Hell-fire in your rear?" The offer of the comparatively mild Abu-Obeidah to the Christians of Jerusalem:—"If you refuse this (conversion), consent to pay tribute, and be under us forthwith; otherwise I shall bring men against you, who love death better than you do the drinking of wine, or the eating of hog's flesh. Nor will I ever stir from you, if it please God, till I have destroyed those that fight for you, and made slaves of your children." But it is unnecessary to multiply instances. It is unnecessary to shew that the permission to enjoy life and religion, if the conquered consented to pay tribute, was only dictated by considerations of policy, and a dread of the consequences of their own unrelenting cruelty, and that both to the inhabitants of Arabia and Persia there was offered only the alternative of conversion, or the

sword. It is unnecessary to do more than glance at the state of Mohammedan countries at the present time, whose inhabitants are degraded almost to the level of the brutes that perish, irretrievably sank in ignorance and superstition. Were it not indelibly recorded in the page of history, it would be almost impossible to conceive that any superstition could have such a debasing influence on the human mind as to prostrate every intellectual faculty. With the most splendid opportunities that any people or race ever possessed, what have the Mohammedans done for the progress of the human family? They received letters and philosophy from the Greeks; from the same people, but more especially from the Hindus, they obtained a knowledge of the rudiments of science; by means of both these nations they became acquainted with medicine; they received a knowledge of several manufactures from China, Samarcand, and Bokhara; but not a step did they advance, not in the most remote degree did they improve. The only thing in the shape of improvement that can be laid to their charge is the manufacture of paper from linen, after they had learned from the people of Samarcand the method of manufacture from cotton. Not only have they done nothing themselves, but they have done all in their power to stifle enquiry and stop progress amongst others. It is on these grounds that modern philosophers both in England and France have justified the crusades against their stupendous undertakings of the middle ages. Hercen, Choiseul d'Aillecourt and Michaud, Mackintosh and Macaulay, contend that the deluge of blood that was poured out in the land of Syria was shed in a righteous cause. A struggle arose between the religions of the east and the west. Had Christianity triumphed, the civilization of the east would have advanced hand in hand with that of the west. Had Mohammedanism obtained a complete victory, in all probability the natives of the west would have been at the present day sunk in the ignorance and superstition of the east. It was in effect a war between civilization and barbarism, whatever other guise it assumed, and the descendants of the crusaders may at this day bless heaven that the nations of Christendom, though perhaps on dubious grounds of policy, and in ignorance of the true nature of the contest, combined against the hosts of the Saracens. A perfect specimen of a pious Mussulman was the celebrated Saladin. The praises of his clemency, his charity, and his generosity, are to be found in every historian, but these very virtues, in passing through the alembic of Mohammedanism, are transmuted into vices. Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, it is true, were adorned by his munificence with the Royal foundations of mosques and colleges, but the sole object of his educational and religious institutions was the inculcation and practice of superstition; while the philosopher who dared to introduce speculative novelties was seized and strangled by the royal command. How different the conduct of the great Akbar, who, though neither superior in private virtues or natural abilities to Saladin, dared to free himself from the trammels of a besotting superstition, and became at once the greatest of Indian Monarchs

and the benefactor of his species.

We have now stated the reasons why we cannot consider Mohammedanism in the light of a reform, and must conclude. We have only one more observation to make, and that is, in defence of ourselves. We have been accused of attacking Dr. Sprenger with unnecessary virulence about his language, considering that he is a foreigner. Now we beg to say we have done nothing of the kind. We merely remarked that there appeared to be, throughout his book, a confusion of ideas. We pointed out what we considered a great blemish. It is too much the fashion now-a-days to praise up every work emanating from the press as of the highest order, and to represent it as comprising all separate excellencies. However we do not think it a matter of course, that a great antiquary and a great linguist should also be a great writer and an excellent book maker. As to cavilling at the Doctor's language, we never dreamt of such a thing; and if we did, we suspect it would little disturb the Doctor's equanimity. The German, who in addition to a very fair share of ancient classical learning, can write an English book, where the style is so good as in the present one, and can write in Urdu, in Arabic, and in Persian too, we believe, can well afford to laugh at any petty objections that are made to his English Grammar, or to his not fully comprehending the exact meaning of an English word. But we have no objections to his language; and, although, as we think, his book might have been made much better, and far more readable, still we only wish that we ourselves were capable of producing as good a one.

LIFE.

What is man's life, but a brief April day?
Clouded and bright, as the quick shadows fall—
Made up of smiles and tears. Fading away,
When night throws its heavy dark mantle o'er all.

The dawning is gay, for some beautiful being,
Bright as a sunbeam, and fair as a star,
Crosses his path-way, and then ever fleeing,
Ever keeps hovering coyly afar.

Happiness never comes—pleasure but charily—
Restless, man passes his life-time away—
Seeking for both, and not seeking them warily,
What is man's life, but a brief April day?

G.

A CHAT ABOUT THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.—NO. III.

"Sure there are Poets which never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose,
Those made not Poets, but the Poets those,
And as Courts made not Queens, but Queens the Court,
So where the muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A Poet,—thou Parnassus art to me."

DENHAM.

From Peter Ovidius Naso Jones, Esquire, India, to the Lady Jemima Jingle, Belgravia, London.

In no expectation, my dear Coz, that these unpretending productions will involve any immediate expenditure of Small Pica; but mindful of the possibility that they may some day find their way into print, you will observe that I leave a "mare's nest" here and there, for the especial delectation of the critics—who are a numerous tribe, although tolerably well classified now-a-days. It would weary you to hear, and me to tell, how many separate sorts there are. One kind will pronounce, and very properly, that these missives are merely "very readable nonsense," for which compliment I shall be abundantly grateful; they were in very sooth meant to be nothing else; and how far preferable is "readable nonsense" to "unreadable sense," how far more suggestive, particularly to a female mind? There never was "readable nonsense" published yet, which did not originate trains of reflection, full of pleasant memories.

"And thronging thoughts remembrances o youth,
And early love, and home, and all the spells,
That stir the spirit, from its lassitude,
Come back upon our soul with one poor word,
Of obsolete endearment."

SOUTHEY.

And something more than one poor "word" is often to be found in such scribblements. Again, how easy to adopt the "unreadable sense" style as thus. "My dearest cousin, it must indisputably have occurred to your intelligent mind, that if the surds have any rational co-efficients, their product or quotient must be prefixed (thus $a\sqrt{m} \times b\sqrt{n} = ab\sqrt{mn}$); so then, if a *rational* co-efficient be prefixed to a *radical* sign, it may be reduced to the form of a *surd* by the lemma, and conversely, if the quantity under the *radical* sign be divisible by a perfect power of the same denomination, it may be taken out, and its root prefixed as a co-efficient," &c. Now on receipt of such a communication bearing postage, you would probably remark—"Poor Peter Jones; can nothing be done to save his intellects—I always said it was in the family!"—and then, pondering over the letter, you will remark upon its *absurdity*, and that you are astonished I should be ignorant that you never believed that anything *radical* could be also *rational;* nevertheless, this would be a fair specimen of "unreadable sense." Or, again, were I to write, most sweet lady, I would only say in reference to the mischief, by the apprehension of which, the proposed PANNOMION is to be put

aside, that it is the very mischief under which it is impossible that, —for want of a written, and visible, and intelligible, and cognoscible rule of action; in a word, for want of a *Pannomion*,—the people of Great Britain should *not* be *at present labouring*: what is it that, at this moment, forms the basis of the rule of action? What but an ideal and shapeless mass of *merely conjectural* and essentially *uncognoscible* matter? *matter* without *mind*, *work* without an *author*; occupying, through the oscitancy of the Legislature, a place that ought to be filled; and exercising in it the authority that ought to be exercised by *Law*?"

"Nullis lex verbis, a nullo, nullibi, nunquam [illegible]
"Law i[illegible] *words*, by no *man never* made."

This style of writing would very justly call forth the expression of your strongest reprobation and most unmitigated disgust; yet, in truth, the first specimen is merely "a species of abstract arithmetic by which any desired operations may be performed in a short and *simple* (Heaven save the mark) manner;" and the second, a short quotation from the popular and amusing publications of Jeremy Bentham. Yet you would assuredly prefer one of Asprey's *Chatelaines* to a Bentham's *Pannomion* any day, and to tell the truth so would I. Let us therefore agree with the sensible critic who approves of "very readable nonsense," and pass to another sort, who have been classed in a very old work long out of print, published by John Geinsfleich, senior, at Mentz, in A. D. 1442, entitled "De Sententiâ Laicis"—as the "Hyper-Carpers." I regret to say the breed is still extant, marked in the present day, by pale and sallow complexions, and gloomy dispositions; they usually suffer from what homœopathists call, "*Tympanitis intestinalis*;" they are apt to be snatchy in domestic life, are easily "*riled*," or as Bulwer—using a far weaker word—would say "*fritted*;"—they entertain strong opinions about original sin, are inclined to wink piously at instructional infanticide; they are subject to "humming in the ears, short-sightedness, irrascible temper, bitter risings, confusion in the head, *amnesia*, *tinnitus aurium*," &c. (I am not bound to say where that quotation or diagnosis comes from;) feeling much for these suffering people, I would suggest in all Christianly kindness, that before putting their hands to pen, ink, and paper, they would put themselves through a course of "*pulsatilla*" and "*rhus toxicodendron*." I can assure them that a few globules of each, night and morning, would tend speedily to the germination of a more gracious nature, their little boys' heads and their own knuckles would be spared; their mutton chops would seem less tough, their spousal tea more tranquillising. Failing homœopathy—"a *little* finely powdered charcoal, in some *good* French brandy," has been found efficacious in such disorders. They may lose a little malicious unhealthy enjoyment perhaps, but they would be benefited by perceiving that

"For French of Paris was to hire unknowe,"

is in no wise "one of Chaucer's most brilliant and celebrated lines," and that—

"French she could talk as taught in Stratford town,
For French of Paris was to her unknown,"

are very common-place lines, and Chaucer's own—but that one inference (probably never intend-

ed by Chaucer) is that, having acquired an accomplishment proper in those days for young ladies, her mind in its simplicity was never disturbed by reflections as to her fitness for shopping excursions in the Rue St. Jacques.

There are again critics to whom nothing comes pleasantly. Spirits who would question the mathematical correctness of the rainbow's arch, who would quarrel, ornithologically, about a feather from the wing of an Angel—let me beg in all courtesy and kindness that such men will try the globules, or at all events the charcoal and French brandy, and wishing them a better frame of mind, and a sounder state of health, as well as all manner of prosperity, I drop the subject with one or two explanatory remarks. For there is happily no lack of kind and considerate critics whose comments always have weight, and to such I would say—1st, it was never my intention to assert, nor did I assert, that "nobody wishes to *preserve the language* in which Chaucer wrote," I said the *precise language*, and the addition of that word makes much difference.

2nd.—Chaucer's language is the staple, or established emporium from which our modern dictionaries are derived; but Chaucer is not fit for ladies' perusal, and very few men have troubled themselves to wade through him even with the aid of a Warton's Vocabulary.

3rd.—I never placed *Chaucer* in the first class of poets. He was not, in my opinion, a front rank man in the Grenadier Company of that gallant Regiment, which having crowned the heights of Parnassus, were styled evermore the "Apollo's own" or "Heliconian Highlanders;"—he stood among the Light Infantry on the left flank of the Battalion.

4th.—I do not profess to be "fidus interpres," and all who have rendered him hitherto have amplified as I have done.

You say you like quotations, so do *I*, but so do not the critics. Dr. Johnson says—"quotation is a good thing; there is a *community of mind* in it: classical Quotation is the parole of literary men." But then again, my friend Epictetus, a Phrygian Stoic philosopher, whose mind was probably a little soured by having been originally *a slave*, then a freed man of Nero—a still worse condition of humanity probably—and having subsequently been kicked out of Rome by that Fly-Flayer Domitian—remarks somewhat *epigrammatically*, and a little *ipecacuanha-ishly* (that's rather a new word I suspect!) that "the way for a man to show the goodness of his daily diet is by the robustness of his frame, and the healthiness of his face, not by emptying the contents of his stomach before you." But quotations illustrate, assist, embalm, and I *must* make one more. An old writer observes, that, "there are so few translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved pardon." And again—"it is a vulgar error in translating poets to affect being '*fidus interpres*;' whosoever aims at this in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts. Poesy is of so subtile a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum;* and whoever attempts

mere verbal translation shall have the misfortune of that young traveller who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it; and as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain garbs and modes of speaking, which vary with the times; the fashion of our clothes being not more subject to alteration than that of our speech; the delight of change being due to the curiosity of the ear, as of the eye."

All this said of translating Virgil by Denham in 1636 A. D. is so admirably applicable and so happily apposite to my present undertaking in 1851, that I make no apology for giving you the old Gentleman's sentiments, as I should have had to write much the same thing in perhaps not so clear a manner, and have been accused of pilfering into the bargain. In resuscitating one rusty old poet, quotations from other rusty old writers are necessary you will admit; while there are some critics so disinclined to make allowance for errors of copy, and printers devils' omissions of inverted commas, and so fond of the said commas, that any oft-repeated old saying should, according to them, stand thus:—

Fas est et ab hoste doceri"

(which would be as *incommadious* as *commacal* for the devils?)

I know what will happen—some of these furious *mares-nesters* will make some rambling reference to Æschylus, Lucretius, and Goëthe, and remark that *Iphigenia* and *Jephthah* were identical; that some profound "old Theban" ass, a hundred or more years ago, decided the point, and therefore it must be so. All I say is, don't you believe them; the old ass aforesaid, and the subsequent lineal donkey, believed not in the sacrifice of one or the other. They are fellows "who measure their depth by their darkness, and who fancy themselves profound because they feel that they are perplexed;" but no more of this. Now for a portrait. Having played the prelude, let us sing this mournful song.

"*Lord Duberly.*—Pray didn't you never hear of no great man as was married to a Farmer's daughter."

Doctor Pangloss.—Walter,—a Marquis of Lombardy.

Lord Duberly.—There, my Lady! The Marquis of Lombardy! That's the place where all the poplars come from. And who did he marry, Doctor?

Doctor Pangloss.—*Grizzle*—a perfect pattern of patience, daughter to his tenant Jacolina; and "this Markis hath hire spoused with a ring."—Chaucer! Hem!

Lord Duberly.—There, my Lady! what do you think of that? Damn it,—if the Markis smoused Grizzle, Dick may marry the maid servant."

Colman—*Heir at Law.*

THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

No. V.—Grizelda, Marchioness of Lombardy.

Where the Ligurian hills their shadows throw,
O'er Alpine Italy—the wand'ring Po,

Starts from his stony sleep, and murm'ring hies,
To pour his soul out 'neath the bridge of sighs,—
Great Bernard gleaming 'neath snow-tinged Tiara,
Watches his winding way tow'rds far Ferrara;
In this fair clime a fertile tract there lay,
Saluzzo's Marquis held the Sovereign sway.*

The Po, my dear Coz, begins his rambles at or near mount Viso in Piedmont, and enters the Gulph of Venice at four different points, and although he has these four mouths, it is very possible that not more than a few wineglasses full of sighs, even with tidal assistance, ever find their way under the above mentioned historical bridge. But there is nothing in the principles of "Pneumatics" or the caprices of "Elastic Fluidities" to make such a proceeding altogether impossible,—and at all events it is allowed to *Poesy* (you don't mind the pun, do you?) to take many more unaccountable liberties than this with the river Po, and you will perceive from the few opening lines of the original, that I have not tied myself too closely to old Chaucer's coat tails. *His* original was Petrarch, and I shall keep as near as I may to Chaucer without sacrificing my own sense of what is requisite in the modernization of his old muse. With the "Marquis" himself, who is described by Boccacio (*vide* Novel Xth day) as a "monstrously vile and brutish" Gentleman, I have little to do, except in so far as his eccentricities affected the poor Ladye, whose story I am narrating. But that Gentleman seeming to consider that

"Happy is the wooing
That's not long a doing,"

and being requested by his affectionate tenantry to place a Lady at the head of his establishment, who might be made generally useful in looking after the village schools, and directing the distribution of blankets for the destitute, and who also, in all probability, would provide in due time a young Lord of Lombardy for their prospective Governor. This Markis, I say,—being somewhat quaint and eccentric in his idiosyncracy, instead of selecting a damsel of high degree, some Ladye Blanche, as is fitting in cases of Sovereign Princes; for it has been ruled by high authority that,—

"If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanche?"

Scorning however the last of these qualifications the Marquis affected another order of Ladies Fair: and walking off to a tenant's cottage, he makes choice of another "Perdita."

* The Clerke's Tale opens thus:—

"Ther is right at the west side of Itaille,
Down at the rote of Vesulus the cold,
A lusty plain habundant of vitaille,
Ther many a toun and tour thou maist beholde,
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many another delitable sighte,
And Saluces this noble Countree highte."

"The prettiest lowborn lass that ever
Ran on the green sward; nothing she does or seems,—
But smacks of something greater than herself,—
Too noble for the place."

And thus is the maiden pictured, as she lived in her father's humble home:—

Amid the very poorest of the poor,
There lived a very rustic wretched boor,
Not wretched,—No! The humblest cottage even
Is ne'er without some ray of light from heaven.
He had a daughter, and her sunny smile
Would thought of poverty itself beguile;
If simple virtue unadorned and pure
Were beaming beauty, her's was beauty sure;
Nurtured in want, contentment in her face,
Rich in right feeling and in modest grace;
A simple crust, a draught from streamlet clear
Leavened with love, for her made choicest cheer;
Her patient toil at break of day begun,
Brought gladness to her heart at set of sun,
In the first freshest dawn of girlhood's spring,
All unprotected by a mother's wing,
There nestled thoughts within her inmost heart,
Which gave her courage to perform her part;
To overcome the sadness of her lot,
And gild with smiles her poor old father's cot.
She cull'd the sweetest herbs, the freshest flowers
To please his taste and soothe his saddest hours;
She worked and sang through all the live-long day,
To chase each gloomy care and fear away,
And ere to rest her tired limbs were laid,
Kneeling, for him and for herself she prayed;
She watched his lightest wish, his least behest;
Was ever father in such daughter blest?

* * * * *

Upon this mild Grizelda fell the eyes
Of our proud Marquis, as to hunt he hies,
But not with wanton glance, a something stole
From her meek look which touched his inmost soul;
Touched with a reverence, mingled with surprise,
That one so pure and good should live *beneath* the skies,
He learnt from her the truth divine to know,
"Poor and content is rich" e'en here below,
How strong, how honest, and how brave may be
Meek maiden's heart, when mailed in purity,—
A better influence o'er his nature shed,
'This is my wife'—he cried—'if e'er I wed.'

It will occur to you, that the Most Noble the Marquis of Lombardy had not a bad prospect of domestic happiness with a damsel, so "framed in all the prodigality of nature," and who was so little beholden to art for any of her charms; while it is equally evident that she was pre-eminently

"Blest with a temper whose unclouded ray
Could make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

Accordingly he announces to his peasantry his purpose to enter into the holy state of matrimony, and proceeds to direct the prepa-

ration of wedding garments, bridal ornaments, and a very perfect "Trousseau" of the newest fashion; but still nobody can form a guess as to who the new Marchioness is to be. When the procession is ready, he leads them to the poor tenant's house, in the humble village where dwelt Grizelda.

She little dreaming all this brave array
Was meant to honor her own nuptial day,
Had gone with pitcher to the accustomed brook;
But recollecting that the Marquis took
That day a wife, she turn'd tow'rd home again,
To gaze in wonder at the bridal train.
Upon the threshold as she stood, her ear
Caught her own name, 'Grizelda, are you here?'
Trembling she placed her pitcher on the floor,
As the proud Marquis stept across the door—
'Grizelda, love,' in softened tone, he said—
'Show me your sire,'—she meekly bowed her head.

The Marquis sat by his poor reduced old tenant; he spoke to him kindly; he told him how he loved his daughter; how he, a Sovereign prince, who was free to select from among the highest in all the land, had chosen this lowly flower, as the most worthy and the most beautiful to comfort and to adorn his old ancestral Hall. Poor Grizelda the while sat wondering at the glittering retinue without, and amazed that the Lord of Saluzzo should condescend to enter the humble hut of the peasant Jacolina. She was roused from her reverie by the embrace of the Marquis; she was told how he loved her, how her father's lot should brighten; how that father had consented joyfully to her elevation; *but*—he added—can you promise to bear with all my waywardness? Can you agree to accept my will as law? Can you fall in with all my moods and whims? Can you, unquestioning, love, honour, and *obey?*

"The pale girl shook with a silent fear,
As he knelt before her there,
And his voice like a spirit's, low and clear,
Went forth on the silent air."

How she was won; how she

"The promise gave,
With a first and fervent love,
To share one dwelling on land and sea,
And one guiding star above;
One bliss, one pain, one hope, one fear,
One altar and one God,
One trust hereafter, and one here,
One grave and one green sod;"

How *she* kept that promise of obedience sacred to the last, and how *he*, having plucked this gentle bud from its parent stem, strove by all the rudeness of his rough nature, to make "obedience" war with "love," and destroy "honour" altogether; and how her unmurmuring nature triumphed over the terrible trials that awaited her—all this I will relate to you as Chaucer relateth it to me.

Her answer was very simple.

Then wondering much, and trembling even more,
She said,—'Of words, my lord I have small store,
Tho' all unworthy of so high estate,
My father's will alone must guide my fate;
I can but vow in life and death to be
Faithful and true in all humility;
To live so long as I may please your eye,
And when I cease to please you, then to die.'
'Enough, my own Grizelda'—here he cried,
To all his retinue—'Behold my bride,
Whate'er of love ye for your lord confess,
The like belongs to her, no jot or tittle less.'

* * * * *

Then tiring maidens dress her comely head,
Round which a coronet its radiance shed,
With costly robes her slender shape they deck,
Rubies and garnets grace her snowy neck;
The russet garb was changed for rich brocade,
So shone in fairness then, that village maid,
That all who looked were seized with glad surprize,
And deemed some goddess, newly left the skies,
Had deigned to bless with love Saluzzo's lord,
And cry 'God bless her' with one loud accord.
But e'er the snow-white steed his vassals bring,
He, of her heart the love-anointed king,
Circled her slender finger with his ring,
Cheered by the hearty homage thus of all,
She left the lowly hut to grace the Lordly hall.

Chaucer then, by way of making a long story short, or, as he hath it, "shortly forth this tale for to chace," proceeds to relate how the new Marchioness soon gained golden opinions from every body. How her grace, her goodness, her gentleness, her wit, caused the peasantry, who had known her from youth up, to doubt whether old Jacolina had not stolen her in her infancy from the Fairies, and to believe that, notwithstanding the antecedent crusts and cresses, she was in verity a thorough-bred princess, patented from heaven,

Virtuous, loving, eloquent, discreet,
All elements of grace in her do meet,
So that whoever looked upon her face,
Kept in his heart alway for her a place.
Nor to Saluzzo was confined her fame,
But distant regions rang with her lov'd name,
From far and near came flocking young and old,
This perfect peerless Princess to behold.

Thus far all had gone well with Grizelda; thus far, her life had been like "sailing on the smooth surface of a summer sea," but storms were near; her hour of trouble was at hand; after a year of what modern novelists call by that impious title "unalloyed happiness," a little daughter was born to her, a new delight had budded in the mother's heart, but alas! from that hour the strange

nature of the *father* began to show itself. The Tempter tempted him to tempt his wife, to try her nature, and to see how far her promise of implicit obedience would be kept; and in pursuance of this cruel experiment he startles her at dead o'night with a disturbed countenance; he reminds her of her low estate and her poverty before her marriage, and of the great change in her condition. He tells her that his lieges, since the birth of her daughter, have been discontented and rebellious, have refused to obey the behests of a low-born mistress; that they insist upon the child's removal from the country, and, he darkly insinuates, from the world of *life*—to this crushing intelligence she replies very gently—

I and my child are servants of your will,
To love and cherish, to contemn and kill;
Nought you can do or say, as Heaven's above,
Can shake my fealty or destroy my love;
Death cannot cancel, time shall never blot
My vows to thee,—whatever be my lot.

Struck with this surpassing love and fortitude, the Marquis still resolved to try her to the utmost, and accordingly a truculent, ruthless looking ruffian stalks into her bed-chamber on the following midnight, and demands her child. Alarmed and heart-bruised, she regards him in speaking silence, she looks wistfully on the infant, but she *remembereth* her vows to her husband.

" At the last she broke
The horrid silence, and thus meekly spoke—
'By all that's human, if you be a man,
Grant me one moment more, that I may scan
My darling's features, fix them in my heart,
From whence, while life last, they shall ne'er depart.
Once more on earth, within these arms to press
My precious babe,—a *mother's last caress.*'

* * * * * * * * *

Most passing pitiful it was to see
That poor sad mother in her misery;
With breaking heart she sung the wonted lays,
Which lulled her babe so oft in bypast days;
Unclasped the sleeping infant from her breast,
'Take it,' she softly said, 'obey your Lord's behest.'

* * * * * *

Upon the little brow a cross she signed,
The "wind" was "tempered;" the "shorn lamb" resigned.

* * * * * *

'One boon'—she sobbed—'for mercy's sake I crave,
Lay the earth lightly o'er her little grave,
In some green spot, secure from bird or beast,
This scanty kindness, at the very least,
Unless my Lord forbad you! this you may?'
Scowling, the ruffian went upon his way."

I know nothing in all poetic picturing more unostentatiously beautiful than this touch of nature which makes us all feel for the time akin to poor Grizelda, which refers the mind back with lightning rapidity through all the lapse of intermediate ages, and shows us our first parents mourning *outside* Eden for the murdered Abel; reminding us that wherever we look on beings of the same mould—especially in their hour of affliction,—*they* are *our* brothers and *our* sisters; there is something wonderfully touching in the picture of the sad heart-broken mother struggling with the severity of her sorrow in order to sing at such a time the lively lullabys which might bring sleep to her babe, and the suppressed hope (which it indicates,) that pain might be spared to her innocent darling if life were taken from it in sleep, if only it were permitted that the child's last look of life were closed in slumber upon *her* bosom to wake at once in the bosom of its God. If we add to this the piteous request, that the little body might be placed where it should be secure from desecration, we have—what I will not destroy the effect of by further comment.

Nor would any purpose be served were I to narrate in verse the same cruelty practised upon poor Grizelda. Some three years after the occurrence just recorded, when her only boy was taken from her to the death, as she thought, under circumstances similarly painful, and under which she exhibited a similar patience. The public feeling sympathised with her, the Marquis lost the love of his peasantry, and acquired largely their hatred, they thought him a murderer, and they pitied his wife, as Shakespeare says of Rosalind,

> "Her very silence and her patience,
> Speak to the people, and they pity her."
> *As You Like It.*

but the Marquis changed not his resolution, he was still unsatisfied and parodying the Satanic request in the 1st chapter of the book of Job; he thought that if he put forth his hand and touched all that was left to her, she would forget her vows of obedience and hate and despise him. Accordingly for the devilish development of his designs, he tells her, that it has been determined that she must be divorced; that he must take another wife at his people's request and by the Pope's permission, and see her no more; abruptly and brutally he announces this determination, he says no kindly word but vouchsafes to return to her the ragged russet robe in which he found her; *and yet* as old Fletcher beautifully says in Valentinian—

> "*Farewell for ever.*"
> That's a sad saying, but it becomes you well,
> And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly;
> Our loves have been of larger growth, more rooted,
> Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter."

She hears him without a murmur; her children were gone, the separation was for his good, and she was grown old in suffering; she does not, as many and many a woman would assuredly have done, break out into petulance and say,—again to quote the same old writer—

> "Do you know what dwells above, sir?
> And what they have prepared for men-turned devils?
> Did you ne'er hear their thunder? start and tremble,
> Death sitting in your blood; when their fires visit us,

> Will nothing wring you then, do you think? sit hard here?
> And like a snake curl round about your conscience,
> Biting and stinging? will you not roar too late then?
> *Then* when you shake in horror of this villainy,
> *Then* will I rise a star in heaven and scorn you."

Scorn—poor meek soul! Oh! no! She never dreamt a thought of harm to him, here or hereafter. She bowed her head, she wept, and she *obeyed*. And now it seems to me that I ought to pause. Beside Chaucer, Petrarch and Boccacio, many other accomplished gentlemen have told in their most polished prose, or most prodigal poetry, the story of Grizelda's patience,—and I do not feel justified in elongating this epistle solely for the purpose of telling you, what every body knows, viz:—that the lady, like poor Josephine Beauharnais, "sacrificed her private feelings upon the altar" of Saluzzo; and having no Malmaison to retire to, she returned uncomplainingly to her crusts and cresses, and to all the ways and wants of her early girlhood; that, she was sent for, and cheerfully went to the castle she had presided in as mistress, to prepare, as a humble housemaid, the apartments of her newly expected successor; that, she saw and rejoiced in the beauty and the youth of the supposed new Marchioness: that, at the last, the Marquis of Saluzzo came to his senses, and did not, "like the base Indian, throw a pearl away richer than all his tribe." That the new bride was none other than her own recovered daughter, whose features had been so stamped in her mental memory, made thus the innocent instrument of trial and temptation, and of triumph to *her mother*. That her son had grown into a gracious youth, and that her husband took her to his heart again, to live there happily for many a long day. Disliking the moral which old Chaucer attaches to this most moving history, I will here drop the curtain, saying once more with old Fletcher of Grizelda as he said of another—

> "Heaven's holy light's not purer,"
> The constancy and goodness of all women
> That ever lived, to win the name of worthy,
> This noble dame hath doubled in her honour,
> All promises of wealth, all art to win her,
> And by all tongues employed, wrought much on her
> As one may do *upon the sun at noon-day,*
> *By lighting candles up*—Her shape was heavenly,
> And to that *Heavenly* shape her thoughts were *Angels.*

And so good night,

P. O. N. Jones.

PRISON DISCIPLINE AT HOME AND IN INDIA.*

No. II.

WE continue our remarks on Prison discipline, from last month—and are now about to review the proceedings of the Committee formed in 1836 under orders of the then Governor General Lord Auckland, to inquire into Prison discipline in India. Amongst the more distinguished names of gentlemen comprising this Committee are those of Sir Edward Ryan, then Chief Justice, Mr. Macaulay, then Legislative Member of Council, Mr. Cameron, at that time a Member of the Law Commission, the late Sir W. H. MacNaghten, and the present Sir Charles Trevylyan. From their elaborate report, published in 1838, we gather that the number of prisoners confined in the country at the end of 1836 amounted to upwards of 56,000, of these 13,000 were employed in gangs under Engineer Officers on the roads: the remainder were secured within the different gaols, for there the Magistrates provided no in-door occupation in Bengal, with the single exception of the prison at Beerbhoom, where a few prisoners were employed to no profit, in weaving cloth. At Allahabad 60 men were similarly engaged, whose labour did not realise sufficient to cover their maintenance. The same result was observed at Benares, but at Goruckpore 40 prisoners were able to produce superior carpets to those made by free labour. There remained no occupation but that of out-door labour, and that on the roads, the latter employment to a man possessed of means being all but a nominal punishment. The venality and general inefficiency of the burkundazes appointed to watch prisoners so working, presented no check to the visits of friends and relatives, or even to their temporary return home.

The very fact of a rich Zemindar, Bunnea, or Mahajun, being under their charge would invest him with a charm sufficiently strong in the eyes of his guardians, when backed by timely douceurs to exempt him from all labour. The poor and low caste prisoners did the hard work and daily task for themselves and more wealthy fellow convicts, whilst the grateful shade of a mangoe tope or a green spot by some cool well invited the Rajpoot and Brahmun to dreamy indolence for hours, until the declining rays of the sun recalled the gang to their nightly resting place. It was then clear that out-door labour ought to be abolished, and desirable that some system of employment within the prison walls should be had recourse to; but as a check on the arbitrary power of the Magistrate in this respect, some well-digested rules were required. The classification of prisoners had been but partially regarded. Mal(e)

* By a typographical error at P. 118 in our last number, the name of Kenzie has been substituted for that of Raikes. We regret that it should have escaped our notice.—Ed. *Saunders' Mag.*

and female prisoners were separated, and in most gaols debtors were confined apart from convicted offenders and accused persons,—whilst on the other hand it was not thought necessary to keep the latter from the contaminating society of convicted criminals; the Bengal Regulation IX. of 1793 directs a classification according to the Court which sentences the person. The Committee very properly recommended its discontinuance, and proposed to substitute the following arrangement, which regards the degree of fault committed rather than the dignity of the convicting Court :—

1. Accused parties suspected of being Thugs.
2. Males, accused of rape, murder, robbery by violence, burglary, &c.
3. Males, accused of simple theft, receiving stolen goods, perjury, fraud.
4. Males, accused of affray, assault and misdemeanors.
5 to 8. Males convicted of the above offences.
9 to 10. Accused and convicted females.

It may seem strange that no provision has been made in this classification for the confinement of boys. But the Committee explain this by stating as an admitted fact that boys are more wont to be corrupted by boys than men. What may be an admitted fact in Europe and America may be the very reverse of fact in Eastern Countries where the odious mysteries of the "Nefanda Venus" are universally practised. Mr. Woodcock, Inspector of Prisons for the North West Provinces, satisfied by his enquiries of the evil in the gaols, has directed that all boys under 21 should be confined in a ward apart from those of other male prisoners. A general custom prevailed of giving a daily diet allowance to every prisoner: in Bengal the average sum was 8 pie to each man; in the North West Provinces it varied from 9 pie to 1¼ anna. The convicts fared better than their poorer and free countrymen, much of the ennui and disagreeabilities of prison life were lost in the excitement and pleasure of marketing and preparing their own food. One or more shop-keepers were admitted into the gaol, and the prisoners were allowed the enjoyment, so prized by Natives, male and female, of catering for their own wants, and the delightful privilege of quarrelling with an oily Bunnea regarding the quality of his supplies, the proper weight of his copper currency, or some ill-disguised deficiency in the number of exchange cowries. It is inconceiveable how such a custom could have remained so long in force; it is only within the last few years that the system of rations has been introduced, and in many places introduced with fear and trembling. Mournful were the anticipations and depressing the predictions which some Magistrates poured forth in the fulness of their belief, that the prisoners throughout the country would resist to the last the "order" which was to deprive them of a long-enjoyed right, that of buying and cooking their own victuals. The decree however went forth, and except in a few instances no difficulty has been experienced. Since which day the prisoners have not lost in flesh, though the Government have gained in pocket—mortality amongst the convicts was great; in the lower provinces the per centage was 8.33; in the North

West, 4.74. The Committee however considered the general treatment and physical condition of the prisoners to be as good in India as anywhere else, and that the system on the whole, as regards essentials, "cleanliness and attention to the sick, provision for food and clothing was highly honorable to the Government of British India." As a general scheme of the form they proposed the building of Penitentiaries in the middle of every six or eight districts to which all prisoners sentenced to more than one years' imprisonment in solitary confinement or with hard labor were to be sent—association was to be avoided as far as possible, numerous solitary cells were to be erected, the introduction of the tread-wheel, or other machine labour was recommended, during work and at meals no talking would be allowed, offences committed within the gaol and breach of prison rules would be punished by solitary confinement and privation of food. It was intended that the present district gaols should remain empty. The following prisoners would be confined therein :—

1. Those sentenced to less than 17 years in solitary confinement with hard labour.
2. Those sentenced to simple imprisonment.
3. Untried persons.
4. Debtors.

All would be kept apart in their respective sub-divisions. After considering the question of labour, the committee were not disposed to regard in a favorable point of view the employment of prisoners in trades. They were of opinion that the interest which a man must necessarily feel in the prosecution of a trade which he had successfully learned, would tend to diminish the severity of his sentence and the nature of those ideas which punishment ought to encourage. They therefore gave the preference to dull, wearisome and monotonous labor, such as that caused by machines, they were anxious to introduce some modified form of solitary imprisonment on a system similar to that established at Glasgow and thence introduced into Pensylvania, the principal feature of which was that work might be given when asked for by way of indulgence, to prisoners sentenced to solitary imprisonment. This plan had been happy in its results. The maximum of imprisonment in a solitary cell should not exceed one month, but when work was also allotted, the duration of solitude might be extended without prejudice to body and mind for two or three years, or even longer, for in Pensylvania persons were frequently subjected to this punishment for a period of 12 years. We know from the Reading gaol report that no case of insanity had come under the Chaplain's observation, although in some instances, madness existed in the families of persons undergoing solitary imprisonment with work. The Committee were not prepared to recommend a scale of rewards for good behaviour within the prison, because such a system was unsuited to persons suffering penal-

ty for offences committed against the well being of society: but the case was different with regard to those who were sentenced to simple imprisonment. They might be allowed to work at some trade and retain any sum which accrued from the profits in excess of their maintenance; indulgences might also be extended to untried parties, who should be allowed separate accommodation if they could pay for it—and ought not to be subjected to any restrictions as to cooking and food. We confess that we cannot see why this indulgence of separate accommodation should be permitted to the rich and not to the poor. Both may be equally innocent and unjustly confined. But in making this recommendation the Committee could hardly have been aware of the number of untried persons usually to be found in the district gaols under examination. It would be difficult to provide separate accommodation without extending the gaols, and were this done, all in custody should profit by it. Those only should be confined together who had been caught in the act of thieving, or seized when flying red-handed from some recently perpetrated crime. There is in truth no necessity for radical change in the present arrangements made for the safe custody of untried prisoners, for it is to be remembered that in most cases the police authorities send in lesser offenders on their own recognizances or the security of friends, whilst in all heinous crimes a careful enquiry has been made in the first instance by some officers of police or perhaps a Deputy Magistrate on the spot, and no persons are forwarded to the Magistrate against whom there is not apparently strong evidence of guilt. The watchfulness of the court immediately above that of the Magistrate would interfere to prevent needless delay in the prosecution of any charge. That an injudicious or unprincipled officer may abuse his power, by unnecessary harshness, such as ordering upon slight grounds some respectable man into custody, we are not prepared to deny. But a remedy by appeal to the superior court or Government in case of need is open to any one so illegally treated. However, we would allow to all untried persons other indulgences recommended by the Committee such as greater liberty than convicted offenders, and amusements compatible with the due preservation of order. They might work, if they liked, and receive the profits of their labour after the cost of their maintenance had been deducted. One great hardship to untried persons is long detention in custody, arising from delay in their being brought to trial, and this hardship rarely exists in India. The Magistrates are vested with such extensive powers, that it is only necessary to send the more serious offences to the Sessions, and Criminal Courts are open all the year round. Civil Courts may be closed for weeks in holiday time, and the officers presiding in them may betake themselves where they list, but a Sessions Judge is a fixture, and must always be ready to proceed to trial in any case committed by the Magistrate. But we have given the general outline of the Committee's report, and must now introduce Mr. Woodcock to our readers.

This officer was appointed in December 1844, Inspector of Prisons on the North West Provinces. In 1816, additional powers were entrusted to him; he was charged with reducing and checking the expenditure in all prisons within the Regulation Provinces and the Saugor and Nerbudda territories, and invested with the immediate superintendence of the Agra gaol, which was to be made a central model prison. Mr. Woodcock energetically commenced the work of reformation. Out-door labor had been already condemned by the commission in 1836, and longer experience had shown the wisdom of their opinion. It was now desirable to concentrate the labor of prisoners and to employ them within the gaols. Large working yards were erected by enclosing an additional area within boundary walls, which were built at trifling expense of earth or unbaked bricks, by the prisoners themselves. The Inspector next determined to introduce manufactures and working at trades; the old idea of "dull, wearisome and monotonous labour" had been exploded. It was obviously advantageous, as the prisoners must labour, to interest them in their respective tasks, and Mr. Woodcock was resolved that they should not work for, but with, him. There appeared to be no want of objects, to which prison labor could with advantage be devoted. Amongst others immediately, 1st, the employment of prisoners in "furnishing all their immediate wants, such as blankets, clothing, shoes, bedding, flour and all other articles required for prison consumption. 2nd. In performing all menial offices among themselves, such as those of barbers, washermen, water-carriers and sweepers, which have hitherto been provided for by hired labor. 3rdly. In effecting alterations, additions, and repairs to the prison, in which they are confined; and 4thly. In supplying the wants of the public service of Government," that is to say, in making country paper for the Government offices, and various articles for the Commissariat; trappings and furniture for elephants, camels, horses and bullocks; bags and baskets for Magazines. The objection raised against the employment of forced labor in trades, as likely to injure poor and honest artizans, is met by Mr. Woodcock with the doctrine of expediency, that prison-idleness would be a greater evil than diminishing the profits of free labour. There is not much danger to be apprehended. The supply furnished by each district gaol in any particular branch of trade must be necessarily small, and the fact of the labour employed being forced, renders the competition harmless. It must be borne in mind, that this is a question of forced and free, not of paid and unpaid labour. Forced labour at its best will do so much and no more. Allowing that the prisoner became interested in his work, there will still lurk in his heart the depressing and uncomfortable conviction that he works for another not himself. Nor are prisoners unpaid labourers; far from it; for it must be remembered that Government provides for them house and shelter, food and the means of cooking it, the materials for making their clothes and blankets for night covering, and surgical attendance and physic. These are but a part of expences to which Government

are put in the establishment of workshops,—to compete with free labourers, heartily interested in the work by which they earn a livelihood, and are able to supply their secondary wants. But Mr. Woodcock himself admits that prison labour will be devoted to the supply of Government and the prison's wants. So that the trade outside the walls of a gaol need not necessarily be interfered with at all. Indeed competition tends to increase the demand, though it may diminish prices, which are again made up by a large consumption and renewed exertions, and greater skill on the part of the producers. Carpets are made at Jubbulpore, till lately at Mirzapore and at Goruckpore, but the prices of carpets made by free labour do not appear to have fallen; tents are manufactured at Jubbulpore, and yet we have heard that the native maker there has felt no evil effect from the Jail competition. The one devotes its labour to the wants of Europeans, the other to those of the natives. Blankets and sutringies are made at the Agra Central Prison, but the bazar prices remain undiminished for the same articles. Mr. Woodcock's productions may be stronger and better woven; but they are not cheaper. In short, as long as the Government requires the use of prison labour for their own and gaol purposes, it is superfluous to deprecate or sigh over the imaginary ruin, or loss of profits and occupation to honest artizans outside the walls of a prison.

Mr. Woodcock is anxious to introduce the separate system, and has urged on superior authority the necessity of building numerous solitary cells, in which he proposes to confine offenders sentenced to periods of from ½ to 3 years imprisonment—2ndly, hardened offenders—3rdly, offenders inside the gaol for breaches of prison rules. This plan could doubtless be fairly tried, for the persons so confined would be longer under its influence, and the results more decided. But he goes far beyond this, and would even reduce the duration of punishment as a set off to the expense of new buildings after the following fashion:—

In lieu of 3	years to	2	years	0	mths.
7	„	3	„	0	„
7 to 10	„	3	„	6	„
10 to 15	„	4	„	0	„
In excess 15	„	5	„	0	„

This surely is a wild idea suggested by Mr. Woodcock's zeal rather than the principles of common sense. The inequality of the sentences is striking, and utterly inconsistent with the degrees of crimes committed. Professional robbers, child-stealers for the sake of their ornaments or worse, burglars, forgers, poisoners are to be confined for 2 years, in excess of the punishment now awarded by a Magistrate in a case of theft! Mr. Woodcock may be satisfied with this in his capacity as Inspecter of Prisons, but public justice, which dooms the prisoners, will not be so readily satisfied. If the Government determine to try the system generally on the people of this country, they must be prepared to do so, not on the question of expense, but on higher grounds, and with the hope of repressing crime and reforming criminals. When the first result has been attained, it will be soon enough to begin thinking of reducing punishment. But the public security must not be weakened

in order to save the State a sum sufficient to commence an experiment. That the Inspector is in earnest with regard to his extraordinary proposal, we cannot doubt. The following is his own calculation—" 500 cells cost at 100 Rs. per cell, 50,000 Rs., each cell to contain one prisoner, 500 of whom cost the State at 50 Rs. per head per annum, the sum of 75,000 Rs.; if the term of imprisonment be reduced by $\frac{1}{3}$, the saving will amount to 25,000 rupees in every 500 prisoners in the 3 years. Thus in 12 years the Government will be a gainer of 100,000 rupees, which is twice the original cost of the cells." We feel sure that a reduction of punishment after this fashion will fill every district gaol to overflowing. The experiment would be a premium on villainy of all kinds and sorts. The plea that the solitary system enhances punishment, is not borne out in this case, for we have already noticed the fact that persons are imprisoned in America in solitary cells with work for a period of 12 years, that is to say, for just 7 years in excess of the term proposed by the Inspector of Prisons! We turn from this with pleasure to examine Mr. Woodcock's success in checking gaol expenditure. In this all will agree with him—this part of his duty he fully understands.

By employing certain of the prisoners, those considered to be most dangerous and insubordinate, and those sentenced to long periods of imprisonment, in grinding wheat, a large saving has been effected. Formerly 3 annas were levied on every maund of ground wheat, now each man so engaged produces from 8 to 17 seers of flour daily. In 1840, three pie were allowed per week to each prisoner for washing and shaving. The annual cost for 20,000 men amounted to 16,000 Rs. After this another plan was tried, and a regular establishment of barbers and washermen was entertained at a charge of from 360 to 1,300 Rs. per gaol. The total annual charge for 40 gaols being 20,500 Rs. Since Mr. Woodcock's appointment, this sum has been altogether saved; those prisoners, whose caste or trade does not interfere with the arrangement, are appointed to the work. The cost of every prisoner in 1842 was Rs. 50-0-9$\frac{1}{2}$ per head; in 1843, Rs. 52-15-7$\frac{3}{4}$; in 1845, Rs. 42-12-3$\frac{3}{4}$. The net proceeds of prison labour during the years 1844 and 1845, after payment of all expenses in building and materials for manufactures, and exclusive of stock in hand, amounted to Co.'s Rs. 5,277-15-6. Mr. Woodcock has been unremitting in his efforts to improve prison buildings, and preserve the health of the prisoners. In his Circular addressed to the Magistrates of the North West Provinces in 1847, he urges on them the necessity of giving at least 400 cubic feet of space to every prisoner —calculated thus: " multiply together the length, breadth, and height (to the beam) of every ward in feet for the cubic contents, and divide the product by the minimum of space to be allowed to each prisoner, which will give the number of prisoners each ward is capable of containing." Where this cannot be done, or where there can be no provision made for the number of persons in excess, they must be transferred to another district gaol. For

hospital, each "patient is to be allowed 600 cubic feet of space, and every prisoner occupying a cell by day and by night should be allowed a cell 13×7×15=1365 cubic feet." The following arrangements for improving the ventilation of wards are due to the Inspector; the plan of which we take from his report to the Government in 1846. The blank gable end of all wards is opened, and in pucka roofs there is formed "a circular aperture of one foot diameter in the centre of the cieling of every ward and cell at intervals of ten feet, over which has been placed an earthen 'nand' reversed and pierced in the side with holes; or a stone, 18 inches in diameter, placed over the aperture, supported on three statute bricks on end, so that the stone rests at an elevation of 6 inches over a rim of mortar raised three inches high around the opening." All offensive nuisances within the gaols have been removed; cesspools and drains within and without the walls have been closed. On the north or south side the gaols 3 pucka wells, 60 feet deep, have been sunk, at a distance of not less than 200 feet, into which through a manhole 2 feet in diameter, all the sweepings are carried. The prisoners are constantly examined by the Civil Surgeon, who reports on the degree of labour which they are competent to undergo. Infirm gangs have been formed, which consist, 1st, of the old and weak; 2ndly, those suffering from temporary debility; 3rdly, those discharged from hospital, declared to be convalescent. Their labour is of the lightest sort, such as manufacturing baskets, cleaning fetters, picking oakum, breaking up kunkur for the roads, &c. We cannot, from want of space, prominently notice all that Mr. Woodcock has accomplished. We have exhibited the most striking points of his management. His report published by order of the Hon'ble the Lieutenant Governor of the North West Provinces in 1846, and reprinted in 1849, is obtainable by any person requiring further information. We shall therefore close our notice by placing before our readers a memorandum of the gross amount which he has been the means of saving to the State, affording a proof of his industry, and energy, and the successful results of his reforms; to which we are enabled to add from other sources a statement of the sick prisoners admitted to, and of deaths in, the gaol hospitals, under Mr. Woodcock's jurisdiction during a period of 5 years, which will testify more satisfactorily than words can do, to the utility of that officer's suggestions and efforts towards improving the sanatory condition of our prisoners.

Years.	*Daily average number of Prisoners in 34 Gaols, N. W. Provinces.*	*Total number admitted into Hospital during the year.*	*Total number of Deaths during the year.*	*Sick per cent. on strength.*	*Death per cent. on strength.*
1844	20,399	24,766	1,177	121·42	5·76
1845	19,777	29,343	1,765	148·31	8·92
1846	19,322	26,544	1,211	137·37	6·26
1847	19,971	25,278	1,162	126·56	5·81
1848	19,638	21,479	934	109·37	4·75

	Year.	Total aggregate number of Prisoners during the year.	Average number of Ditto.	Permanant Gaol Establishment.	Contingent Gaol guard.	Miscellaneous Charges including Doctor's travelling allowance and rewards.	Native Medicines.	Prison and Hospital Rations.	Clothing and Bedding.	Total Expenditure during the year.
Under Magistrate.*	1835				Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
	1836	41,04,417	11,245	2,16,831	90,757 2 7	14,030 9 3	1,30,842 7 10	2,56,526 1 0	31,443 9 7	6,23,431 0 3
Under Executive Engineer.*		19,75,864	5413		86,018 14 9	11,768 7 11	535 10 5	1,23,491 8 0	12,974 2 1	2,34,788 11 2
		60,80,281	16,658	2,16,831	1,76,776 1 4	25,799 1 2	14,378 4 3	3,80,017 9 0	44,417 11 8	8,58,219 11 5

* The words " under the Magistrate, and under the Executive Engineer," allude to the prisoners within the gaol walls, and those employed outside on the roads, in the several districts.

On the expenditure incurred in 34 gaols during four years from 1845 to 1848 there has been, thanks to Mr. Woodcock, a gross saving to Government of Co.'s Rs. 2,42,896-6-5½ as follows:—

Years.	*Aggregate number of Prisoners.*	*Average no. of Prisoners.*	*Total expenditure in 1844.*	*Total expenditure in*		*Gross reduction.*
1844	70,34,043	19,271	Rs. A. P.	Years.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
1845	68,14,688	18,670	8,51,484 3 4	1845	8,19,948 1 11	51,788 2 5
1846	69,81,984	19,129		1846	8,14,826 2 7	36,658 11 9
1847	68,84,219	18,861		1847	7,03,566 0 3	147,919 3 1
1848	67,96,875	18,621		1848	6,96,420 0 0½	156,074 3 3½
						Rs. 392,439 9 6½

	Rs.	As.	P.
Gross reduction of expenditure in four past years. In the year 1844, ...	3,92,439	9	6½
Add—Refunded to the Collector's Treasuries on account of prison labor for grinding corn in the Zillahs, N. W. Provinces,	9,000	0	0
	4,01,439	9	6½
Deduct amount transferred to Judicial and Revenue Department on account of Cutcherry and Personal Guards of Judges, Magistrates, and Joint Magistrates and Assistants, ...	13,284	0	0
	3,88,155	9	6½
Deduct salary of Inspector of Prisons and his establishment from 1845 to 1848 inclusive,..................................	1,45,259	3	1
	242,896	6	5½

That the expenditure in 1844 was not from other causes greater than in previous years can be shewn from statements before us; we can however only afford room to the statement of expenditure in 39 jails of the North West Provinces and Saugor and Nerbudda Territories in 1835-36.

(Vide Table A.)

We have now examined the system advocated by Mr. Woodcock and the scheme of reformation proposed by the Calcutta commission. We have freely admitted the merits of the former, inasmuch as it is opposed to the employment of prisoners in degrading tasks, and renders their labour remunerative. We have cordially acknowledged the excellence of those arrangements which tend to preserve the buildings comparatively secure from disease. But his plan does not go far enough. It does not and cannot secure the reformation of the unhappy beings subjected to its treatment. The general scheme of reform proposed by the Committee, except as regards some few minor details, meets with our unqualified disapprobation, being in our opinion, totally opposed to the broad principles of charity and justice which ought to govern those who legislate for the wants of erring humanity. It invites the state to incur vast, and, we think, useless expense in the erection of large Penitentiaries throughout the country, in which the most desperate ruffians from 6 or 7 districts are to be collected. It would concentrate and deal with a mass of crime by iron despotism and the harshest oppression. It would

degrade the prisoners to the level of beasts of burthen. The brutal part of their nature would be confirmed and strengthened by such treatment. They would become hardened from despair, unsafe in gaol, and still more unsafe when discharged. They would return to the world more than ever disposed to revenge upon Society the indignities and cruelty lavished upon them in gaol. Disinclined to and disgusted with labour, after being compelled to work as machines by irresistible authority, without profit to themselves or interest in their employment, they would on their release at once have recourse to robbery and theft as a source of subsistence and easy means of excitement. After some few months of successful crime they would be again confined within the prison walls from which they had been lately discharged. This is no exaggerated picture, coloured for the present occasion; it is simple truth. At the very time that the Calcutta Committee published the results of their enquiries, the recommittals to gaol were in the lower Provinces $9\frac{1}{2}$ and in the N. W. Provinces $10\frac{1}{2}$ to every 100 men! This is a very striking fact, and a clear proof of the brutalizing nature of the then prevailing system. In so far as the report recommends the adoption of solitary confinement with work we can agree with it. But so far from thinking it desirable, that the system, if introduced, should be restricted to building cells in large Penitentiaries, we in common with Mr. Woodcock would advocate the erection of cells in every Mofussil prison. So long ago as 1840, Mr. Montgomery, then Magistrate of Allahabad, since honorably distinguished for zeal and energy in the Punjaub, tried this mode of punishment, and built 40 solitary cells, 12 feet by 8, in his gaol. As places of punishment for turbulent characters and breach of Prison Rules these cells would answer admirably, and they should be erected throughout the length and breadth of the country. At the Agra Prison there are, we believe, 60 solitary cells, the fruits, we suppose of the Committee's report and Mr. Woodcock's suggestions. This gaol contains nearly 3,000 prisoners, the worst criminals from every district.

To what good they are so congregated we are at a loss to imagine. It has been found necessary to keep a large guard from a native regiment there in addition to a considerable force of Nujeebs.* We know that from time to time "whispers dire," of conspiracy to break gaol have got abroad. The massacre of last year is familiar to all our readers. The Sikh invasion, a nine days wonder, which was to have occurred in the Dusserah of this year, kept the prison authorities and prisoners in a state of anxiety and excitement for days, and inflicted on the military needless duty. We have often endeavoured to satisfy ourselves of the necessity for this immense gaol, and still more so for its being made a place of custody for large bodies of Sikh prisoners.

It has always appeared to us that to disperse these troublesome gentry over the country prisons would be a simple and

* Native police.

quite as an effectual mode of procedure. We do not think that the Magistrates are afraid of keeping turbulent characters. Their only objection is that they have no place to put them in. Now a partial introduction of the solitary system would enable them to deal with the most hardened criminals. We have heard only lately of one man in the Agra gaol, who has from time to time, during his imprisonment, received in all 600 blows from "Bents," and has been subjected to solitary and every species of imprisonment, and yet will not work. Agra would not do more to make him work than any other district gaol in the country. However, as the Agra Prison has been built, it must, we suppose, continue to be a central and model gaol; in which Mr. Woodcock, with the help of his lately appointed and able Assistant Dr. Walker, may continue to carry on the work of reform which he has introduced. We trust, however, that no more such prisons may be built. The Agra gaol is a failure as a Reforming Prison. If any more money can be spent, it should be given for the purpose of reconstructing our country gaols, for erecting numerous solitary cells in each, and as a means to establish a classification of offenders, totally different from that which now prevails. We are fully aware that classification at present is an association together of the bad with the indifferently good, and the worst with those better than themselves, and this we agree with Mr. Woodcock is useless. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," sang Menander and quoted St. Paul. The saying is trite, but still savours of the shrewd and observing dramatist. If the Court of Directors would only sanction an outlay from the funds which Mr. Woodcock has already saved, for the purpose of making some necessary alterations in gaols, we cannot but think that much might be done towards effecting the end which we have in view. Before closing these remarks we proceed to offer a few suggestions, which we think might perhaps be practically and economically carried out.

The object of punishment we consider to be two fold in its nature. 1st. To secure evil doers, and to deter others from the commission of a like offence. 2ndly. By punishment and discipline so to operate on a prisoner's mind, that in the event of his return to society, he may go forth a respectable, honest, and law-observing man. To effect this it has been usual to withdraw a sentenced offender from his home and family, and to confine him within some huge and hideous building, enclosed within walls, whose lofty tops, bristling with iron, preclude all hope of escape.—The moment that the massive gate has received a victim within its gloomy aperture, one end of punishment has been attained, the evil-doer has been secured, and the power of perpetrating further mischief has been removed from his reach. The next object is to deter others from the commission of a similar offence, and we have endeavoured to do this by exhibiting our felons, chained, degraded to the level of beasts, and till lately branded with a mark of infamy, dressed in peculiar clothes, and labouring without cessation under the orders of a task master, whose report would

lead to instant punishment, and probably the lash. We have tried this system as a corrective, and yet crime flourishes alike in the East and West, the hereditary resource of countless numbers amongst the neglected and friendless. Such punishment has been alike impotent to repress crime, or reform offenders in England, and the force of circumstances hurrying a man on in a career of evil overwhelms all fear of punishment, human or divine. The spread of education, attention to, and charitable recognition of, the necessities of the poor and starving, a liberal expenditure of State funds in promoting emigration, will do more to relieve our overcrowded Home Prisons, than the sword of justice can ever hope to do, though perpetually unsheathed and powerful to strike. But punishment, such as the present age seems disposed to advocate, justice tempered with mercy, may under Providence eventually produce reformation among even the worst of criminals.

We seek not to degrade vice still lower, on the contrary we aspire to raise a fallen man from the pit into which he has unhappily sunk. We would lead him by instruction, discipline, and the acquirement of active habits and an useful trade to welcome virtue as his best friend, and abhor vice as his deadly foe. We are willing to believe that even in the body of a convict there is a soul, which may be won to repentance; and we have gratefully read in that Holy Book which forms the code of the moral and self-government of a Christian nation, that there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men who need no repentance.

With respect to this country we place our hopes of reforming criminals, 1st. In the imprisonment of all offenders within the gaol walls, and employing them in trades and manufactures, in short by means of any labour which can interest them in their tasks. 2ndly. Having gained some hold over their minds, we propose to extend that influence by means of education. 3rdly. We would classify prisoners with regard to the degree of contamination which their minds had received, rather than according to the degree of crime for which they suffered. 4thly. We would partially introduce the separate system to be tried only on turbulent and very bad characters, and for breach of prison rules. 5thly. A system of rewards. The remarks which we are now about to make, will not so much apply to female prisoners, of whom the number confined is very small when compared with that of male offenders. We would, as Mr. Raikes has done, offer them the means of instructing themselves, promise them rewards for good behaviour and reformation, and continue the same system as that now in force, holding out to them hopes of eventual release. Whenever there happened to be an unusual number of women collected together, the same arrangements, which we are now about to advocate, might without difficulty be applied to female wards. The prisoners must be interested in the work assigned to them, in order to induce them to labour willingly, and to eradicate the effects of evil habits and long continued idleness. Their work should be done in silence; the daily task should not

be lightened by the exciting details of some comrade's success in villainy, nor must the night be spent in indecent conversation and stories. An eye must be for ever on the prison wards and workshops. The motto on every wall should be "nunquam dormio." Bentham's Panopticon, the eye of authority, seen and unseen, should ever hover round the movements of a prisoner. There should be distinct wards for offenders sentenced to labour with and without fetters; with the latter the non-labouring prisoners should also be confined. In these separate parts of the gaol we would have four wards to be called,

No. 1. The good,
,, 2. The progressive,
,, 3. The indifferent,
,, 4. The bad.

There would be then four wards for the unfettered and four more for the fettered prisoners. The 4th or Bad Ward in each department would be the place of confinement in solitary cells for insubordinate characters and the worst offenders. It is not possible that a criminal's reformation can be real as long as the evil principle within him triumphs over the good. Reformation is not the work of a day, and time is required to root out the ruinous effects of evil habits. Imprisonment and forced labour can deprive a man of the power to do wrong actions; but if during the period of confinement he accustoms his mind to dwell with complacency on his past crimes, or if he looks forward with pleasurable anticipation and a lively fancy to the continuance of an evil life on his release, that man must of necessity yield to the first temptation to which he is exposed outside the gaol walls. It is then indispensable to a man's reformation that wicked thoughts must be repeatedly tested. Therefore, as far as it is possible to do so, criminals should be exposed to the same temptations within as they are likely to meet with without the gaol. We are aware that the difficulty of carrying out this would be very difficult, and in some cases it would be not only impossible, but positively wrong, to expose a man to the same temptation inside the gaol as that to which he had yielded when free, and for which he had incurred the sentence of the Law. To a certain extent, however, there may be objects of temptation within a prison, to which we shall draw attention. We have already said that we propose to establish the worst offenders in Ward No. 4, in solitary cells. They would be employed within their cells in grinding wheat. On expressing contrition, and after at least 3 months confinement, a prisoner might be removed to Ward No. 3, the indifferent. In this apartment also newly admitted prisoners would be confined. All would receive instruction upon the system introduced at Mynpoorie. They would work together at different trades in their own workshop, apart from the prisoners in wards 1 and 2. Those who were not sentenced to labour would of course remain in the ward, but every endeavour should be made to stimulate them to some exertion; they might be permitted to work receiving a portion of the profits. Over this ward and workshop the greatest vigilance would be required, and the slightest display of insubordination should be at once checked.

The newly admitted prisoners should be especially watched, and also those who had been withdrawn from ward No. 4. Idleness or an unwillingness to receive instruction should lead to a man's removal to a solitary cell. Those who distinguished themselves by activity, patience, and cheerful obedience to orders might be withdrawn from this and placed in No. 2, or the progressive ward, prisoners in which would be employed, if sentenced to labour, or fetters, in trades and manufactures. They would all be instructed, and the non-labouring portion would be stimulated to exertion by being allowed to work and receive a portion of their earnings. In this ward the money so earned might be occasionally given to them when still prisoners. They would possess some little money, which would be an object of temptation to the labouring portion of the prisoners confined in the ward, who would not be permitted to receive any portion of the profits of their labour, all who deserved reward might be permitted to see their friends in the presence of the Darogah. Their comforts might be enlarged by indulgences, such as the receipt of small sums from their relatives in these visits, or some present of clothes, tobacco, sweetmeats, or utensils might be given to them. In course of time it would happen that the greater number of men in the progressive ward would have something more than the mere Prison allowance of clothes and food and utensils. This state of things might tempt prisoners who had been thieves and robbers to appropriate their neighbour's property. Any one so detected, would at once be removed in the silence of night, without intimation being given to him of the intended change, to the lower ward, or according to the circumstances of the case, back again to No. 4. Any display of passion, resentment, or a quarrelsome temper, should be sufficient to remove the offender to the indifferent ward. Those who had behaved well for a long period in the progressive state would be allowed to reside in No. 1, or the good apartment; in which the system of rewards should be extended, even to change of dress. The friends of a prisoner should provide him with his wonted dress, or he should himself be allowed to purchase one from the profits of his labour. There would be greater liberty in seeing friends; once a month, he would be permitted to see a member of his family, and once in three months his wife and children, with whom he should be allowed to remain for an hour, unrestrained by the presence of the Darogah. The best men should be appointed monitors over the rest, and encouraged to report the least attempt at wrong doing on the part of any prisoner. Any exhibition of anger by a prisoner towards the monitor who had reported his conduct, should be at once punished by removal from the ward, in fact any display of evil passion, would at once be followed by degradation. The work would be the same, but some portion of the profits would be divided amongst the prisoners whilst in gaol. Education would be flourishing in this as in all the other wards. Those who deserved acknowledgment would receive presents in books, or writing materials, &c. Here we should also be disposed to confine boys under

18. The slightest attempt to deprave or contaminate them would at once test the degree of reformation in a prisoner. Two or three of the gaol Burkundauzes would also sleep in this ward, the more carefully to watch over the conduct of its inmates—who would probably be those sentenced to long periods of imprisonment, and who, step by step, after doubtless many backslidings, had reached their present position. Having served as monitors over the men in their own ward, and being distinguished for uniform good conduct, they might be relieved of all duty but that of superintending the labour of the prisoners in wards 2 and 3; in which along with a guard of Burkundauzes they should be directed to sleep at night. Their conduct as monitors over their fellow prisoners would be carefully watched, and their temper and honesty tested: and if it appeared after long trial and observance, that a man had really become reformed, an application might be made to Government, for a full or partial remission of his sentence. We have already shown that it will not be difficult to expose thieves to the temptation of appropriating articles of property and loose cash, scattered about the wards. In addition to this, intoxicating liquor and the means of gambling might be from time to time placed in wards No. 1, 2, 3. Persons found yielding to these temptations would be proper objects for degradation. They would have to begin the work of reformation afresh. In working out this plan, eight wards would be required, and also eight distinct workshops; these would be erected by the prisoners themselves, from the savings of jail labour. The expense would not be very great. But the most vigilant superintendence on the part of all the prison authorities would be necessary. The Darogah of every gaol should invariably be an European, a Sergeant of tried honesty. It would be his duty to provide for the careful watching of all the wards at night. His own visits should be sudden and unexpected. The prisoners should never be left alone, day or night; in short every means which experience teaches, should be employed to exercise the most complete supervision over the actions and movements of every man confined in the gaol.

We have thrown out these suggestions roughly; we could do no less, our time being much occupied in other matters, and what we have already written has taken up an undue space in this *Magazine*. If our ideas deserve attention, we leave their improvement to the different Magistrates in charge of prisons. We have endeavoured to show that all reformation must be progressive, in order to render it permanent; and it must be tested as far as possible, by the allowance of greater liberty and more indulgences in each step, and by throwing temptation, within the bounds of prudence, in a prisoner's advancing path. We propose to work all as they work at present, but within the gaol walls. We stimulate them to exertion by offering them occupation for leisure hours in receiving instruction or improving their acquired knowledge. Above all we hold out the hope, to the man imprisoned for a long term, or even life, of returning at some future period to his home. The light of day is not quite shut out from

his view. The glorious sun may still shine upon him working in his own fields, restored to his family and friends, an honest man, no longer an object of suspicion to the authorities of the district in which he had been confined, the records of whose gaol attest that his crime has been repented of, and his reformation is complete.

We are aware that there are many persons who consider it useless as well as hopeless to think of improving the moral condition of prisoners in a gaol. To be once degraded, is degradation for ever in the opinion of these utilitarians. We envy not their blunted feelings, nor can we have much respect for their intellectual qualifications. We turn from them and ask for the co-operation of, and assistance from, the wise and good, the thinking and reflective, those who feel in their own hearts the weight of evil which presses on the world around them. We appeal for sympathy to those whose experience has taught them how much of sorrow and of crime is attributable to the neglect and inattention of those persons whose duty it should have been to raise the voice of warning and the hand of protection. We write for those who know that want and starvation and human weakness can lead a man to evil, and who dare not condemn in another that position in which a change of circumstances, or temptation, may some day place themselves. It was reported of John Newton, that he never saw a man passing to be hanged, but he took off his hat and said, "There goes John Newton, but for the grace of God." So let us read the lesson of humanity and acknowledge the brotherhood of man. It may not be stipulated in the bond, that a Surgeon should be called in to stop the bleeding when the pound of flesh is exacted, but it is our duty as Christians to extend that mercy—which none but a Jew would refuse to grant.

Portia.—Have by some Surgeon on your charge, to stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock.—Is it so nominated in the bond?

Port.—It is not so expressed, but what of that? 'T were good you do so much for charity.

Thus we say, exact the bond, shut up the prisoner for the crime he committed, but in charity let his wounds be cared for. Ignorance, want, depraved imagination from his earliest youth, the fact that he may be following an hereditary profession, the weaknesses of human nature, its evil passions, and propensity to yield to temptation—these are the wounds which require attention. We take leave of the subject in a stanza which should come home to the hearts of even the most cold-blooded of Pharisees.

I'll no say men are villains a'.
The real harden'd wicked,
Who hae nae check but human law
Are to a few restricked.
But och! mankind are unco weak,
Are little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted.

THE FOLK AT OUR STATION.—NO. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It was about the middle of the month of December 1840, the morning was clear and bright, as is generally the case at this time of the year, and I was sitting alone in the verandah, after parade, enjoying my cup of coffee, and inhaling the aroma of a first-chop manilla. On the teapoy at my side were lying two notes; the servants, who had brought them, were standing by, patiently awaiting my leisure to write the required answers, while I, buried in a deep reverie, had quite forgotten their presence; at length one of them softly approached me, and with joined hands obsequiously said—

"Khodawund! Ap chithee kee juwab deoge."

"Mem sahib ko salam kuho, hum peeche se jawab bhej denge."

"Moojh ko bhee, huzoor ke kya hookum hy?" said the other, Mr. Heartwell's old chupprassie.

"Sahib ko humara buhoot buhoot salaam do."

"Missee Baba kee chithee hy, hookum ho, gholam juwab ke waste byth ruhega."

There was a sly twinkle in the grey beard's eye, as much as to say, "had you there," and not feeling disposed, or knowing exactly how to put him off, I called for writing materials, and wrote my reply at once; I had finished my note, and was in the act of closing the satin paper envelope, (I am very particular in such matters, attention to trifles evidences a habitude of carefulness,) with a wafer selected on account of its motto being, as I thought, particularly appropriate to the contents of my *billet doux*, when my bearer came rushing into the verandah to announce, that a dâk traveller was approaching the house. Concluding that it was a stranger ignorant of the localities of the station, who was coming to enquire for the residence of some one of our folk, I was preparing to give the information that might be required, when I heard a loud voice, which I thought I had heard before, ordering the bearers to advance, the voice spoke in English with a mixture of German, and uttered but one Hindostanee word *jao*, which was united with expletives more forcible than polite; the next moment the palkee turned the corner, and a tall dark man sprang lightly from it; advancing rapidly towards me, he seized the hand which I had mechanically extended, and shook it till my arm ached, then administering a hearty smack on my shoulder, he exclaimed—

"Fitz: my old boy, how are you!"

I regarded the new arrival with unfeigned and mute astonishment; stranger he could be none to me, and intimate he must once have been from his addressing me in so familiar a style, but had the man in the moon come down to visit me, I could not have been more utterly at a loss to know who my visitor was. Amused at my puzzled air, and with evidently no intention to relieve my bewilderment, he threw himself into the

chair I had so shortly before vacated, and said—

"So you don't know me, eh! Fitz! What a dreadful calamity to come thousands of miles to see an old friend, and find that he does not recognize you!"

"You certainly have the advantage of me, and I doubt not a perfect right to make youself at home; but if you would favour me with your name I should feel truly obliged."

This was uttered in a stiff manner, which I intended should be very dignified, and abash my cool friend, but it had quite the contrary effect.

"What a precious old Guy you have become! why don't you sit down? it's as cheap as standing and much more comfortable; you grinning baboon of a nigger, why don't you bring your master a chair; I say Fitz, just tell one of those dark beauties to bring my pipe and tobacco out of the palankeen? I hardly know a word of the language yet."

I did as I was requested, and no sooner did my eyes light on the splendid silver mounted Meerschaum in the bearer's hand, than I in a moment knew my friend, and wondered how I could have failed to remember the face of my school and college companion, for unlike most friendships of this nature, ours had endured so far that we had regularly corresponded since I had left England, and I had been pondering why a longer period than usual had elapsed without my receiving a letter from Ludwig Von Saufenbeer.

Now it was my turn, and I welcomed my old playfellow and associate heartily. Greetings over, I asked,

"What on earth has brought you out to India, Ludovick?"

"Nothing on earth, I did not come out overland, but by sea, a passenger by the good ship *Vernon*."

"You know what I mean; what has induced you to visit this country?"

"My wandering and unsettled disposition, which I am enabled to gratify by having inherited my Uncle's estate at Hayes, some funded property, and a small purse of ready money. The cottage was so lonely without the good old man, that I determined to let it, and travel; I had not made up my mind whither I would go, when at a dinner party in town I met the Captain of the Vernon, the conversation turned upon India, and I said to myself, why should I not go and see old Fitz: I am sure he will be happy to see me again; here I am: alas! how have my anticipations of a warm welcome been realized?"

"Let bygones be bygones, Ludovick, I am heartily glad to have you here, how long——"

"Do I mean to stay; what a question, Fitz!"

"No, my old friend, how long have you been in the country?"

"Just one month, I got tired of Calcutta in a week, and never wish to see it again, a fellow passenger of mine, Captain Chester, who was coming up by dâk to join his Regiment, and would pass through this station, kindly offered to take the poor Griffin under his wing."

"And what have you done with the Captain? not left him at the dâk Bungalow I hope?"

"No, I parted with him at the house of the Magistrate, with whom he is to spend a week,

before he proceeds on to rejoin his Corps; but what an inhospitable rascal you are! are you going to give me nothing to eat? I have been sixteen hours jolting along cooped up in that infernal box, and am half famished."

"'Khidmutgar! qihwu aor toast sahib ke waste juldee lao, aor hazree teek nou bujne pur do.' Now Ludovick, I will answer this note, and despatch my reply, after that I am yours to command for the remainder of the day."

"And who is your fair correspondent? I perceive that the note is in the hand writing of a Lady."

"Oh! that is from Mrs. Bartlett, my Commandant's widowed daughter, a charming woman with an ugly name, 'but what's in a name,' you know the rest."

"Well, the name is not euphonious. Mrs. Fitz Fulke has a pleasanter sound, a billet doux I presume?"

"No! an invitation to the annual dinner on Christmas-day, I have accepted it, and we shall, I doubt not, as usual, have a most merry evening."

"And I shall spend my Christmas-day with my pipe for company, I suppose."

"How so? you will of course go with me."

"Hardly, without being asked."

"Oh! you must drop those English notions; I dare say you will be invited, I shall take you if you are not, for I know the Colonel would send me back to fetch you, and what is worse, the charming widow might scold me."

"But I may not be here."

"Not here! I do not mean to part with you, until I leave this in April next for the hills, and not then I trust, for I hope you will go with me, and then we will explore the snowy heights of the Himalah mountains, beside which the Alps you used to rave about would sink into insignificance. From the line of perpetual snow you might look down upon the summit of Mont Blanc: but I must answer this, so do you stop your mouth with that toast for a few minutes?"

I had finished my reply, when Ludovick observed, "There is another note, do you not intend to answer that also?"

"I have done so already."

"And may I be permitted to ask, who is the correspondent to whom you give a preference over the fair widow?"

"Dear, sweet, Annie Clifford! the Belle of the station."

"Of whom Mr. Reginald Fitz Fulke is of course most desperately enamoured?"

"I thought it possible it might be an invitation to her wedding, but it was a card for a ball, to dance the old year out, and the new one in at the house of her uncle, Mr. Heartwell, the indigo planter."

"An indigo planter! what sort of a savage is he? a strange uncouth animal that lives in the jungles, a cross between a West Indian slave master, and a Yankee squatter, I presume; is this an interesting exemplification of the tale of the beauty and the beast?"

"Of beauty certainly, for one better adapted than Annie Clifford, to be Queen of a Fairy Palace you could scarcely find, she is indeed

> "A thing to bless us, and to bless,
> All full of light and loveliness;"

but with her the parallel ends; there is no resemblance between

Heartwell and the beast, except that he is quite as hospitable, generous, and tender-hearted as the Hero of the Fairy tale. A better man, or a more perfect gentleman than Heartwell never trod upon shoe leather, but you shall see him and all the other members of our society, and judge for yourself. To-morrow we will commence our round of visits!"

"What, before any one has called on me!"

"It is the custom of the country; to-day we are to have a match at cricket, and Tom Rasper, our sporting Lieutenant, wants to play a Civilian friend of his from an out station, on his side, but some of our fellows object; however I will take you as a set off against Rasper's tiger, and you shall show them some of your Chiselhurst play."

"With all my heart; but how do you pass the evening?"

"Dine at mess, unless you prefer a quiet tête a tête dinner at home, Harry Mortlock, my chum, is engaged to dine at Heartwell's."

"Then I vote for an 'evening-at-home,' and when we are tired of talking over olden days, you can describe to me the people we are to call on to-morrow. I should like to see if your account of them tallies with what I heard of them in Calcutta, where they talk of the Mofussilites as little better than American backwoodsmen."

"Agreed, on the condition that you make sketches of them."

"I have given up drawing, no man follows for amusement what he once performed as a task, the bare remembrance of my sufferings in my Uncle's studio makes me feel all overish. How I used to hate the odour of the paint, and how, when the bright summer sun poured its slanting beams through the western window, and I was ordered to shut out the glare, did I long to be out upon the common among the boys at play! I shut up the room the day the old man died, I had no heart to enter it again."

"That I can imagine, Ludovick! I can believe that you had no desire to look upon the things which would renew your grief for the departed; but that has nothing to do with the sketches."

"I really never had any talent for drawing. If my Uncle had allowed me to wander over the country, with brush and palette, sketching from nature, instead of tying me down to make stiff copies of the chefs d'œuvre of the old masters, I might have been a tolerable landscape painter, but I never could manage a figure."

"Now you are becoming infected with a new complaint; mock modesty is a very bad disease; avoid it Ludovick! if you will not draw the portraits of our wild beastesses, why devil a bit will I describe them."

"As usual, I suppose you must have your way, but I will only consent to draw the figures on one condition—you must put your descriptions into writing."

To this demand I yielded, and here is the result of our labours, no! not ours, only good Reader, those of your most humble servant Reginald Fitz Fulke, not that you would ever have seen them, only at the instigation of that scamp Ludovick, a certain blooming, bright ey'd—but I will not anticipate, here you have them, and if you derive any amusement from the perusal of

the sketches, you must evince your gratitude by purchasing them when published in a collected form, the profits are to be Mrs. Fitz Fulke's, knowing that you cannot refuse; moreover, she insists upon my sending them to our friend Saunders, who she says will be sure to publish them for her sake; hang that rascal Ludovick, I am obliged to write them all over again, as Mrs. Fitz Fulke will not part with the originals, I wish they had been burnt, instead of put away in my desk. However, I must say she offered to copy them, but I could not think of allowing her; between you and I she is working a pair of slippers, and they will be warm and comfortable wear in the cold weather.

Harry Mortlock came home, and was introduced to my friend; Harry looked so happy, that I could not help fancying he had proposed, and been accepted. He offered to resign his place in our eleven to Ludovick, and enquired too, rather eagerly I thought, if any ladies were coming to the tiffin, as in that case Heartwell would bring his Niece.

Now, reader, if you please we will go to breakfast. Ludovick has been rigged out in correct cricketing toggery by joint contributions from the wardrobes of myself and chum, and he is in the corner weighing and balancing sundry bats with the air of a true cricketer, and if you will come to the parade ground you will be able to judge, whether he is an accomplished master of the art of handling the willow: every Englishman ought to be fond of cricket, it is an essentially national game, a truly manly sport, an innocent and most healthful exercise.

REGLD. FITZ FULKE.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG YEAR.

The old year! The old year! See how merrily he dies,
Around him happy faces and pleasure-lighted eyes,
Light steps to music moving, glad voices in his ear,
Right merrily he dieth, the hearty hale old year.

No sighs for his departing, no weeping for his death,
'Mid gladness and rejoicing he yields his latest breath;
His last sun rose in brightness, in calm to disappear,
A glorious peaceful end is his, the merry blithe old year.

Old age sits by the bright hearth with childhood on his knee,
So ringing is their laughter, their talk so full of glee,
Such smiles upon their faces, such mirth in either voice,
'Tis hard to say if Infancy, or Age, the most rejoice.

There sits the fond proud mother, her gaze is on her boy,
Her thoughts too deep for utterance, eyes running o'er with joy,
While o'er her fondly bending the partner of long years,
Drinks joy from the same fountain, the rill of silent tears.

Two sit in yonder corner, low murmur'd words one speaks,
A mantling blush spreads over the gentle maiden's cheeks,
A transient gleam of triumph lights up her soft blue eye,
Averted now, now gazing on his confidingly.

To the grave where thou art gone, old year! we all must go,
Some with quick and sudden step, some with staid pace and slow,
When life's course is ending, I like thee would pass away,
Sunshine lighting up my path, all around me gay.

The young year! The young year! 'mid smiles of nature born,
Glad birds his welcome singing, his path o'er verdant corn,
No biting airs to chill him, no storms to vex him here,
Gaily he begins his race, the lusty stout young year.

No snow wreaths in the meadows, no ice upon the lake,
No frost to nip the blossoms or verdure of the brake,
Green leaves on the forest trees, clear water in the stream,
Over all a cloudless sky, on all the bright sun beam.

There are tents in yonder grove, where even at mid-day
The sun-shine through the foliage can hardly find a way,
A matron at the tent door, her little ones around,
The music of their laughter, a spirit soothing sound.

Young year! But a few short months, and thou wilt be the old,
Ere then how many warm hearts will in the grave lie cold,
How many bosoms glowing with aspirations high,
Will feel that life's remembrance is but a bitter sigh.

How many cheeks now ruddy, with sickness will grow pale,
How many eyes now sparkling, for very weeping fail,
How many gleeful voices will lose their joyous tone,
And feet now bounding lightly will heavily drag on.

Young year! If pain and sorrow for me thou hast in store,
The Poet's heart shall meet it bravely as heretofore,
But should a brighter future his lot with blessings crown,
With grateful heart and humble, God's goodness he would own.

Old year! Farewell! I still would be thankful for the past,
Gleams of joy have found their way through skies with gloom o'er cast.
Young Year! All hail! Thy dawning is girt with rainbow rays,
With thee are born new hopes, and a promise of brighter days.

R. F. F.

Selections and Translations.

MEMOIR OF ABD-EL-KADER, THE AFRICAN EMIR.

(Concluded.)

During his late military operations having experienced the greatest difficulty in procuring a sufficient and regular supply of arms,—the only means of obtaining them being through the agency of smugglers who charged an exorbitant price for very inferior articles,—Abd-el-Kader determined to establish foundries and factories in his own territories. Under the pretext of an embassy, he despatched Millond-ben-Arrach, one of his most intelligent khalifs, to Paris, with instructions to allure over to his service a considerable number of gunsmiths, and to purchase arms and implements. In the mean time he constructed a foundry near Tagdempt, a fortress on the borders of the Oned Mina, and attempted even to bore guns, though with such indifferent success, that they nearly all burst on being proved. From St. Etienne he obtained about a dozen journeymen armourers, whom he placed in these new works, but in the course of a few years two-thirds of them fell victims to the climate, and the survivors, on the expiration of their agreement, returned to their native country. But his principal establishment was at Milianah, under the superintendence of a French renegade, whose career was altogether so adventurous, that we cannot forbear to speak of him at some length—confident that the digression will be readily pardoned.

This renegade was then in the flower of his age, and bore the marks of much mental suffering, which had grievously impaired the natural beauty of his form and features. A native of Libowne, he belonged to one of the first families of the deporte of the Gironde, out of consideration for whose feelings we shall designate him by the initial letter B. After completing his college education at Sainte-Barbe de Lannau, he studied a course of Law, and in due time pleaded at the bar. But in those days he showed no great partiality for the close application required by his profession. On the contrary, instead of adopting the choice of Alcides, he chose the flowery paths of pleasure, and in a few years contrived to dissipate his fortune and reduce himself to poverty. Compelled to quit his country, he vowed never again to set foot in France, and this vow he was enabled to fulfil even against his will. After wandering some time through Spain, he crossed over to Morocco, and obtained an audience of Muley-Abd-er-Rahman, whose revenues he undertook greatly to enlarge by working the minerals that abound in that empire. The emperor was satisfied with his explanations, and furnished him with the means necessary to forward his views, and in a short time he had reason to congratulate himself on having afforded

protection to the outcast. Two rich mines of sulpher were worked with great success, and the imperial treasury was speedily enriched. Nor was the emperor ungrateful, for he lavished honors and wealth on the adventurer, and distinguished him by many marks of personal favor. About this time the Sultan of the Arabs solicited aid from Abd-er-Rahman, and obtained from him frequent supplies of ammunition and clothing. The emperor imagined, however, that the greatest service he could render Abd-el-Kader would be to send him the Christian, who had already benefited himself in so large a degree. He therefore persuaded the latter to renounce his religion, and attach himself to the fortunes of the Sultan. His advice was accepted, and B. professed himself a convert to the doctrines of Islamism, and as the Sultan's god-son, received the name of Sidi-Abd-el-Kader. The extraordinary talents and perseverance of this man were soon strikingly developed. There was not much difficulty, indeed, in discovering rich veins of iron ore, but how was it to be made serviceable? By dint of almost incredible exertions he succeeded in establishing a sort of foundry at Milianah, worked by an hydraulic wheel, which he obtained from Spain, and he procured the assistance of some French deserters, who were loth to bear arms in person against their country, though they scrupled not to supply them unto those who were her inveterate foes. Perhaps the greatest obstacle to his success may be traced to the envious and suspicious character of the Arabs, who impatiently demanded some visible proof of the skill and sincerity of the renegade. At length a day was appointed, and the Emir entered the foundry attended by a numerous suite.

The preparations had been duly made, and every thing was in readiness. Intense anxiety was depicted on the countenance of the adventurer, and as the decisive moment arrived, he with difficulty suppressed his emotion—endeavouring to conceal his agitation from the watchful eyes of the Arabs.

The molten liquid ceased to flow. With one blow the mould is parted. A cry of exultation escaped the lips of the renegade. A bar of iron, perfect in every way, lay at his feet. The Emir warmly congratulated him, and examining the iron most minutely, passed it round to his attendants, whose admiration was unbounded. Shortly after leaving the foundry, he sent two steeds magnificently caparisoned to his god-son, together with a flock of sheep and a considerable sum of money. It must however be said to the credit of the renegade that he had not entirely lost all regard for his country, for on the renewal of hostilities he contrived under one pretext or another to delay the completion of his works until the approach of the French in 1840 compelled him to retire from Milianah, after burying in a garden the various parts of his machinery which was discovered and dug up soon afterwards by the enemy; notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of the Emir, B. steadily refused to take charge of the foundry at Tagdempt or to construct any other works. From this time he led a wandering and unsettled life, according as fortune favored or frowned upon his protector. But at length he fixed himself in the fort of Taza, where he formed a close friendship with M. Massot a French prisoner. This intimacy awakened in his breast the slumbering recollections of his native land and of the religion he had abjured, and his only solicitude was now to return to his compatriots. After suffering the tortures of hope deferred, he at last escaped to Mascara, were in a few days he terminated his wretched existence empoisoned by some unknown hand.

But the Emir was not destined long to enjoy the blessings of peace. A rival had sprang up in the city of Médéah. and not content with claiming for himself an equal title to invulnerability, pretended to possess the power of preventing the ex-

plosion of his enemy's powder. The audacity of this imposture insured its success, and a formidable party acknowledged Sidi-Jahia as the true Sultan of the Arabs. Abd-el-Kader lost no time in marching against this unexpected antagonist, but when the two armies came in sight of each other, neither dared to strike the first blow—both leaders being fully conscious of the fallacy of their respective pretensions. This state of inaction was however brought to a conclusion by the astuteness of an Italian gunner in the service of Abd-el-Kader. Prostrating himself at the feet of the Sultan, he declared with a loud voice that he was sent by heaven to insure victory to the rightful cause, and that he would so direct the guns committed to his care that they should carry dismay and death into the ranks of the enemy, and render him an easy prey to the troops of the Emir. Reassured by these words Abd-el-Kader intrusted him with three cannons, which the Italian carefully pointed with his own hands and guarded throughout the night. On the morrow, at a given signal, he discharged their contents upon the army of the impostor, and the ground, strewed with the dead and dying proved the accuracy of his aim. Astonished by the very natural phenomenon, the followers of Sidi-Jahia took to a precipitate flight, and the late invincible and invulnerable Sultan was content to owe his personal safety to the swiftness of his horse.

Following up his advantage Abd-el-Kader made a triumphal entry into Médéah, and thence proceeded against a yet more formidable rival in the person of El Tedgini, a high spirited and energetic chieftain; nor was it until the following year that he made himself master of Ain-Madij, the capital city of Tedgini's territory.

It was in the autumn of this year, 1837, that Marshal Valèe stormed the city of Constantine, and humbled the pride of the Bey. Foreseeing this event, Abd-el-Kader had already moved towards the East and now successfully endeavored to rally round his banner all the Arabs who had not yet despaired of their independance. Well advised as to all his movements the Marshal, with a view to cut off his communications with the Eastern tribes, determined to proceed from Constantine to Algiers by the dangerous defiles known as the IRON GATES. These terrible passes are four in number, and are only approachable by a narrow and most difficult path, at almost any point of which a handful of determined men might have checked the advance of an entire army. According to the Arab traditions no unbelievers would ever be permitted to traverse them with impunity, for the mountains themselves would overwhelm the impious invaders, and crush them beneath gigantic rocks. The resolution adopted by Marshal Valèe, taking into consideration the superstitious character of the Arabs, was as wise and politic as under other circumstances it would have been wildly adventurous. Content to leave the chastisement of his audacity, to heaven, the Arabs made not a single effort to oppose his passage, and it was not until the French Army issued from the Mountains that they shook off their habitual apathy. But it was now too late—the opportunity of striking a final and decisive blow had passed away, and fortune seldom smiles on those who have once slighted her proffered favors. The French Army reached Algiers with scarcely any loss, and the Marshal prepared to attack the Emir at the head of an imposing force.

Never had Abd-el-Kader displayed such energy of purpose, such concentrated vigor of mind, combined with such indefatigable ubiquity of person. He seemed in truth to be every where at the same moment,—encouraging the timid, commending the zealous, foreseeing all things, inspecting every point in person, issuing his orders to tribes widely remote from each other, and above all, laboring to harmonize the discor-

dant materials that were in his hands, and to infuse a community of feeling and determination into all. At one and the same moment the French were assailed at Oran, Mazagran, and Matidja, and light detachments even pushed forward to the very gates of Algiers, to the consternation of the colonists and the devastation of their property. But vigorous as were these demonstrations, they fell far short of the mighty plan conceived by Abd-el-Kader. His intention was no less than to cut off the scattered detachments of the enemy, and by a rapid concentration of the Arab forces to march upon Algiers, to destroy the French supremacy, and then to obtain of the European Governments the recognition of the independancy of Algeria and of his title as Sultan of the Arabs. But the fallacy of these gorgeous dreams was soon made visible. With one hundred and twenty three men Captain Lelievre repelled the fanatical assaults of twelve thousand Arabs under Ben-Tami himself, the brother-in-law of the Emir! The defence of Mazagran must have painfully dispelled the bright and delusive visions of ambition.

Abd-el-Kader had collected his forces around the almost impregnable defiles of the Tenia Monzaia, and had still further strengthened this post by artificial works. Against this point did Marshal Valee direct his advance. The first division, commanded by the late lamented Duke of Orleans, commenced the attack. Prodigies of valour were displayed on both sides, and French and Arabs grappling together rolled down the frightful precipices, fighting as they fell. "Forward! Glorious victors of Macta!" exclaimed Abd-el-Kader; "Let us scale the Paradise of the Prophet by mounting on the bodies of our enemies. At one moment he was himself in great danger of being made prisoner by a common soldier, but suddenly seizing his antagonist round the middle, he hurled him over the rock. But mere personal valor availed little against the combined and persevering efforts of disciplined troops.—The defiles were forced step by step, and at last the French steadily advancing, found themselves masters of the entire province of Algeria. The Sultan of the Arabs barely possessed the ground occupied by his tents.—Despoiled of his territory, destitute of men and money, and without the consciousness of a moment's safety, he wandered from mountain to mountain, from desert to desert. His Smala, or military establishment, was all that remained to him, and even of this he was doomed to be deprived. Encamped one day in the plain of Tagnin in fancied security, he was suddenly surprised by shrieks of terror and tumultuous outcries. Springing on a horse he galloped to the post of danger, and endeavoured to rally the fugitives—but in vain. His voice had lost its magic influence, and a perfect rout ensued. At this terrible moment the Sultan preserved his imperturbable composure, and succeeded in saving his family and such of the trembling groups as still listened to his command. Above three thousand prisoners became the prize of the Duke d'Aumale and his five hundred horsemen, for such was the insignificant force that had caused this last and irretrievable disaster. Three days afterwards the Emir encountered a second body of French troops, and again narrowly escaped being made prisoner, but his own courage and presence of mind stood him in better stead than the weapons of his panic-stricken attendants, who fled without a blow, or surrendered at the first summons.

But not even these repeated reverses could subdue or bend the unconquerable spirit of Abd-el-Kader, and in an incredibly short space of time he had again rang the tocsin of a Sacred war, and enlisted in his cause the active sympathies of the Pacha of Ouchda and of the Emperor of Morocco. But all was in vain. His star had set. The French overran the territories of the Pacha, and at the battle of Isly signally defeated

the immense army of the Moors. Again did the Emir arouse the Arabs to a fresh struggle. The caverns of Dahara, to the eternal disgrace of the French arms, witnessed the cruel massacre of his followers, although fortune smiled on him for an instant at the affair of Sidi Brahim, when the soldiers of Montagnac fell beneath the sword of the avenger. Again did the provinces of Oran, Jurjura, and Kabylia respond to his appeal, and again did another general insurrection threaten the French dominion. At last he retired from the plains of Algeria, but only to recruit his means of continuing the hopeless struggle. Amid the mountains of the Moorish Riff he had many warm partisans, who were willing to stand by him not only in combating the forces of the infidel invader, but also in furthering his views as to the throne of Morocco. Though Abd-er-Rahman had throughout exhibited the most active goodwill towards the Emir, and had even brought upon himself the enmity of a powerful nation, Abd-el-Kader had long meditated the design of deposing the emperor and seating himself on his throne. It is useless to speculate on what might have been the probable consequences of success, for the Emir himself rendered his own schemes abortive. After the fatal termination of the battle of Isly, he treacherously charged the fugitives with his regular troops and not only completed their discomfiture, but stripped them of their very clothing. This unjustifiable act of violence alienated the minds of the Moors, and was the ultimate cause of his capture. The eyes of the Emperor were at last opened, and he perceived what a dangerous rival he had been nourishing at his own expence. Henceforth he was the open and avowed enemy of the Emir, and strenuously co-operated with the French to effect his final downfall. Surrounded on all sides, Abd-el-Kader gallantly cleared a passage through the Moorish hosts; but finding escape impracticable, encumbered as he was with his deira—he at length submitted to the inexorable decrees of fate, and surrendered himself to General Camoriciére, merely stipulating for himself and followers a safe conduct to Alexandria, or to St. Jean d'Acre. These conditions were accorded by the General, and ratified by the Duke d'Aumale, the Governor of Algeria, to whom Abd-el-Kader presented a charger in token of submission and vassalage to France. They were repudiated however, by the ministers of Louis Philippe, and the unhappy Emir has ever since languished in a hopeless captivity, peculiarly galling to the free roving habits of an Arab, but which he has nevertheless endured with heroic magnanimity. How a nation so chivalrous and gallant as the French can reconcile with their high-flown sentiments of honour this shameful disregard for all that is just and proper, this preference of "the expedient" to "the becoming," it is hard to say. Assuredly they can no longer with any decency stigmatize our treatment of their great Emperor, since under a far less temptation, and upon no grounds whatever, but those of political advantages, they have acted in a precisely similar manner towards their own enemy, the brave but unfortunate Sultan of the Arabs. These are the dark scenes of history, too often recurring in the annals of every people, but the very frequency of which ought to teach charity and mutual forbearance—a virtue, the most beautiful and most highly commended, but the least practised of all.

Such has been the chequered life of Abd-el-Kader. For seventeen years he has persevered, with more or less success, in combating the armies of France, and on more than one occasion has repulsed the best disciplined troops in Europe. To what motive are we to ascribe this unconquerable enmity? To fanaticism, to a sincere love of liberty, or to ambition?

The last we suspect to be the true cause. His fanaticism we ima-

gine was a cloak and an instrument unto his ambition. Among all half-civilized nations a leader who arrogates to himself the especial favor of heaven, is certain to acquire the devoted attachment of his credulous followers, and may confidently rely on their blind obedience. It was this pretension to superhuman sanctity that raised Abd-el-Kader to pre-eminence among his countrymen, and in his able hands proved such a powerful lever to excite their implicit reliance on himself. Had he succeeded in meeting the various tribes under his sole dominion, we should probably have seen a second Mohummud-Ali introducing the sciences and civilization of Europe, and directing the energies of the Arabs to the cultivation of the arts of peace and the attainment of true knowledge. But these speculations are idle dreams. France has a noble task to fulfil. That she will accomplish it, we sincerely hope. An enlightened and liberal policy may make an El-Dorado of her new conquest—still better, it may make a fertile country and a happy people: while an injudicious system of colonization, or a capricious administration will not fail to make Algeria, a second Ireland—can there be a depth of misery deeper than this?

The private character of the Emir is distinguished by a virtue sufficiently rare among the Arabs—by clemency. When any of the French prisoners were ill-treated or put to death, it was without his consent, and generally without his knowledge. On one occasion the trumpeter Escoffier, who had been made prisoner in consequence of his gallant conduct in a skirmish—having given his own horse to a dismounted Captain—ventured to enter his tent during the intense heat of the day, in search of a shelter from the rays of the sun. The Emir calmly inquired what he sought. "A little shade," was the answer. "You do well; repose yourself awhile,"—was the Arab's humane reply. At another time, observing a prisoner almost in rags, Abd-el-Kader indignantly upbraided the Kird, intrusted with the care of the prisoners, with his cruelty, for the weather was piercingly cold. The Kird of course promised to clothe the poor shivering wretch in a more suitable and seasonable manner. A few days afterwards the Emir encountered the same prisoner, but this time in a yet more deplorable condition, for his sole garment was the skeleton of a shirt. Whispering a few words to Ben Abou, the latter precipitated himself upon the captive, and tearing off the shreds that hung upon him, reduced him to a state of utter nudity. "I trust that you will now think it time to clothe this man," said the Emir, turning to the Kird.

The courage of Abd-el-Kader is indisputable. The foremost in a charge, he was ever the last to retreat, and never lost his coolness and presence of mind. When some of his officers besought him to expose himself less, he nobly replied: "The balls are like the cholera—they strike those who fear them." But it was not merely in the excitement of battle that he could display his intrepidity. While the prisoners were at work in the fort of Togdempt rolling up cartouches, the powder accidentally ignited, and a dreadful explosion ensued. The inhabitants of the fort rushed into the fields, expecting the entire destruction of the place, and loudly accusing "The Christian dogs" of having purposely set fire to the powder. At this moment Abd-el-Kader arrived, and, without wasting his time in interrogating the fugitives, galloped into the fort without a single attendant, though aware that only that very morning two hundred-weight of powder had been placed in the cellars of the building. The wounded, under his superintendence, were carefully attended to; and an impartial investigation of the case having been made, the explosion was clearly traced to an accident. Nor did the Emir quit the fortress until he had fully secured the safety of the Christians, and left

his own physician in attendance on the sufferers.

Born in the year 1808, Abd-el-Kader is now in his 43rd year. In person he is short and slight made, though possessed of great strength and activity. The expression of his countenance is stern, but highly intelligent. His face is oval and, excepting that his eyes and hair are jet black, he is said to bear a strong resemblance to the portraits of Christ sanctioned by tradition. In the middle of his forehead the Crescent is deeply tatooed, and the smallpox has left distinct traces of its presence. His voice is sonorous, and his deportment reserved and dignified. Than his costume, nothing can be more simple, though it has been ever remarkable for its irreproachable neatness and propriety.

J. H.

THE NOVELS OF CERVANTES.

RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO—*(continued.)*

At this moment a boy rushed in, panting for breath, and exclaimed, "The catchpoll of the rogues is coming to this house, but he has not his *posse* with him.

"Let no one be alarmed," said Monipodio, "he is a friend, and never comes to harm us. Keep quiet, and I will go and speak with him."

This restored them to calmness, although they had been not a little frightened, and Monipodio went to the outside door, where he found the alguacil, with whom he remained in conversation for some time. Presently Monipodio returned, and said—

"Who was deputed to take charge of the square of San Salvador today?"

"I was," replied the guide.

"Then how is it," said Monipodio, "that you have given no information of an amber-coloured purse containing fifteen *escudos* in gold, and two double reals, and I don't know how many quartos, which was prigged in that very spot this morning?"

"It may be true," replied the guide, "that such a purse has disappeared; but I did not take it, nor can I imagine who may have taken it."

"No tricks upon me," exclaimed Monipodio, "the purse must make its appearance, because the alguacil wants it, and he is a friend who confers favors upon us a thousand times a year."

The boy swore again and again he had not prigged it, and Monipodio's wrath began to rise to such a height, that his eyes darted flashes of fire.

"Let no one dare," he roared out, "to break the smallest rule of our order, or it will cost him his life. Let the purse be produced immediately, and if it is held back to avoid payment of the usual fees, I will pay them myself from my own private resources, as on no account must the alguacil leave this without being fully satisfied."

Once more the boy began to swear and curse himself, declaring that he had neither touched such a purse, nor even seen it with his eyes, which added fire to the fury of Monipodio, and raised the indignation of the whole community, who perceived that their statutes and most stringent rules were being violated. Rinconete observing so much strife and disturbance, though the might as well put an end to it, and gratify the chief who was bursting with rage. Consulting then with his friend Cortadillo, and having received his sanction, he drew out the purse of the Sacristan, and said—

"Let there be an end to all disputes, gentlemen; here is the purse, without a maravedi minus the alguacil's account. My comrade Cortadillo achieved possession of it this morning, together with a handkerchief from the same owner, which he took as he wished to have something to boot."

On this Cortadillo drew out the handkerchief and displayed it before them, seeing which, Monipodio exclaimed—

"Oh Cortadillo The Good, which title is to be your surname henceforth, keep the handkerchief, and rely upon my repaying you for this good turn. The purse must be returned to the alguacil as it belongs to a Sacristan, a relation of his, for it is necessary that the following proverb be fulfilled, "It is not much to give the leg of a fowl to a man who permits you to take a whole one." This good alguacil, allows us to take more in one day than we can, or are accustomed to give him in a year."

The whole community unanimously applauded the gentlemanly conduct of the two new-comers, and the opinion and decision of the chief, who sallied forth to deliver up the purse to the alguacil. Cortadillo was confirmed in the title of "The Good" as immutably as if he had been Don Alonzo de Perez de Guzman, The Good, who launched from the walls of Tarifa with the knife to cut the throat of his only son.

Monipodio returned, and along with him entered two young women with painted faces, their lips caked with vermillion, and their breasts with white powder. They were covered with mantillas of serge, and their demeanour was free and impudent in the extreme, from which Rinconete and Cortadillo naturally concluded they were daughters of the game, and they were not at all mistaken. The moment they entered, they rushed with open arms, the one to Chiquiznaque, the other to Maniferro (Iron hand) these being the names of the bullies—that of Maniferro being acquired by his having one hand of iron, the other having been cut off by the executioner. The bullies embraced them with great rejoicing, and asked if they had brought anything with them to moisten the master canal.

"Did you think *that* would be wanting, my dear," replied one who was named Gananciosa, "Silvatillo, your fetcher, will not be long of coming with the buck-basket crammed with what the Lord has been pleased to bestow upon us.

She spoke the truth, for at that moment a boy entered with a buck-basket covered with a sheet. They were all filled with joy at the appearance of Silvatillo, and Monipodio immediately ordered one of the rushmats to be taken from the room and spread in the middle of the courtyard, and at the same time desired them all to be seated around it, as by abridging the space they could discuss all matters with greater convenience. To this the old woman who before had prayed to the Virgin, said—

"Son Monipodio, I am not in the humour for feasts, as I have been tormented with a giddiness of head for two days which has driven me mad, and besides, before noon, I have to pay my devotions and place my little candles before our Lady of the Waters, and the holy cross of Saint Augustin, which I would not fail to do if it were snowing and blowing a gale of wind. What has brought me here is to tell you that last night Renegado and Centopies brought to my house a buck-basket, a little larger than the present, filled with linen; and by God and by my soul there was in it the strainer, and lie, and all, for the poor wretches had not time to throw them away. They rushed in with the beads of sweat dropping from them. It was a piteous sight to see how they panted, and how the perspiration poured from their faces, so that they looked like little weeping angels. They told me they were going in pursuit of a cattle-dealer, who had sold sundry sheep in the slaughter-house, to try and make a dive into an enormous cat-skin purse full of reals

which he had with him. They did not empty the basket, or count the linen, trusting to the integrity of my conscience, and as God may help me to all my righteous desires, and as he may free us all from the toils of the law, I have never touched the basket, which is as sound as when it was born."

"We believe it all lady mother," said Monipodio, "leave the basket as it is, and I will go there at my leisure, and make a careful examination of its contents, which I will divide among you all, well and faithfully, as has always been my custom."

"Let it be done as you ordain, my son," replied the old woman, "and as it is getting a little late, give me a little drop, if you have it, to comfort my stomach, which is afflicted with a perpetual faintness."

"And what sort would you like to drink it, mother of mine," interposed Escalanta, for such was the name of the companion of Gananciosa; and opening the basket, she discovered a small leather bag, something like a wine-skin, which held about two arrobas (eight gallons) of wine, and an ice-vessel, which might contain with ease, and without the least pressure, about half a gallon. Escalanta having filled the vessel placed it in the hands of the pious old woman, who taking it in both hands, and blowing the froth off, exclaimed—

"You have poured in too much, daughter Escalanta, but God will give me strength to bear it all." Saying this she applied the vessel to her lips, and at one gulp, without drawing breath, she decanted its contents into her stomach. On finishing it she said—

"It is from Guadalcanal, and the noble liquor has the faintest relish of gypsum. God comfort you, daughter, as you have comforted me. I am only afraid of its doing me some harm, as I have not breakfasted yet."

"Not the slightest, mother," said Monipodio, "for it is three years old."

"I trust in the Virgin this is the case," replied the old woman, "but hark'ee, girls, tell me if any of you can lend me a cuarto to buy the little candles for my devotions, as in the hurry and anxiety to come and tell you the news of the basket, I left my girdle pouch at home."

"I have some, Madame Pipota," (this was the name of the old woman,) replied Gananciosa. "Here, take these two cuartos, and with one I pray of you to buy a little candle for me and place it before the Lord Saint Michael, and, if you can get two for the money, place the other before the Lord Saint Blas, as they are both my intercessors. I wish I could place another before our Lady Saint Lucy, for whom, for the sake of my eyes, I have great devotion, but I have no more small change; some other day, however, I expect to have enough for all."

"You will act rightly, my daughter," replied Pipota, "but don't be niggardly, for it is of vast importance for people to present their candles before they die, and not leave such a duty to be performed by heirs or executors."

"Mother Pipota argues well," said Escalanta, and putting her hand into her purse, she drew out another cuarto, and charged her to place two more little candles before such Saints as she might consider the most grateful, and from whom the greatest profit could be derived. On receiving this Pipota went away saying—

"Recreate yourselves my sons now that you have time, for old age will overtake you, and you will weep for the moments you have lost in your youth as I weep for them. Commend me to God in your prayers, as I am about to do for myself and for you, that He may free and preserve us in our dangerous trade from all the terrors of justice." So saying she disappeared.

After the departure of the old woman, they all sat down around the mat, and Gananciosa spread the sheet for a table cloth. She first took from

the basket an immense bunch of ardishes, and about two dozen of oranges and lemons, and afterwards an enormous pan full of slices of fried salted cod fish.* She then drew out half a Dutch cheese, a pot of famous olives, a dish of shrimps, and a great quantity of crabs, with their accompanying sauce, made of large capers smothered in red pepper, and three large loaves of bread from Gandul as white as snow. About fourteen sat down to this breakfast, and none failed to produce a yellow-handled knife, except Rinconete, who drew forth his half sword. The duty of serving round the wine in the hive-shaped vessel was assigned to the two old men of the baize gowns and the guide.

Scarcely however had they commenced the assault on the oranges, when they were dreadfully alarmed by a loud knocking at the door. Monipodio commanding them to keep quiet, entered into a low room, and taking down a buckler, seized his sword, and approaching the door he demanded in a hollow and threatening voice, who called at the door. A voice from the outside replied—

"It is nobody, it is only me, Signior Monipodio. I am Tagarote, the watch of this morning, and I have come to tell you that Juliana, the Cariharta, is on her way here, weeping bitterly, with her hair all dishevelled, so that some great disaster must have befallen her."

At this moment the girl arrived sobbing, and Monipodio hearing her sobs opened the door. He then ordered Tagarote to return to his post, and warned him in future not to make such a tremendous noise when he had any thing to give notice of. The boy promised to do so. The Cariharta, who was a girl of the same class and of the same trade as the others, entered with her hair torn up by the roots, and her face covered with contusions, and when she reached the centre of the court-yard, she fell down in a swoon. Ganancíosa and Escalanta rushed to her assistance, and unloosening her dress, they discovered her breast all blackened and bruised. They dashed water in her face, and on recovering her senses she screamed out at the top of her voice.

"May the vengeance of God and the King alight on that shameless thief, that cowardly fisticuffer, that lousy rascal whose neck I have saved from the gallows oftener than he has hairs in his head! Miserable wretch that I am! Think of my having lost and wasted my youth and the cream of my years on such a soulless, atrocious, incorrigible villain."

"Compose yourself Cariharta," interposed Monipodio; "here am I who will see justice done to you. Tell me your wrongs, and you may rest assured that you will be longer in relating than I in revenging them. Has any one been wanting in proper respect to you? for if this be the case, and you desire revenge, you have only to say the word."

"What proper respect?" exclaimed Juliana. "May I be respected in the bottomless regions if ever I have anything to say to that lion among sheep, that lamb among men. Think you I would ever share his table or keep company with him again? May this flesh, which he has put in the condition you will presently witness, be first devoured by jackals." Saying this she raised her skirts to the knee, and even a little further, and showed that she was covered with wales.

"In this condition," she continued, "has that ingrate monster Repolido, who is under more obligations to me than the mother that bore him, left me. And what think you he did it for? Suppose you that I gave him cause for it? Nothing of the kind. He did it only because, when he was gambling and losing, he sent me, along with his fetcher Cabrillas, to get for him

* "*Bacallao frito,*" preserved cod fish fried—a very favourite dish in Spain to this day. There is a large trade direct from Newfoundland to the ports of Spain. It is the standing dish during Lent.

thirty reals, and I only sent him twenty-four, (I pray to heaven that the trouble and fatigue with which I earned them may be taken into account in reduction of my sins) and in payment of this gift, and friendly act, he, thinking that I had pilfered a little out of the amount which he had calculated in his own imagination I might be possessed of, took me this morning to a field behind the King's vegetable garden, and there among some olive trees he stripped me, and with his belt, without removing or tying up the irons* (in irons and foul fetters may I see him) he gave me so many stripes, that he left me for dead. Of the truth of my story these wales that you see are good witnesses."

Here she again began to cry aloud, and again to call for vengeance, which Monipodio once more promised her, and all the bullies present did the same.

Gananciosa then took her by the hand to console her, saying, that she herself would give, with the greatest pleasure in the world, one of the best jewels in her possession if the same thing had happened to her with her lover, for said she—

"I wish you to know, Cariharta, if you don't know it already, that men chastise those they most love, and when these great villains take us, and thrash us, and kick us, then do they adore us the most: if not, confess the truth to me for your life. After Repolido had beaten and crushed you, did he not give you one caress?"

"How one?" replied the weeping girl; "one hundred thousand he bestowed upon me, and he would have given a finger from his hand to get me to accompany him to his dwelling house. It appeared to me as if even the tears started from his eyes after he had mauled me."

"There is little doubt of that," said Gananciosa, "and he must have shed tears of sorrow to see the state in which he had placed you, for in such cases men like him have scarcely committed the crime when they are seized with repentance. You will see, sister, if he does not come in search of you before we leave this, and beg pardon for the past, humbling himself before you like a lamb."

"Truly," exclaimed Monipodio, "the cowardly gallows-bird shall not put foot within these doors unless he shews repentance for the crime he has committed. Has the scoundrel dared to lay hands on the face and flesh of Cariharta—a lady who can compete in purity† and money-making with Gananciosa (the money-maker) herself who is here before us, and higher praise than that I can't give her?"

"Ah," said Juliana at this moment, "say nothing your worship, Signior Monipodio, against that accursed fellow, for bad as he is, I love him dearer than my heart-strings. The arguments which my friend Gananciosa has adduced in his favor have restored my soul to my body, and sooth to say I must go in search of him."

"That you shall not do, if you take my advice," replied Gananciosa, "for he will get so puffed up and so proud, that he will overcome you with the greatest ease.‡ Do keep quiet, sister, you will see him come, here as full of repentance as I have told you, and if he does not come we will write a letter to him containing couplets that will gall him."

"That will do," cried Cariharta, "as I have a thousand things to write to him."

"Then," said Monipodio, "I will be the writer whenever one is wanted; for although I am nothing of a

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* "*Los hierros,*" here means the iron buckles of the belt, but the lady's exclamation immediately afterwards obliges me to translate literally.

† "*Limpieza y Gananria.*" The literal meaning of *Limpieza* is cleanliness, purity, but Monipodio evidently has a covert meaning. "*Limpiar una faldriquera*" is "to pick a pocket," and he alludes to the dexterity of the lady in that line, although of course he disguises his meaning.

‡ "*Hara tretas en ti como en cuerpo muerto,*" literally "he will practise his thrusts on you as on a dead body,"—*treta* means a thrust in fencing. He will pierce you with his sword-thrusts as easily as if he were fighting with a dead body.

poet, yet when a man screws his courage to the sticking place, he will produce a couple of thousand of couplets in the twinkling of an eye,* and if they don't turn out so good as they ought to be, I have a friend, a barber, a great poet, who will fill up the metre at any hour. For the present let us conclude the breakfast which we had commenced, and no doubt every thing will turn out satisfactorily."

Juliana was well pleased to obey the chief, and so all returned to their feast. In a short time they reached the bottom of the buckbasket, and emptied the wine bag to the very dregs. The old men drank *sine fine*, the young altogether, the ladies by responses.† The old men then asked permission to retire, which Monipodio immediately granted, charging them to give notice with the utmost punctuality of every thing they saw, which might be turned to use or profit by the community. They promised to take the utmost care in doing so, and disappeared.

Rinconete, who was naturally curious, having first begged pardon and permission to speak, said to Monipodio.—

"Of what use to the fraternity are these two personages,—so grey, so grave, and so consequential?" To which Monipodio replied.—

"These men in slang phraseology, are called hornets,‡ and they are very useful, wandering about the city all day, spying into every house where an entry can be made at night, or tracking those who come from the Exchange or the Mint with bags of money, to find out where they conveyed them. and, if possible, in what place they deposit them. On obtaining this knowledge, they carefully calculate the thickness of the walls of the house, and mark the most convenient spot to make the *guzpataros* (which means holes,) to facilitate an entrance. Finally, they are useful, if not the most useful of all the members of the fraternity. It is, therefore, the practice to give to them a fifth of all the booty that is acquired through their industry—in like manner as His Majesty takes a fifth from the Treasuries. With all this they are men of great veracity, of good habits and reputation, fearing God, and of tender consciences, for every day they hear mass with wonderful devotion. Then there are some of them so polite, especially those two who have just gone out, that they are satisfied with much less than they are entitled to by our tariff. There are two more who are thieves, and these, as they are constantly changing their place of abode, know the exits and entrances of every house in the city, and those that will yield a profit, and those that will not."

"All this appears to me most admirable," said Rinconete, "and I wish I could make myself useful to such a famous fraternity."

"Good wishes are always favoured by Heaven," responded Monipodio.

At this point of the conversation a knocking was heard at the door, and Monipodio went out and asked who was there. A voice replied—

"Open your worship, Signor Monipodio, it is I—Repolido."

Cariharta heard the voice, and raising her own to Heaven, she exclaimed—

"Don't open, your worship Signor Monipodio, to that sailor of Tarpeya, to that tiger of Ocania." Notwithstanding her cry, Monipodio opened the door to Repolido, on seeing which Cariharta rose up, rushed into the room where the shields were, and slamming the door behind her, she screamed from the inside—

"Take away from my presence that hideous visaged fellow, that executioner of innocents, that terrifier of tame pigeons."

* Touchstone. "I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted."

"I'll rhyme you so from night to morning." Wakley, Coroner of Middlesex's speech in the House of Commons.

† *Quiries*—abbreviation of *quirieleison*—Kyrie Eleison. Responses used in the Liturgy.

‡ "*Avispones*"—Literally hornets; the verb "*Avispar*," to spy, which immediately follows, explains the derivation of the word.

Maniferro and Chiquiznaque held back Repolido, who made violent exertions to enter where Cariharta was, but as they would not permit him, he exclaimed from the outside—

"Say no more, my angry dear, for your life be quiet, and so you may get well married."

"I married, you fiend," replied Cariharta, "a pretty topic that is to touch upon! Perhaps you would like me to marry yourself! I would sooner be married to a dead skeleton than to you."

"Come along, you fool," replied Repolido, "let us have done with this nonsense. It is getting late, and I would advise you not to be too much puffed up because I am speaking so mildly, and have humbled myself so far, for by the living God, if my choler ascends to my head-piece, the relapse will be worse than the first attack. Humble yourself, and let us not furnish food for the devil to dine upon."

"Ay! and I would treat him to a supper to boot," exclaimed Cariharta, "if he would only carry you off where my eyes would never light on you again."

"Didn't I say so," muttered Repolido, "by God, but I begin to perceive, my lady Gamester, that I shall have to go the whole hog, whatever be the consequences."

"Let there be no violence in my presence," interposed Monipodio; "Cariharta will come out, not for any threats, but for my sake, and all will go on well, for the quarrels of lovers are the cause of enhanced pleasures when they become friends again. Juliana, my dear girl, my Cariharta, come out here for my sake, and I will make Repolido beg your pardon on his knees."

"If he will consent to do this," said Escalanta, "we will all take his part, and join in imploring Juliana to come out."

"If this is to be construed into a submission that will savour in the smallest degree of personal dishonour," exclaimed Repolido, "I won't yield to an army composed of ruffians; but if it is by way of pleasing Cariharta, I will not only stick myself on my knees, but I will stick a nail in my forehead to gratify her.*

Chiquiznaque and Maniferro, on hearing this speech, burst into laughter, which nettled Repolido to such a degree, thinking they were making game of him, that he exclaimed in a highly incensed tone—

"Any one who laughs, or dreams of laughing, at any thing I may have said against Cariharta, or she may have said against me, I say that he lies, and will lie as often as he may laugh or may dream of laughing, as I have already said."

Chiquiznaque and Maniferro stared at each other with such a hideous and threatening scowl, that Monipodio immediately perceived that if he did not interfere, something horrible would be the result, and so, placing himself between them, he exclaimed—

"Do not let this matter go further, gentlemen. Put an end to all high words, chewing them between your teeth, and as those that have escaped you have little harm in them, no notice need be taken of them."

"We are pretty certain," replied Chiquiznaque, "that such threats were never directed, or intended to be directed, towards us, for if we had imagined that such was the case, the tool to touch up the utterer was ready at hand."

"I too have a tool, Signior Chiquiznaque," said Repolido, "and if necessary will make it play about your ears. I have already said it, that he who laughs at me lies, and who dares think otherwise let him follow me. I will make the man who affirms the truth of such a thought swallow a palm of this sword."

* "*No digo yo hincarme de rodillas, pero un clavo me hincaré por la frente en su servicio.*" "*Hincar de rodillas*" means to kneel down—"*hincar un clavo*" to drive a nail into any thing. Repolido plays upon the word "*hincar*," and the translation I have given is the nearest approach to the meaning of the original I can make. As the novelty of the idea surprises the bullies into laughter, and is the cause of a quarrel, I think it right to give this explanation.

Saying this, he moved towards the door, with the intention of going out. Cariharta was listening to the quarrel, and when she perceived that he was walking off in a rage, she rushed out, exclaiming—

"Keep him back, don't let him go, as he will play the very deuce. Don't you see he is in a fury, and in the matter of bravery he is a very Judas Macarelo. Come back here, thou Hector of the world, and of my eyes."

Saying this, she closed with him, and held him forcibly by the cloak. Monipodio also came to her assistance, and seized hold of him. Chiquiznaque and Maniferro hesitated whether to be angry or not, and remained silent, watching what Repolido would do. The bully seeing that Monipodio and Cariharta implored him to be quiet, turned round, saying—

"Friends should never give annoyance to friends, nor make a laughing stock of friends, particularly when they see that friends resent the annoyance."

"There is no friend here," replied Maniferro, "who wishes to annoy or to make a laughing stock of another friend, and seeing that we are all friends, why let us all shake hands like friends."

"You have spoken, gentlemen," said Monipodio at this moment, "like excellent friends, and like such friends let us all shake hands."

This was immediately done, and Escalanta, taking off one of her clogs, began to play upon it as if it had been a timbrel. Gananciosa seized a broom of new palm leaves, which was accidentally lying beside her, and sweeping her hands over it, she produced a sound which, although harsh and rough, harmonized with that of the clog. Monipodio broke a plate and shaped two of the pieces, so that when placed between the fingers, and struck together with great rapidity, they acted as a counter tenor to the clog and the broom. Rinconete and Cortadillo were astounded at the new invention of the broom, as they had never seen the like before. Maniferro noticed their surprise and said,

"Do you wonder at the broom? Well, you have good reason, for there was never invented in this world a musical instrument so easily to be had, so little troublesome, or so cheap, and in truth I heard a student the other day assert that neither Negropheus,* who rescued Arauz† from hell, nor Marion‡ who, mounted on the back of a dolphin, crossed the sea as if he had been riding on a hired mule, nor the other great musician, who built the city of the hundred gates, and the hundred sally ports, ever invented a better kind of musical instrument, so easily learned, so facile to the touch, so free from frets,§ and pegs, and chords, never standing in need of tuning. It is even said, I vow to God, that a gallant youth of this city, who piques himself on being a Hector in music, was the inventor of it."

"That I can well believe," replied Rinconete, "but let us listen to what our musicians intend to sing, for I think that Gananciosa has just cleared her throat, which is a sign that she wishes to sing." Such was the truth, for Monipodio had begged of her to sing some of the merry tunes that were then in vogue. But the first that commenced was Escalanta, who in a wiry and broken voice chanted the following—

"For a youth of Seville, with fair curling hair,
Clothed in fanciful vestments, my heart's in despair."

Gananciosa followed singing—

"An ardent maid, who never felt love's dart,
Will to a dark-eyed lover yield her heart."

(*) Maniferro's version of "Orpheus."
(†) Ditto ditto "Eurydice."
(‡) Ditto ditto "Arion."
§ "*Trastes*" frets. A short piece of wire fixed on the finger board of a guitar, which being pressed against the strings, varies the tone.

Then Monipodio struck in, clattering together with great violence the fragments of the plates—

"When lovers frown, great tho' be the pain,
The pleasure's greater when they smile again."

Cariharta not wishing in her joy to remain silent, laid hold of another clog, and striking up accompanied the rest—

"Hold hard, my dear, reflect and you will see
You beat your own flesh, when you horsewhip me."

"No allusions in singing," said Repolido at this conjuncture, "touch not upon past events which will do no good. Let bygones be bygones, choose another path, and enough said."

There appeared to be little intention of bringing the songs to an end in a hurry, had not some one knocked at the door. Monipodio disappeared to see who it was, when the sentry informed him that the person of the alcalde of justice had loomed in sight at the top of the street, preceded by Tordillo and Cernicalo, neutral catchpolls. Those that were inside overheard this, and were so much alarmed, that Cariharta and Escalanta put on their clogs the wrong way, Gananciosa threw down her broom, Monipodio his fragments of the plate, and the whole of the music was suddenly silenced. Chiquiznaque changed colour, Repolido was stupified, and Maniferro amazed, and all disappeared, some in one direction, some in another, clambering up to the roofs and the tiles of the houses to effect their escape, and descend from them to the street.

No shot from a gun fired unawares, nor sudden clap of thunder ever frightened a flock of heedless pigeons so much as the announcement of the arrival of the alcalde of justice astonished and alarmed all that virtuous company. The two novices, Rinconete and Cortadillo, did not know what to do, and they remained at their posts, waiting to see what would be the result of that sudden storm, which resulted in nothing, for the sentry returned to inform them that the alcalde had passed on without exhibiting the least sign of any evil suspicions. As he was telling this to Monipodio, a young gentleman arrived at the door, dressed as the saying is—*de barrio*,* very plainly. Monipodio took him in, and ordered Chiquiznaque, Maniferro, and Repolido to be called, but that the rest were not to come down.

As Rinconete and Cortadillo had remained in the courtyard, they could overhear the whole of the conversation that passed between Monipodio and the recently arrived gentleman, who addressing Monipodio said—

"Why is it that you have fulfilled so badly the commission which I gave you?"

Monipodio answered that he knew nothing of what had been done, but that the officer who was entrusted with the work was present, and he would be able to give a good account of himself. At this moment Chiquiznaque made his appearance, and Monipodio enquired of him if he had finished the business of the fourteen-inch knife slash which had been committed to his charge.

"Which," replied Chiquiznaque, "is it in the matter of the shopkeeper of the crossway?"

"That is the very man," said the gentleman.

"Well," replied Chiquiznaque, "what took place in this business was that I lay in wait for him last night at the door of his house, and he arrived before sunset. I pushed up towards him, and took a good look at his visage, which I immediately perceived to be so small, that it was the most impossible of all impossibilities to find room for a four-

* "*Barrio*," suburbs of a town—young gentlemen, when they wished to be disguised, dressed like the people of the suburbs—the common people.

teen-inch knife slash upon it. So finding it out of my power to fulfil what I had promised, and what was laid down in my destructions."

"Instructions your worship means to say," interposed the gentleman, "and not destructions."

"That is what I meant to say," replied Chiquiznaque. "Well, then, seeing from the narrowness and small size of that visage, there was not room for the number of inches required, and not wishing to have my journey for nothing, I e'en gave the slash to his lackey, and you may be sure I gave him one of first rate size."

"I would rather," said the gentleman, "you had inflicted a seven-inch cut on the master than a fourteen-inch cut on the man. Truly you have not fulfilled your bargain with me as I had a right to expect; but it does not matter, I care little for the thirty ducats I left with you as earnest money. I kiss my hands to your worship."

Saying this, he raised his hat, and turned his back to go out, but Monipodio seized him by the party-coloured cloak which he wore, and exclaimed—

"Hold hard your worship, and make good your promises, for we have fulfilled ours with much honor and to great advantage. Twenty ducats are wanting, and your worship shall not leave this spot, until you have given them, or pledges of equal value.

"What," replied the gentleman, "do you call it fulfilling your promise to give the knife slash to the man instead of to the master."

"How little you know about it, sir," said Chiquiznaque, "it is clear you don't remember the proverb, 'Who loves Beltran loves his *can*.'"*

"But how can this proverb come to the purpose in this case," replied the gentleman.

"Why, is it not the same thing," pursued Chiquiznaque—"to say 'who does not love Beltran does not love his *can*.' And so Beltran being the shopkeeper whom you don't like, and his lackey being his '*can*,' hitting the '*can*' is hitting at Beltran, and the debt is liquidated, and the money must be enforced. So you had better pay at once, as it must be done irremediably."

"You have taken the words out of my mouth, friend Chiquiznaque," added Monipodio, "and I swear to you faithfully that all must be done as he has said, and so, your worship, sir gallant, don't be standing on punctilios with your humble servant and friends, but take my advice, and pay at once the money fairly earned. If, also, you desire that another slash shall be given to the master, as large as his countenance will admit of, why you may count upon it as if he was already curing the wound."

"In that case," replied the gallant, "I will pay, with the most perfect good will and pleasure, in full for both the one and the other."

"Have no more doubt of it," said Monipodio, "than of your being a Christian. Chiquiznaque will give it to him so neatly, that it will look as if he had been born with it."

"Well then, with this assurance and promise," replied the gentleman, "receive this chain as a pledge for the twenty ducats of the past, and the forty which I offer for the coming knife slash. It weighs a thousand reals, and it is very possible that you may get the whole of it, because I have it in my mind's eye that before long I shall require a fourteen-inch affair."

On saying this, he stripped from his neck a chain of small round rings, and gave it to Monipodio, who immediately saw from the touch and the weight that it was not of brass. Monipodio received it with great delight and courtesy, for he was to the last degree polite. The performance of the work was assigned to Chiquiznaque, who only asked for the term of one night to complete it.

The gentleman left very well pleased, and Monipodio immediately

* *Can*—from *canis*—a dog.

called back all those that were absent and frightened. They came down, and Monipodio placing himself in the middle of them produced a Memorandum book, which he carried in the hood of his cloak, and gave it to Rinconete to read it, as he was unable to do so. Rinconete opened it, and on the first page saw the following sentence:—

MEMORANDUM OF THE KNIFE SLASHES THAT HAVE TO BE INFLICTED THIS WEEK.

The first to be given to the Shopkeeper of the Crossway—price fifty escudos. Thirty are received to account. Chiquiznaque to be the Doer.

"I don't think there are any more of that kind," said Monipodio, "turn over and look at the heading —MEMORANDUM OF CUDGELS."

Rinconete turned the leaf and saw that on the other side was written—MEMORANDUM OF CUDGELS,—and he read.

To the Lucerne Storekeeper one dozen of Cudgels of the hardest description, price one escudo each. Eight escudos are received to account—time six days—Maniferro to be the inflicter.

"That Memorandum may be blotted out," said Maniferro, for to-night I will finish the job."

"Is there any thing more my son?" enquired Monipodio.

"Yes, there is another," replied Rinconete, as follows—

"*Six hard given Cudgels to the humpbacked tailor, known by the nickname Silguero (The Linnet) at the request of the lady who left the necklace. Desmochado the Executor.*

"I am astonished," said Monipodio, "that this item is in existence. Doubtless Desmochado must be indisposed, for two days have elapsed beyond the given time, and he has not even commenced the work."

"I met him yesterday," said Maniferro, "and he told me that the Humpback's debt had not been paid, as he had been laid up with sickness."

"That I well believe," replied Monipodio, "for I take Desmochado to be such an excellent workman that, had it not been for such an insurmountable obstruction, he would have finished a much more difficult business than that. Is there any more my pretty youth?"

"No, Sir," answered Rinconete.

"Well, go on," said Monipodio, "and look at the heading,

MEMORANDUM OF VULGAR GRIEVANCES—*That is to say "Peppering with ink bottles," "Besmearing with mire," "Fixing sanbenitos and horns," "Rattles and frights," "Rows and feigned knife slashes," "Publication of Libels."*

"What more is said?" asked Monipodio.

"*Besmearing with mire in the house of*——"

"Never mind the house," said Monipodio, "I am the *Tu autem* and the executioner of that little trifle, and I have received to account four escudos, the price of the whole being eight."

"That is true," replied Rinconete, "for it is all written down, and below it there is another Memorandum.

"*Fixing of Horns.*"

"Don't read any further," said Monipodio, "mention not the house or the name. It is quite enough to establish the grievance without publishing it, which always causes remorse of conscience. At least I would rather clothe a man a hundred times with San Benitos or horn him as often, than mention it once, were it even to the mother that ushered me into this world—understanding of course that I am paid for the work."

"The Agent for this business," said Rinconete, "is Narigueta."

"Oh then," replied Monipodio, "it may be considered concluded and paid for. See if there is anything more, for if my memory does not fail me there was to be a fright of the value of twenty escudos, and the actors were to be the whole community, and the time allowed was to be to the end of the present month. It will be fulfilled to the very letter without omitting one iota, and it will be one of the best things ever per-

formed in this city from the most remote times to this day. Give me the book my boy, as I know there is nothing more, and I know too that our business is very slack. But better times will come hereafter, and we shall have more to do than we shall have appetite for, as not a leaf moves without the will of God, and it is not our cue to make people revenge themselves by compulsion, for the very good reason that every man is valiant in his own case, and never likes to pay for work, which he can do with his own hand."

"That is true," said Repolido. "But look, your worship, Signior Monipodio, and say what is ordained and commanded for us to do, as it is getting late, and the heat is increasing rather in a hurry."

"What is to be done," replied Monipodio, "is that they are all to go to their posts, and nobody is to change them until Sunday, when we shall all meet in this very spot, and every thing that has been "conveyed"* will be divided without wronging any one. To Rinconete and Cortadillo is assigned, until Sunday, the district from the Town of Gold outside the City to the postern gate of the Alcazar, when they can work with their accomplishments with the most perfect ease; for I have seen others of far less ability than theirs earn daily more than twenty reals in coppers, independent of the silver, with a single pack of cards, and that with four cards wanting.† Ganchuelo will show you this district,—and even if you go as far as St. Sebastian and St. Telmo, it does not matter much, although it is Supreme Court justice,‡ that men of a "nice sense of honour won't appropriate the property of other men."

The two boys kissed their hands to him for the favors conferred upon them, and they promised to do their work well and faithfully, and with all diligence and caution. On this Monipodio produced from the hood of his cloak a piece of paper folded up, on which was inscribed a list of the fraternity, and he requested Rinconete to put down his own name as well as that of Cortadillo; but as there was no inkstand he gave him the paper to take to the first apothecary's shop, and write down the names in the following way—

"Rinconete and Cortadillo, members of the fraternity—Rinconete Soprano,§ Cortadillo Bass." They were to insert the day and the year, but to keep a profound silence regarding parents and country.

At this moment one of the hoary "hornets" entered and said, "I come to tell your worship that I have just met Lobillo (the small wolf) from Malaga, and I have been informed that he has improved so wonderfully in his art, that with honest cards he could deprive Satan himself of his money, but as he is rather shabbily dressed, he does not like to present himself at present to be registered, and render the accustomed obedience. He will however come on Sunday without fail."

"I always thought," said Monipodio, "that this Lobillo would turn out first-rate in his art, for he has the best and most suitably made hands for it, that it is possible to desire; for to be a good workman in any trade good tools are as necessa-

* *Pistol.*—"Convey, the wise it call."

† It is a common trick of blacklegs in Spain to abstract a few of the cards at the game of "Monte." At this game two cards are turned up from the bottom of the pack, and bets are made upon the first card that will turn up the same as those on the table. For example, a King and an Ace are turned up. Bets are made upon the first Ace that is dealt. The cheat abstracts or has abstracted three Kings from the pack, so that he can stake any amount of money on an Ace appearing. As the whole pack is not dealt, the cheat very often passes undiscovered.

‡ "*Justicia mera mista.*—Justice of a sort of cross-breed. The translation I have given appears to me to be the best, and it was suggested to me by reading Sir Lawrence Peel's judgment in the case of "Watt *versus* Saunders." Monipodio's reasoning and that of the Chief Justice, are on a par. Their definitions of "a nice sense of honour" agree in the concrete.

§ Thieves slang to denote the different qualities of their accomplisments.

ry to complete the work well, as the skill which is employed in it."

"I also met," said the old man, "in a lodging house in the street of the Dyers, the Jew, dressed like a priest, who has taken up his habitation in that place, in order to scrape acquaintance with two Peruvians* who live in the same house. He wanted to see if he could engage them to gamble with him even if it were for a small sum, as from that it might rise to a very large sum. He also says that he will not be absent from the meeting on Sunday, and will give an account of himself."

"That," said Monipodio, "is also a capital pilferer, and is a very knowing fellow. Many days have passed since I have seen him, and he acts very wrongly in that, and by my faith if he does not mend his manners I will demolish his shaven crown; for a thief is no more entitled to such clerical distinctions than a Turk, and knows no more of latin than my mother. Is there any more news?"

"Not that I know of," replied the old man.

"Very good," said Monipodio, "take your worships this trifle (and he divided amongst them all some forty reals) and let no one absent himself on Sunday, for we shall not fail to have a merry meeting."

Every one thanked him heartily. Repolido embraced Cariharta, Escalanta embraced Maniferro, and Gananciosa did the same with Chiquiznaque—covenanting to meet that night, after they had finished the work of the day, in the house of Pipota. Monipodio said that he would go and search the buckbasket, and after that would proceed to accomplish the mire-besmearing business. He embraced Rinconete and Cortadillo, and bestowing his blessing on them bid them good-bye, charging them never to have a certain or a fixed habitation, for this was of great importance to the general safety. Ganchuelo accompanied them to show them their posts, reminding them not to be absent on Sunday, because he thought and believed that Monipodio intended to teach a lesson of skill in matters connected with their art. Saying this he departed, leaving the two companions astonished at all they had seen.

Rinconete, although a boy, possessed a good understanding, and a naturally good disposition, and as he had accompanied his father in the business of the bulls, he had a good idea of proper language. He laughed heartily when he thought of the phraseology of Monipodio, and the rest of that holy community, and particularly when, instead of saying *per modum suffragii*, he said *por modo de naufragio* by way of shipwreck; also when he hit upon grabbing the stupendous, instead of stipends. Also when Cariharta said that Repolido was like a sailor of Tarpeya, and a tiger of Ocania, instead of Hircania, with a thousand other follies. He was most particularly amused when she spoke of the fatigue she had undergone in earning the twenty-four reals, which she hoped Heaven would accept in reduction of her sins. But above all, he was astounded at their state of security and the confidence with which they approached Heaven, never failing in their devotions, they being so full of robberies and homicides and offences to God. He laughed also at the other old woman, the Pipota, who left the stolen buckbasket locked up in her house, and went to place the little candles of wax before the images, and believed in this way she would go to heaven without more ado. No less was he amazed at the obedience and respect paid by all to Monipodio, he being a barbarous, uncouth, and profligate man. He thought of what he had read in his Memorandum Book and the kind of business they were engaged in. Finally he dwelt strongly upon the careless state of the legal authorities in that fa-

* "*Perulero.*" The Spaniard from Peru was the Nabob of Spain.

mous city of Seville, since people so pernicious and so inimical to humanity lived in it, scarcely taking any pains to conceal themselves. He resolved within himself to advise his companion that they should not lead long such an evil and lost life, but with all this, carried away by his youth and inexperience, he remained with them for some months, during which things happened that will require some time to write. So for another occasion is left the history of their lives and miracles, as well as those of their master Monipodio, and other events of those of that infamous academy, which are all well worthy of consideration and may serve as an example and instruction to those that read them.*

ISHMAEL.

(Novellen von Julius Mosen; Ismael.)

Many a time, when rapidly reviewing the past events of my life, I have loved to fancy myself already buried with many myriads more in the cold, cold grave of the present. The dark night of the tomb would then suddenly pass away, even as the murky clouds open out as they dash against the lofty Alpine heights, and in the far distant horizon I would seem to behold the home and the green fields of my early youth, like a lonely islet amid the icebergs of a frozen sea. Then would rise before me the once familiar faces of the venerable gray beards, long since forgotten, with young men and maidens, their sons and their daughters. And they would smile upon me as in the days of yore, and it was as if only one, one gloomy night separated me to day from those far away hours. But many a year, in truth, has passed since I looked upon their real forms. Not a few of them now rest for ever in yonder graveyard, adjoining the old church with its belfrey, which even now, methinks, rears its tall head above the hills in such a friendly manner, and with its soft sad chimes seems to say: "why tarriest thou then so long?" Like my guardian angel, these thoughts of childhood's home follow me everychere. They find me 'mid the noise and bustle of the market; they are with me in the theatre; and one note of the bugle will rouse my slumbering recollections, whether listening to the crash of instruments in a noisy concert, or seated all alone in the deep recesses of the forest. Home! The bliss of an earthly heaven is in that word! Alas! we moderns know not what is Home, and therefore is it that we are so unhappy. Home, Fatherland, Faith, Peace, all have passed away. In their place we have invented smart sayings and, rubbing our hands, we exclaim: "The universe is our home—pleasure, our faith,—the battle-field, our peace." As if the heart were not the true home, in which we learn for the first time what are the enjoyments, what the sufferings of life! As if the battle-field were to be otherwise regarded than as the means of insuring the palm of peace and the joys of home! Is not man, like a flower, a child of the soil? As the one clings to the earth with material roots and lives with it and by it—so does the other depend upon it and cling to it with the bonds of feeling. Never shall I forget those distant mountains and vales—those pine-trees that hoarsely murmured over my cradle—those neighbours of my father, and my playmates, their children!

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* Cervantes never resumed the history of Rinconete and Cortadillo. In all his novels he makes no further mention of them. There is a short notice of Monipodio in his dialogue of The two Dogs: Speaking of The two Dogs—was Burns acquainted with Cervantes as well as Scott?

A thousand little stories which grew up and became perfected with us, remain amid the remembrances of my youth, like beautiful pictures of great price in some old Gothic Church. Face to face they now appear in their gold and silver-wreathed frames, and look down upon me as on a time-honored friend. Foremost among these pictures stands the patriarchal Abraham, with his long gray beard, and a green velvet cap on his venerable head. The old farmer was known throughout the neighbourhood as sitting for hours together by the road side, on the summit of the hill, looking earnestly towards the East as if expecting some one from that quarter.

At holiday time when I was wending my way homewards from school or college, and could just distinguish my father's house in the distance, I was sure to find, at the foot of a solitary pine tree on the hill top, old father Abraham, bent nearly double with age, grasping with his lean fingers a long staff, and gazing fixedly on the high road to Bohemia, which tended towards the East. He always seemed much pleased whenever he saw me and used to cry out, before I could ask him a question, "He is not yet come." These words affected my inmost soul, for thereon hangs a tale of melancholy interest, though some perchance may laugh at it. "He is not yet come," I unconsciously repeated, and passed on.

Abraham dwelt on the brow of a hill, whence a lively spring of water gushed forth, and, dividing into many a forked branch, diffused a constant verdure over the meadows. The house itself was so buried among apple and pear trees, that you could only see the top of the chimney and the light smoke ascending into the air. Behind it his farm stretched away down the hill into the valley beyond, where a beautiful landscape was afforded by the many channels of the little stream winding through the green fields.

At the further end of the meadows was a wood consisting of firs, elms, and copse-wood.

Although Abraham's fields and meadows presented a lovely picture of cultivated nature, it was not so with the wood, in the middle of which appeared a wide-spreading heath, marked by a crazy old house no longer inhabited, once upon a time the property,—together with the barren waste adjoining—of a charcoal-burner, but now belonging to his orphan daughter Frederica. On her father's death Abraham kindly took the poor child into his own house, and used to say; "I found a young kid in the wilderness, and brought it home."

The maiden grew up like a sister with Abraham's sons, of whom one was named Isaac, the other Ishmael. Not without a good reason had Abraham given these names, after the example of the great patriarch of the Hebrews. There was an old tradition in his family that his forefathers had dwelt of yore in Asia, that they were descended not only from the Arabians, but from Ishmael himself, the offspring of Abraham and the handmaid, and that they had wandered somehow into Germany, where they finally established themselves.

It is useless to inquire how much of this was true, how much only fanciful. But it is evident that such a belief must have had great influence with any family that professed it—and especially so in Germany, where centuries have passed since any one troubled themselves about nationality, and where no one cares for any thing beyond his own family, or, rather, beyond himself.

Now, as Abraham could never hear enough about Palestine and the neighbouring countries, he kept up a constant intercourse with my father, who was the village schoolmaster. Sometimes he would come to our house, but more frequently of an evening he would take my father home with him to drink a glass of beer. At these times my father generally took me with him, and made me carry his books and maps. We

almost always found the patriarch waiting for us at the door, and offering us his hand he would lead us into the parlour where the whole family was assembled. Upon the light maple-wood table was laid, wide open, the large Nürnberg Bible with its wood-cut illustrations.

Whilst the old folks were searching on the Map of the Holy Land for the cities and places they met with in the chapter they happened to be reading, I used to take my seat beside Ishmael and Isaac, and the amiable Frederica. Ishmael's soul was dark and unfathomable, as the sea of Genezareth, and like it was subject to fearful storms. His natural bent was to wander at random through the woods and over the fields, and at a later period of his life he used to accompany the Huntsman of the neighbouring Lord. Well do I remember that when we children had grown somewhat older, and I happened to go with my father to Abraham's house, that Ishmael was always engaged with his rifle, or with something that shadowed forth his ruling passion. At one time he would be setting springs to catch hares or foxes; at another he would be melting lead to make balls by the heat of the lamp that lightened the room; or else, but this rarely happened, he would sit lost in thought or listening to the conversation between our fathers. Sometimes this would be carried on in a louder tone than usual, particularly when my father expatiated on the glorious climate of the land of promise, on the sweet clear waters of the sea of Genezareth, on the noble cities that flourished there in the olden times, on the Jordan abounding in fish,— the name of which in Hebrew is synonymous with that of the Rhine, as my father loved to explain. On such occasions Abraham's eyes rolled in ecstacy—he stretched forth his arms—and exclaimed; "Hear I not the hoarse murmur of the wind, and cometh it not from the sacred Mount? Hear I not the waves of the blessed Jordan, as they dash against the bank? Never shall I behold thee, Land of my Fathers! When the shadows of death close around me, and I cry aloud for salvation, no good Angel will come and sprinkle on my head the earth of my far away home —where flows the water of the sacred spring between Kadesh and Bered—so that I may die in peace."

On hearing this exclamation Ishmael would rise from his seat, and with folded arms would stand looking intently at the cieling as if he were there seeking for the compass that should guide him to the spot; for he remembered that it was between Kadesh and Bered, beside the well on the road to Shur that the Angel of the Lord found Hagar and said unto her: "Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence comest thou? and whither wilt thou go?" and again; "Thou shalt bear a son and shalt call his name Ishmael; because the Lord hath heard thy affliction. And he will be a wild man." And Ishmael, the second son, knew full well that he was only the natural son of his father Abraham, who was sitting at that table, and that the time was at hand when he too must turn his back upon the paternal house. He knew and believed as firmly as his father Abraham that none of his race could die happily, unless in the hour of death a handful of earth from the promised land were sprinkled on the head and breast. At such times Abraham would produce from a drawer a curious little casket of some strange metal, covered with odd-looking characters; it had two clasps, to which a strap was attached. Placing this on the table, he would exclaim in a melancholy tone—"Ah me, unhappy! Look here Mr. Schoolmaster: there is not a particle of dust remaining to comfort me in the hour of death. When I strewed on the head of my dying father the last remains of the holy earth bequeathed to us by our ancestors, he turned his eyes upon me with such a look—I shall never forget it—and said, "Ah! but how wilt thou die, Abraham?" It is this,

Mr. Schoolmaster, that imbitters every day of my life."

My father, who was heart and soul attached to Germany, at that time still an empire at least in name, used then to lose all patience and to say; "In general you are a sensible man, Abraham, and a believing Christian, and what is still better you act like one; but, for all that, you are a perfect fool! Supposing it true that your family did originally come from Palestine, it has been now for centuries naturalised in Germany, your great-grandfather, your grandfather, your father, yourself, and your children have all been born in this principality, and brought up like true and honorable Germans as ye are, and not Ishmaelites! Here is your home—here is the earth which will be one day heaped upon our bodies, and under which we hope to find a blissful repose. If we go back to Adam and Eve, we must all have originally come from Asia. And if every man at the hour of death wanted a handful of Asiatic earth, which after all is just like any other dust, we should be obliged to bring half of Asia to Europe on ship board. Free yourself, Abraham, from this silly superstition, and learn to know your true home."

But Abraham would reply:—"If I had not at least the consolation to know that my forefathers were once highly favored of God and man, and if I were obliged to remain a German peasant, who all his life time never hears of a Father-land either in the city or in the market, or in a Court of Law—a peasant, Mr. Schoolmaster, who is thought of only when taxes are required—if I were compelled to be this, I would rather imagine a Father-land for myself, than content myself with one that looked upon me only as a means to raise money. I fancied a Father-land meant something more than a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, for sixty years or so."

This was too much for my father, who had a hobby horse of his own, and boasted of being a member of the holy German Roman Empire. When the conversation took this turn, he would snatch up his hat, and call out; "Come along, Julius. No offence meant, Abraham; good night." Without delay we then trotted away home, my father muttering to himself; "what a proud old fool it is, never mind: come along, Julius."

My father was not altogether wrong. Abraham was as proud of his ancestry as any nobleman of the olden times, for he maintained that his genealogical tree could be traced throughout the whole of the old Testament as well as in profane history. This pride was the more deeply rooted, because his race had been transmitted by male descent from the earliest period. He did not like, therefore, to dwell upon the illegitimate birth of Ishmael, for he felt himself humbled and disgraced by it.

From my earliest childhood I was acquainted with Abraham's sons and adopted daughter. As soon as my lessons were over, I always hastened to them, particularly at the time when we were all children together. When spring came round and the streamlets and pools were flooded, we used to amuse ourselves at the bottom of the hill, where a little water-fall was formed by the stream that flowed past Abraham's house. Ishmael and I were very clever in making miniature water-mills with small sticks, in which we fixed little scoops made of chips, and thus constructed a sort of water-wheel. This wheel we placed so that both ends of the stick fitted into two wooden groves, which were fastened in the ground on each side of the ditch, so that when the water poured in, the wheel began to revolve. Isaac, on the other hand, would make all kinds of shepherd's pipes of ash sticks, while Frederica gathered butter-cups and daisies, and wreathed garlands for each of us. When the rushing water merrily turned our mill-wheels round and round, and we, adorned with our gay wreaths of flowers, sat playing our pipes while the lark carolled blithely above our heads in the clear blue

sky—then indeed, we were supremely happy.

But I must now pass over the happy days of childhood. Ishmael was the eldest of our party—he must have been about 18 years of age at the time of which I am going to speak. Isaac was sixteen; and Frederica a year younger, when she began to tend the flocks near the decayed hut of her deceased parents.

There she sat on the banks of the rivulet, beneath the shade of a fine old lime tree that sheltered her from the rays of the summer sun. The lambs were skipping and frolicking around her, though she little heeded them, for her trusty "Rover" watched the flock and would let none of them stray far away. In the branches of the friendly tree a couple of turtle doves were cooing their tale of love, but nothing of all this did she see. In her hand she held a garland of wild flowers, on her head she wore a plain straw hat of her own manufacture, beside her laid her crook—and there she sat, awake but dreaming. She was not sorrowful, and yet a big tear started from her light blue eye: she was not merry, and yet sweet smiles played around her mouth. On the heath the shadows were lengthening, a soft breeze gently moved in the topmost boughs of the wood, and fragrant odours arose to greet the evening hour. But Frederica still sat there, unconsciously adding, like a flower, to the beauty of the surrounding scene, but so lost in thought that she knew not of what she was thinking.

That morning two dark glowing eyes had penetrated Frederica's heart, and in no way could she cease to *feel* their glance. In her heart, too, these words were ever sounding, "I love you!" and on her right hand there still remained the pressure of Ishmael's hand, as he opened the yard door for herself and flock. She thought that to-day for the first time she must have seen Ishmael as he really was. The veil had fallen that had hitherto concealed him, and she now beheld him in the clear light. Never had his swarthy countenance appeared so beautiful as when he gazed on her that morning and in a low tone whispered—"I love you." Never had he seemed so active or so kind as when he drew back the heavy bars of the gate.

At this moment the form of the placid Isaac appeared round the corner of the ruined cottage. He was attired in holiday raiment, with a red silk handkerchief round his neck. She did not observe him until he had come close up to her and said, "Good day to you, Frederica." Raising her eyes from the ground she exclaimed, "Why so smart to-day?"

"What an odd question!" answered Isaac. "Is there any thing strange in a genteel young man wishing to look smart?"

"Nonsense!" replied Frederica, "you have some reason which you will not tell me."

"Well then," said Isaac, "I will tell you why I have put on my best handkerchief. It is because you said you liked it—and I want to please you—because I should like to marry you!"

Hearing this, Frederica fell into a violent fit of laughter, and pressing her hands on her sides, she cried out: "Oh, Isaac, I hope you don't go to the public house? Why, what an ugly face you are making! No! go along, go along! I shall be angry with you presently, and will never speak to you again. When your father speaks to me, I shall die of shame. Go, good Isaac, go." But instead of going, Isaac threw himself at her feet and said, "You allow Rover, who is only a dog to lie at your feet, and even to rest his head on your hand—then why shall not I, who love you so much, be permitted to sit beside you?" Just then the report of a gun was heard, and the leaves came tumbling down upon them.

They both started to their feet, and looked around in alarm, when they saw Ishmael come out of the wood towards them. While he was yet far off, Frederica called out to him; "You good-for-nothing Ishmael,

how you frightened me! Why you might have killed us both."

Ishmael replied hastily, and in anger, "I was obliged to fire. In a few minutes more I might not have been master of myself. Frederica!"—and he rudely laid hold of her hand, while she started back, pale and trembling—"Frederica, I love you dearly, and you know it; but if you prefer Isaac or any one, say so. It is better to know at once how we stand.

Then Isaac strutted up to him and said in a fierce tone, "I tell you what, my fine fellow, I intend to marry Frederica myself. So, go along with you, lest I do something disagreeable."—Ishmael, however, still retained hold of Frederica's hand and, only half turning round his head, answered contemptuously, "You little monkey, do you think I am going to be your servant, and do just as you bid, because you are likely some day to be a rich man. Go home and read the story of Cain and Abel—only remember this, I am not going to play the part of Abel."

But Frederica now interposed, and they all three sat down together on the long grass, without uttering a single word, nor did they venture to look at each other until Ishmael thus broke the silence.

"When I come to think of it seriously, I see that only one of us need be rendered unhappy, and it is certainly better that Frederica should marry a rich farmer than a poor wretch like myself. And yet if you had loved me, Frederica, I never could have resigned you to another."

Before Isaac had time to reply, Frederica suddenly remarked. "I have just been thinking that when our neighbours want to marry, they go to the clergyman and tell him all about it. Now suppose we all three go and ask him what we are to do, for that we all three love one another, but one of us must be made unhappy."

On the following morning, which was a Sunday, just as the parson had returned home from church, and while his daughter was telling him that she could not get the veal to brown though she had kept up a good fire, and that no more asparagus had come up in the garden from want of rain; at this critical moment, just as the curator of souls, who was no rival to Job, was beginning to wax wrath, there came a gentle tapping at the door, and in obedience to his answer "come in," Frederica, with Ismael and Isaac, timidly entered the room.

"Well, what do you want?" cried out the parson.

As the lads were too much confused to give a ready answer, Frederica, blushing and stammering, began to say—

"If you please, Reverend Sir, I shall soon be able to gather you a nice dish of strawberries. The plants have almost done flowering, and the fruit is well set; meanwhile I have brought you some mushrooms."

So saying, she untied a clean handkerchief, and taking out the plate, put it carefully on the sideboard.

"You are a very good child," said the parson.

"And here, your Reverence," said Ishmael, "is a couple of young wood pigeons that I shot yesterday."

"Very good," replied the other, and seizing hold of the pigeons, he began to feel if they were plump.

Poor Isaac alone had no offering to make, for the cunning Frederica had only imparted her plan to Ishmael, in the hope that they would thus secure the parson's favour. So he had gone out at four o'clock that same morning, and knocked over the young pigeons he brought as a propitiation.

"Now then, tell me what you want," resumed the parson.

"Don't be angry with us, Reverend Sir," said the blushing girl, "I come to tell you that I am very fond of both Ishmael and Isaac, and they both wish to marry me, but——"

"Marry"! exclaimed the parson. "Here Harriet, come here, just look at this girl; fancy, this creature wants to marry. Get out! you—— Here, here, fetch me my hat, I will go and talk to old Abraham about

the fruits of his education, as he calls it."

Ishmael's brow clouded over, and his eyes looked fierce, but the parson turned sharp upon him, and with violent gesticulation called out;

"What! you vagabond, you dare to look angrily at me, do you! I will soon teach you to be a Christian—you immoral, you——" without waiting to finish the sentence, he hurried out of the house, rushed rather than walked through the village and up the hill, and never paused to take breath until he was fairly within Abraham's house, who happened to be reading the narrative of the expulsion of Hagar and her son. Before him was placed the mysterious casket, for he always liked to have it within sight whenever he wished to study and meditate on the Scriptures. But no sooner did he observe the parson, than he rose and stepped forward to greet him in a respectful and friendly manner.

"It is well known," the clergyman solemnly began, "that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. Such is now your case, Abraham. You thought to atone for the follies of your youth by bringing up the offspring of sin, but the hand of heaven seizes the guilty even when he thinks himself most secure. With horror have I often noticed the indulgence with which you treat your children, and especially that Ishmael. Now see what has come of it, your Ishmael and Isaac, with the girl you took into your family, have just been with me to beg me to marry them! What think you of that, Abraham? Is not that something in the style of Ishmael? You may well look amazed. The sins of your youth beset you on every side, and rise up in judgment against you. I am sorry too to tell you that your Ishmael has turned the heads of half the girls in the village. If ever he happen to stroll past a house or garden, there is sure to be some maiden or other looking after him. It was only last Thursday night that the evil one presumed to put into the mouth of my daughter, a girl after God's own heart, the name of Ishmael, which she uttered in a dream. In grievous terror I straightway jumped out of my bed, and went up to her and shook her out of her sleep. But the hussy was not even grateful to me for it, though I caught a bad cough which still troubles me. Now it is just the same in your house. He has bewitched your modest Frederica, and unless you drive out this child of iniquity and send him as a soldier, things will never go on right with either of us. I say, Amen."

This was a point on which Abraham was particularly sensitive, and he had often asked himself what he should do with Ishmael now that he was grown up. The example of Abraham would often rise before his eyes, as if in prophetic warning that he in like manner must send forth the fruit of his loins. Thus he trembled with fear and embarrassment. Just then Ishmael stalked haughtily into the room exclaiming—"The parson may say what he pleases, it will make no difference."

"Make no difference in what?" asked his father.

"In my intention to marry Frederica."

"Without my consent?"

"I hope to heaven, with your consent," replied Ishmael.

"In that case," said the parson, "I am of no further use here;" for he just remembered that his dinner must be ready, and he took his departure unnoticed. Abraham had sunk into his arm chair, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and himself lost in thought. At length he slowly raised himself and said to Ishmael, who still stood before him; "Wait a minute, my son."

He then left the room, but presently returned with a bag of money. Counting out three hundred gold pieces upon the table, he said: "Ishmael, thou shalt not say that I drove thee out penniless into the world."

"And are you going to turn me out?" Ishmael anxiously inquired.

"Yes, yes!" answered Abraham,

"Here, take the money and hang this little casket around your neck."

Ishmael at once understood the nature of his mission, and a feeling of awe crept through him as his father passed the strap over his shoulders, and fastened round his waist a pouch containing the money. Then Abraham lifted up his voice and spake—"Go, my son, unto the land of our forefathers, and bring me some of the blessed earth from beside the fountain that flows between Kadesh and Bered, that I may die in peace; kneel my son, and I will give thee my blessing. May the Angel of the Lord go before thee with the sword and the olive-branch, and make ready the way for thee—may he be with thee in thy going forth and in thy coming home—may he guide thee in safety over seas and mountains into the land where God was pleased to walk with man, and to speak unto the patriarchs and prophets—there, where the angels descended by a ladder to the sleeping Jacob—there, where the earth drank in the streaming blood of the blessed Redeemer! The Lord shall preserve thee from the snare of the hunter and from the noisome pestilence. He shall take thee under his wings, and in Him shalt thou trust! He shall give His holy angels charge concerning thee, to shield thee from harm, and to lead thee on thy journey. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou hurt thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt go upon the lion and the adder, and under thy feet shalt thou tread the young lion and the dragon. The grace of God be with thee, my son, and bring thee back in safety to thy home; where I will preserve for thee the bride of thy heart!"

Then he clasped Ishmael to his breast, and kissed him again and again, and said: "Now go! Depart in peace, and as thou hast compassion on thy father, even so and more may God have mercy on thee."

Ishmael was so awed and overcome that he could find no words to speak; but he kissed his father's hands, and grasped his wanderer's staff. Isaac and Frederica, sobbing aloud, stood at the doorway. For the first time Ishmael pressed his beloved to his heart—for the first time he kissed her cheek—and in half stifled tones, exclaimed; "I shall come back, Frederica,—be thou true to me." Then he tore himself from her embrace, and she fell on her knees and cried aloud. "If you go, I will not remain here another moment, even though I have to beg my bread through the world."

Placing his trembling hands upon her head, Ishmael spake as if in the agony of death. "I must go forth; but woe unto you all, if ye guard not this treasure for me. I am going forth into the wilderness, but God will not suffer me to perish. I shall again come back, and the Lord have mercy on you all if on my return I cannot embrace her as my bride. But my word shall bind you for only ten years—ten years—it is a long, long time. Then,—then—" and his voice faltered: "then do as you will."

When he turned away, they all called aloud after him; but with hasty strides he hurried on, and soon was lost to sight.

On the following morning Abraham's household proceeded as usual to their daily occupations, but Frederica with many a tear began to pack up the few things that belonged to her. "And will you really leave us?" asked the old man.

"Yes, oh! yes;" replied the maiden. "What would people say if I remained here with Isaac?"

"But where will you go?"

"To the hut of my father, till something better turns up. I will gather berries and herbs in the wood and sell them in the town. God will not suffer me to starve."

"If you are determined to go away," said Abraham, "I will not detain you; but you shall not want for anything. I will send the old ploughman with you to cultivate your bit of land for you. And you shall also have the dappled cow, three

goats, and a few sheep; and I will come and call upon you sometimes, and see how things are getting on." Frederica fell upon his neck and wept, for her heart was too full to speak.

An hour afterwards William, the old ploughman, might have been seen leading a horse and a cart over the hill, filled with all kinds of household furniture. Behind him came Frederica, her head bowed low, driving before her the dappled cow, the sheep, and goats, that formed her little wealth. Nothing could ever fatigue William. He set about repairing the hut, nailing up boards, mending the fences, making new gates and doors, fitting up the stable with troughs and mangers, and, in short, doing every thing to turn the old tumble-down hovel into a snug comfortable little farm-house. He then divided the land into arable and pasture; and while he ploughed up the one, Frederica tended her little flock on the other. Thus passed away the first year, and with perfect tranquillity and patience she entered upon the second. So silent and melancholy did she seem, and so little did she mingle with the villagers, that they called her in derision, "the fairy of the wood." Abraham, indeed, used often to visit her, and assist in making her farm more profitable. Isaac also would visit her, but she never appeared to notice his fond supplicating looks, though otherwise she was like a sister to him.

The name of Ishmael was never mentioned by any one of them. But when the third year had now come round, and still no tidings of the wanderer, it happened as if by tacit agreement that every evening Abraham, Isaac, and Frederica, would meet on the hill-top near the old pine tree, whence the road lay eastward towards Bohemia. They all understood why they looked so earnestly upon that road, but no one dared to speak. When night descended, and they were obliged to part, Abraham alone would say, "He is not yet come." And thus year after year sped on, but still he came not. The tenth year arrived, and still he was not there.

As the period fixed by Ishmael himself had now expired, Isaac's gentle, never ceasing attentions became more marked than ever. One fine summer evening, when they had all met together as usual beneath the pine tree, and as it grew dark Abraham had exclaimed before returning home, "He is not yet come"—Isaac remained by the side of Frederica, instead of accompanying his father. For some time he continued gazing upon her without speaking, but at last he gently took her hand, and said, "Ishmael will never return, and in vain we look for him. Our youth is passing away, and neither of us can much longer remain without a mate, for who will tend you in the hour of illness, nor can I longer live alone. If you must marry, whom would you take in preference to one who has loved and cherished you from his childhood? With whom else could you freely talk of our lost Ishmael without giving pain and offence? Now, my dear Frederica, do have pity on my love for you, and consent to be my wife."

For some time she could not answer him for sobs and tears, but at last she stammered out these words.

"Wait yet three months, good Isaac, and if he return not within that time, I promise to become your wife, since it may not be otherwise; but until then, never again allude to the subject."

Every evening they continued to meet at the top of the hill, but day after day, night after night, week after week, glided past, and thus the end of the three months was at hand—and still he came not. When winter was nigh, three well-laden waggons, gaily decorated with ribbons, were seen passing over the hill. Then came four dappled cows with gilded horns, and after them a flock of sheep following the bell-wether. Behind these walked Abraham, supported on one side by Isaac, and on the other by the pale, trembling Frederica. Nearly all the

people of the village accompanied them, carrying stone-bottles and cans filled with beer and wine; while the young men kept firing off great clumsy pistols and guns preserved from the time of the Seven Years' War. All were joyous and glad, and hill and dale re-echoed with their shouts. Never had such a merry wedding been celebrated in the village, and never had so much feasting and jollity been known.

After this succeeded many months of calm tranquil happiness for the young couple. But Abraham still went every evening to his wonted seat beneath the pine tree, casting his longing eyes on the road, till the sun had set beneath the horizon, when he exclaimed as before, "He is not yet come." Three years more passed away, and Abraham waxed feeble, and was obliged to keep his bed. Sometimes he would lie without motion for days together, so that his people fancied he was dead. But when they spoke to him, he would raise his eye-lids, and gaze upon them with two large lustrous orbs.

When the thirteenth anniversary of Ishmael's departure had arrived, and the beauteous spring sky stretched over the smiling hills and valleys —when the lark again sent forth its thrilling notes—Abraham called Isaac to his bedside and whispered, "Once more let me go to the top of that hill." Then Isaac caused soft mattresses to be placed on a tressel, and had his father carried forth into the balmy air of a lovely May-day. By his side walked Frederica, and her first-born child, a fine sturdy boy, whom they had named after Ishmael. When they reached the old pine tree, Abraham made them set him down on the green turf, and with wandering eyes gazed on the far distance. Isaac and Frederica, hand in hand, stood beside him, looking at each other in sad silence, while little Ishmael gaily played with the flowers at his grandfather's feet. The sun was fast sinking beneath the horizon—pale, yellow clouds speckled the sky —and a bright star suddenly shone forth in the east. At that moment Abraham sat upright in his bed, and pointed down the road, along which a sturdy traveller was seen pacing with rapid strides, Frederica drew close to Isaac. Nearer and nearer came the tall stalwart form of the wanderer. It was too dark to recognise his features, though he was now close to them. In another moment there stood before them a tall, powerful man, in a foreign garb, with a sun-burnt countenance and a long beard, and a broad high forehead, beneath which glistened two dark piercing eyes. But when he said, "God save you!" they all exclaimed together, "Ishmael! Ishmael!"—"Yes, it is I, said he; once more am I among you after a long imprisonment, hardships, and slavery—my dearest father, it is I."

With these words he knelt down, and his father held out both hands to embrace him. After a little Ishmael rose from his knees, and holding up the little casket, said "Have you also preserved my treasure?" Then Frederica sunk down at his feet, weeping bitterly, but Isaac grasped his hands and said, "As true as there is a God in heaven, we waited for you ten years and three months; but as you did not then return, I at length persuaded Frederica to give me her hand."

Ishmael pressed his right hand upon his heart, and convulsively clutched his garment. as if striving to suppress his emotion. Raising his eyes to heaven, he fervently ejaculated—"Thy will be done."

Then he took from his shoulders the well known casket, and kneeling down beside his father, wildly exclaimed; "Father, here is some of the holy earth from near the fountain of the Living One, which is between Kadesh and Bered—holy dust moistened with holy water."

Placing his hands on Ishmael's head, Abraham said with a loud voice—

"Soon shalt thou be with me—with the patriarchs of old; with the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. In this world there is no

meet recompense for such truth and loyalty—no fitting reward for such obedience, love, and endurance. But the angels of the Lord await thee, and eternal happiness shall be thy portion in heaven."

Then Abraham took a handful of earth out of the casket, and repeating some broken sentences from the Holy Scriptures, he sprinkled it on his breast, and sank back into a long, long sleep. Ishmael knelt down for a few seconds in prayer. Then suddenly rising to his feet, he stretched out his hands to Isaac and Frederica, kissed and blessed their child, and sobbing aloud plunged into the shades of night.

ENIGMA.

Sir Geoffry lay on his cushioned chair,
Nursing a gouty knee,
The lady Dorothy tall and spare,
Was making his colchicum tea.
Sir Geoffry mutter'd, Sir Geoffry moan'd
At each twinge of his ancient foe,
Aunt Dorothy grumbled, Aunt Dorothy groan'd,
Was there ever so red a toe?
That poor old knight when it twing'd him worst,
To the hatchet had willingly yielded my first.
She smooth'd his pillow, she mix'd his draught
No Doctor was half so clever,
He swallow'd the pills, and the dose he quaff'd
But that toe was as red as ever.
Ah! a maiden lady of sixty three,
Makes my second, but ill for a gouty knee.
But Beatrice came with her tiny hand,
To where the old knight lay,
And a single touch, like a fairy wand
Hath banish'd his plague away—
And Sir Geoffry mutter'd nor cry nor call,
While blue ey'd Beatrice smooth'd my all.
I've heard of Sir Benjamin's far fam'd skill,
At setting a broken bone,
I've heard of Sir Anthony's marvellous pill,
When sciatica twing'd my own;
But I never could hear among rich or poor
Of so wondrous a thing as Sir Geoffry's cure.
For all your Doctors with all their brains
Might write till their pens were dry,
But they ne'er could banish Sir Geoffry's pains;
Shall I tell you the reason why?
Old Galen's pages have quite left out,
A young maid's cure for an old man's gout.

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FEBRUARY, MDCCCLII.

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SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE

No. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1852. [Vol. I.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The verses, entitled "Diamonds," are declined with thanks.

Tippoo Khan Junior is thanked for the offer of his MSS., which shall receive our early attention.

"Simpkins and his Friends" has already appeared in another Periodical.

We hope to publish in our next number the "Remarks on our Cape Policy," and also the paper on "Oudh and its Affairs."

The articles on "Vedantism" and "The Rohilla Afghans," are under consideration.

We shall be happy to receive the following numbers of "My Uncle Ben's Courtship."

The paper on the "Wants and Prospects of the Uncovenanted Service" is quite unsuited to the pages of a Literary Miscellany.

N. B.—Rejected Manuscripts will not be returned, except at the particular request of the writers.

NOTE TO PAGE 178—WOMEN OF CHAUCER—No. III.

As reference has been made to a modernized paraphrase of the Decameron version of 'Grizelda,' it is proper that I should tell you what a very careful and anxious admirer of Chaucer has stated in respect of this Tale. Petrarch was Chaucer's avowed original, but I believe it is decided that both Petrarch and Boccaccio were themselves renderers and paraphrasers, *not* originators. Chaucer, after his Envoyship to Genoa, made a tour through the north of Italy in A. D. 1373, and there met *Petrarch*; the latter writing to *Boccaccio* on 8th June A. D. 1373, says *inter alia*—"Your work of the Decamerone fell for the first time into my hands, in an excursion I made to Arqua a few weeks ago." Again—"The narrative with which your work concludes, (Tale of Grisildis) particularly struck me. I yielded to the propensity which impelled me to translate it into *Latin* with such variations as my fancy suggested, and I now send you the translation." Petrarch had been affected deeply by hearing the story many years before, and congratulated Boccaccio upon his translation of it into *Italian*. Petrarch at the time of his interview with Chaucer was upwards of seventy years of age, and Godwin goes on thus

"Petrarch was interesting to Chaucer because Chaucer saw in him as it were the lineal descendant of the Ciceros, the Virgils, and the Ovids of Italy in the days of its classical greatness. Chaucer was interesting to Petrarch for a different reason. He came from the "*Ultima Thule*," the "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*."—Petrarch had just finished *his* Grisildis. He had put it into the hands of one of his friends, a Citizen of Padua. His friend attempted to read it aloud; but he had no sooner got into the incident of the tale than he found himself obliged to desist; his voice was choaked with tears. Petrarch read this tale to Chaucer, Chaucer was entranced. The magic of a tale perhaps the most pathetic that human fancy ever conceived heard under the sacred roof of him in whom the genius of modern poetry seemed to be concentred." * * * "Having heard the tale, Chaucer requested of Petrarch permission to take a copy of it. So much is implied when he makes the Clerk of Oxenford say that he

"Lern'd it at Padowe of a Worthy Clerk
Fraunceis Petrark."

"If Chaucer learned the History of Grisildis from Petrarch at Padua, (and it would imply an idle and wanton imputation upon the veracity of Chaucer to doubt it, it then follows, though Boccaccio began his Decamerone shortly after the plague in 1348, A. D. that the work was not yet sufficiently familiar to the most enlightened and studious part of the English public in 1373, A. D. for Chaucer to be aware of the contents of the admirable story it contains."

"Chaucer was early conversant with the writings of Boccaccio, but the unrivalled fame of Petrarch threw for some time a sort of obscurity upon the more natural and unpretending effusions of his Florentine contemporary."

Thus is all, or nearly all, that Godwin says upon this subject, in his life of Chaucer.

SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1852. [Vol. I.

RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I., RELATED BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XIII.

I GOT to Oxford to find that I was rusticated, and with a numbed feeling which seemed as if it never would wake again, I arranged my affairs, and left for my now hateful home.

The state of my mother's health prevented Warren from communicating the intelligence to her. To me he would not speak. I cannot say how I passed the month that succeeded. I have no recollection of it whatever. No one was by to share my sorrows. Miss Eversfield had not returned from London, where she was staying with the Right Honorable Richard Tufto, and her cousin, his wife. My poor mother lay on her sofa, and spoke to no one save on the most commonplace subjects; the young ladies at the parsonage forbore to address me : in short I was a complete outcast. It is true that Abud the Lawyer, meeting me in the street, did once and for all, attempt to take me by the button with an address which began— "Sir, under the peculiar circumstances........" but I interrupted him with so fierce an oath, that he was fain to beat a quick retreat. Fortunately perhaps for me, Dashwood had escaped rustication, whether from the fidelity of a well-feed scout, or whether from its being known that his father had the disposal of several livings. Consequently he remained at Oxford, and I was for the present spared the temptation of his good humour and spirits, his liberal expenditure, and his *air noble*.

One day, grown desperate, I resolved to bring my persecutors (so I was beginning to look upon

every one) to a distinct understanding. With this purpose I called upon my guardian. As the old footman, with what I look for a reproachful look, shut the door of the rectory drawing-room, and went to call his master, I felt my courage ooze away: but the sound of footsteps re-assured me, and I determined to put a bold face on a bad business. The Rector entered.

"Well, Charles." The Rector paused.

"Well, Charles," (with a kindness that surprised and pained the pride in which I was entrenched,) "I am glad to see you have got the better of your evil feelings."

"Sir," I answered with all due gravity; "I am not here to speak of my feelings; they have been neither consulted, nor, I believe, understood."

"Nay, Charles, but they have, and the moment you are prepared to converse coolly on the subject, you shall be convinced on this point. What are your wishes?"

"My wishes," I replied, in the spirit of a child who, feeling that it has been deservedly punished, refuses to eat its dry bread; "my wishes are simply to leave England as soon as possible, and for ever."

"Don't be in a hurry; remember our past consultations; remember, I beseech you, the trouble and expense that has been laid out on your education, the hopes and prayers of that poor saint who is out of the reach of these sorrows now. Faith," said the parson in his hearty way; "I could almost hope that she might remain in her present state."

I was affected to a greater degree than I cared to shew. Dr. Warren proceeded:—

"Take my advice, dear Charley; your principles are good; your talents will win you any reasonable success. Try it once more; go back to Oxford for the next term, and, if you find it still so disagreeable, why we'll see what can be done."

"Disagreeable," I said, "it must ever be. The experience I have had of the University has undeceived me bitterly: all I want is a Cadetship in the East India Company's Service. Do not oppose me. These appointments are not very difficult to get; assist me in this, and I shall have an increase to a load of obligation, dear Dr. Warren, which is even now too much for me."

"You are mistaken, my boy, mistaken in every point. The Cadetships are not by any means easy to get; in fact I have no idea that we could ever hope to succeed in such an attempt. Go back to Oxford. N. will watch over you."

"N—," cried I, indignantly; "you are mistaken, sir, in that gentleman. He thinks of nothing but himself, and his own enjoyments. He would not spend five minutes on me, if I wanted it ever so much, as he was starting for his walk up Headington hill."

"Nor ought you to expect it at such a moment," answered the Rector, with a smile which set every thing to rights; "it is the only exercise my good friend ever takes; and without it he would lose his health."

"Or his appetite for Hall. Well, sir, it shall be as you wish; I will go back. Do you on your part remember that you are pledg-

ed to do what you can to get the Cadetship."

Next term, therefore, I returned to Oxford, but it was with very much freer and happier feelings; no attention was ever shewn me again by the "Dons," with the exception at least of poor N., whose health was beginning to fail under the regularity of his mismanagement. I continued, or rather improved, my attendance at Lectures and Chapels, and put such force upon my impulses, that no serious collision again occurred between myself and authority. But my mind was made up, and viewing my position from one side, I felt convinced that India was my only field, and arms the profession for which "a disappointed man" was best adapted.

Meantime Mr. N. got worse and worse. One morning I found him confined to his chair. He was dangerously ill.

"I am a victim," said he, "if I die, (though for that matter I don't think I am so near it, as some people might like;) you see I had had a little attack of my old complaint, and sent for old Q.—crabbed old fellow, does not know the difference between tripe and calf's foot jelly (rather prefers the former I think). 'Got it sharpish this time,' says he; 'I don't want to know that,' was my answer. 'There now,' says he; 'how can you expect to get well with that temper. I'll tell you what it is N.; you eat and drink twice as much as any man ought to. Ever read Horace?' 'Yes,' says I, rather surprised; '*Crescit indulgens sibi*, eh? How many bottles to-day?' In short all I could get out of him was to live entirely upon slops, and not touch wine or spirits. Well, sir, I was sitting up here in my arm-chair, listening to the chapel bell, and wondering at the men going through the dark raw evening, when up comes the smell of roast goose. I could not stand it. 'Thomas,' said I, 'let me have a goose for supper.' Thomas started, having heard the Doctor's order. However I had my goose and a bottle of old port out of my own cellar, and I don't believe it did me the least harm whatever. I was dropping into a nice doze, when the man overhead, (whom I've had rusticated) began to play the flageolet. I never could bear flageolets, and now it gave me such a pain in the head and stomach that I could have sworn the last day was at hand. In short, sir, I have never been out of bed since."

A few days afterwards I called; Thomas looked blank. "How's your master?" said I.

"Some one sent him a brace of partridges yesterday, which he ordered to be roasted to-day at five for his dinner. Woke in the night; called to me; 'Thomas,' says he. 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'What o'clock?' says he. 'Five, sir,' says I. Five in the morning I meant, for I saw a light in the shoe-black's room. 'Then let me have my partridges. So, say and do what I would, he had his partridges; since when, delirious, as a matter of course."

I sate by the old man's bedside. The last words he breathed, as well as we could catch them, were these:—

"I should like to live," said he, "till the asparagus comes in."

The term wore slowly on. I was beginning to fancy myself in error about college, or at any rate about my chance of getting

any other opening, when I received a letter from Dr. Warren, in which he informed me that he was led by the uniformly discouraging letters of my Tutor and of myself to communicate a piece of news. Miss Eversfield, always anxious to do a kind action, had applied to her cousin's husband, Mr. Tufto, and that gentleman had at once put in motion his unbounded interest to get me a Cadetship. Of course with success. Part of this I understood immediately. Edith had no nearer relation than Mrs. Tufto; that family were poor and ambitious; if Miss Eversfield died unmarried, they would inherit her enormous property, and every aspirant, however humble, to her favour was of course an object to be removed. But with the new confidence that told me this, came the bitter antidote which the part she had taken in the matter forced upon my notice. My expatriation, much as I had wished for it, should not have been owing to her. My plans were at once formed. I would take my name off the University Books, return to Stagnum, and seek an eclaircissement with Edith; if that proved unfavorable, I would see England no more.

It was under these influences that I wrote, one dreary dark, November morning, the following:—

FAREWELL.

Fled is the Summer, silent bird and bee,
And harsh the wind in every shivering tree.
Fast fade the woods, hoarse flows the swollen stream
All nature mourns beneath yon watery beam;
And who shall wonder, if the lonely heart,
With nature's desolation bears its part,
Owns its core a sad and sickening fear,
And sinks, despondent, with the sinking year?
Else, whence this vague involuntary gloom,
This shadow of the hills beyond the tomb,
That casts a sombre hue on every thought,
And makes the Future seem a thing of nought?

Once more I leave the place where I was born,
And so departing, can I choose but mourn?
Haply some coming day, with cloudless skies,
May gild, to Fancy's Eye, my destinies:
Still, while I bless the casual relief,
I feel the truest sentiment is Grief.

Perchance no more in this my native land,
Shall I behold the Summer smiling bland;
Or feel, by wooded height or shadowy dell
The sweet enchantments that I love so well.

How oft beneath the glowing Indian sky,
When this weak frame shall all exhausted lie,
Will memory paint the streams and upland fields,
And the brave breezes that my country yields.

So be it; but the soul is of no time,
Son of no soil, and denizen of no clime;
What! though it sometimes own its partner's claim,
And sympathize with all the sensuous frame;
True to itself, and fortified by lore,
It scorns control, and wears the chain no more;
Burns for new labours, in what field so e'er,
Till all the Future glitters, dim, though fair.

But hard his lot, whose weak, untutored mind,
Sensitive, but untaught, impure, though kind,
Clings to the frail companion of life's day,
In cold communion with the outer clay;
His Past, a vague, impenitential gloom,
His Future, but a sense of wrath to come;
While the pale Present, gliding fast away,
Accelerates his sad, descending day.

To retrospection, now, how sad appears
The dream of lost, but not forgotten, years;
Years when life's paths were open and secure,
Till frequent failure made them few, and fewer;
Kind hearts estranged, esteem slain wantonly,
Make up the dreary tale of Memory.

And shall they yet again, in judgment rise,
Those years that sit with glaring, tearless eyes?
Shall failing time still swell the grisly train,
Till they o'erthrow me, ne'er to rise again?
Almighty Father, no! to Thee I cry,
Who seest my heart with undeceived eye.
Thus runs Thy word (be wise in time, who can)
" My spirit shall not always strive with Man." *

England, my mother, mistress of the sea!
My last sad strain I consecrate to thee;
Brave be thy sons, thy daughters chaste as fair
Fruitful thy quarters, and may God be there;
True be thy rulers, and, till time shall end,
No foes molest thee, and no discords rend!

CHAPTER XIV.

Accordingly I returned to Stagnum. That little community was in a complete uproar. The Railway was to come as far as Lymstone Regis, and it was thought that a little exertion on the part of the inhabitants would procure its extension to them. Industrial results, sources of traffic never dreamed of before, were suddenly adduced, and Abud made speeches from morning till night. The old-fashioned party, headed by Dr. Warren and Thomson the Medical man, thinking more of the present comfort and repose of the neighbourhood than of any speculative advantages that the future might bring forth, were staunch in opposition. Nor were the ladies and the circle that moved round them, without their own peculiar source of excitement. There was a visitor at the village who had created some sensation amongst the natives: imagine my disgust, when it proved to be that heartless, uneducated cub, Cox Bloxam.

Edith had also returned; the prodigal hospitalities and charities of her ancestral castle were conducted with more discrimination when its gifted mistress was there. Little as I understood that almost perfect nature then, I was taught by love to read her love, her ardent active love of mankind. I saw that her charities were neither the ostentatious injustice of profusion, nor the cold dolings of calculation, but the free results of enlightened and unwearied benevolence. With a jealousy that proceeded as much from the intellect as from the head, I beheld her unbounded catholicity. Dashwood was quite a favourite with her, and even Bloxam (brute as he was) had more of her attention than I.

Time wore on. It was New Year's Day, and a ship was to sail on the twentieth of January.

That evening the Dashwoods had a large dinner party, where Edith was handed to her seat by Lionel; Bloxam managed to get on the other side, and I, in great dudgeon, was forced to content myself with sitting opposite, which was a much better position, it is true, as far as looking at my idol was concerned, but I was determined to be in a pet. In the evening Lionel's presence produced a special relaxation of the usual grim severity of the Hall; a carpet-dance was permitted under an express stipulation that there should be no waltzing. At an early hour I danced a quadrille with Miss Eversfield, who talked with her usual heartful manner on general subjects, but utterly kept me away from the only thing I would have cared to speak of. To have spoken of that, indeed, I would have given up all my prospects in life, but I could not introduce it without obvious rudeness to her. As we proceeded with the dance, I ventured to ask her to let me carry her bouquet. She gave it me, and when the dance was over, took my arm, desiring me to lead her to a seat, and asking to have the flowers back again. I objected with all the eloquence I could summon to my assistance, but without success. So I gave up my prize, and wandered into the Conservatory, cold as it was, less painful to me than the room where

I was forced to see her smiling on coxcombs and roués. It was a crisp clear moonlight night, and I walked up and down in the chiaroscuro of the orange trees, till something like calmness came to my broken spirit. The sound of voices disturbed me. I knew the deep contralto tones of her I loved.

"That Camellia you cannot have Captain Bloxam, but I'll give you the heart's case if you value it."

"Alas! there is no heart's ease in the society of Miss Eversfield."

"Dear, how complimentary," rejoined the young Lady. "Why, Mr. Freeman," they were by the door, and I was passing into the room, "why, how cross you look: see, here is the bouquet you asked for just now."

"Nay, madam," was my reply, "I do not covet a wreath whose fairest flowers have been given to others." Bloxam, with an insipid stare, walked into the room, and was soon completely occupied in twisting his moustache before a distant pier-glass.

"Edith!" I breathed, rather than spoke, "my heart is breaking. Since I first saw you, you have been my life; in leaving you thus, I seem to taste the bitterness of death."

Her eyelids were again downcast with the old peculiar look. This time a tear trembled on the long dark lashes.

She laid her left hand on my throbbing forehead. "My poor boy," said she, "this must have happened. It is final. See me no more. You shall know everything soon. Everything," she repeated mournfully, and left my gaze—for ever.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a scene of unparalleled excitement. All down the street of Portsmouth little bits of genuine domestic drama were going on; here a mother was parting from a son, there a father was half leading, half supporting a weeping daughter. Down to the Sallyport, call a boat. Look on the scene with stony eyes. What is it to me who separate, who weep. I have none to part from, none to weep for, or to weep for me. My mother had said "Goodbye!" with the utmost apathy, firmly convinced that I was returning to Oxford. Warren had made me spend the last evening in his happy domestic circle? But its charms were turned to spells, and only increased my pain and anger. I knew now what Home was, and the sight of their happiness but served more strongly to shew what I was leaving. The good Rector bade me God speed! in a voice and manner which I hope never to forget. There had been a coldness between us since my failure at Oxford, which lent a strange interest to the moment of parting; for it was done in a moment. Up to the very last, I had endeavoured to maintain the calm bearing of English society. At length my Post-chaise was announced. The clock struck twelve. My last day at home was ended. Old Mrs. Warren blessed me, the dear girls could not speak, Warren took my arm, and led me to the garden gate.

"Remember us all," said he, "you will never disgrace us I

know. And if," he pursued with a deeper tone, "you carry in your heart one bitter memory, oh! remember that it is a burthen that others have carried before you, and it has but increased their feeling of duty. Duty is the grandest word I can leave you with,—the last, the highest note I can strike upon your heart strings. God Almighty watch and guide you. Remember duty."

So I got into my boat alone, and was pulled out to Spithead, where our noble Indiaman lay, ready to weigh her anchor, and looking a mere yacht by the side of the "tall Amirals" by which she was surrounded. The first bustle of inspecting cabin and other preliminary arrangements was scarcely over, when the order was passed to clear the ship, and send off all who were not passengers. Then were renewed the sad parting scenes. I watched them coldly as before. I was alone in the world, with the ghost of my wasted youth. Edith had made no sign.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

The voyage from Portsmouth to India in our days is not the adventurous affair that it may have been in the time of Sir Abraham Shipman, or Captain Lankester. It is not a subject to inspire much description, and, fortunately, it does not require it. One voyage of the kind closely resembles another. Those who have performed it, know to a fraction every thing that I went through; those who have not, can imagine the matter with the help of a very few *data*. It is a sort of perpetual present; hopes and fears are suspended; passions and money are locked up; a sort of animal being takes the place of what is, generally, called life. Breakfast comes at half-past eight; wine or grog at twelve; dinner (*the* event of the day) at half-past three; tea at seven; grog and card-playing in the evening; and lights out, willy-nilly, at half after ten. Five meals in twelve hours! Then we had the swell of the Bay of Biscay—which we passed in something very like a calm—the high, scarped cliffs of Cape Ortegal, Porto Santo, Madeira; and then the week upon week of boundless blue, the progress of the Sundays being only marked by the advance of the lessons that were read in the impromptu Church that was "rigged" once a week on the quarter-deck; the change of place being still less noticeably suggested by change of temperature and of weather. Nor did the characters of the passengers afford much amusement; they were such as were soon "travelled over," to use Goldsmith's expression. A democratic officer of Artillery; an Irish Captain of Foot, whose strong Orange principles constantly brought him into differences with

the democrat; two young Company's officers, returning from furlough, such as are not now so common as once they were,—men who came out to this country too young to have quite acquired the tone and character of English society, and yet whose scanty information was in some degree helped out by sound feeling and strong sense; dogmatic in expression, they were, yet deferential in judgment;—often pregnant with struggling meaning, always oppressed by the throes of utterance; a class of fellows who, when young, are neither very good nor very bad, and when old, swell the ranks of some Military Club in London, where they are to be seen with very red faces, and very white hair, got up in blue and brass, (like poor Strickland at the Haymarket,) and playing long whist for half-crown points.

Of the ladies, I have always found that the least said is the soonest mended; suffice it to observe that, luckily for us, there were none of the "*femelles de ces males*" on board, such as I was afterwards doomed to meet here and there in Indian society. At this time my feelings were in a state which, permitting of very little individual devotion to particular women, inspired a grave respect for the sex in general. The memories of the gentle girls at the Rectory, and still more of the pure and lofty Edith—mysterious as much in her recent conduct certainly appeared—these all came upon me often and often, while musing at the gunwale beneath a tropical moon, while a consecrating influence stole over my thoughts of woman and of man.

The first land we saw after leaving Madeira was our destined port, Madras. A weary time at sea; and I find that towards the end of the voyage I recorded my *ennui* in some lines, of which the following is a—

FRAGMENT.

I am weary of the ocean,
  Emblem of eternity;
Boundlessness is too ideal,
  Time and Space suffice for me.

Life at sea is but the shadow
  Of the life we led on land;
And the silent glass of Chronos,
  Hardly seems to drop a sand.

Life at sea is life suspended
  In a present evermore;
All the past is dim behind us,
  All the future vague before.

'Tis an isthmus, leading on
  From continent to continent;
Where the Spirit, worn with waiting,
  Sometimes dreams it is content.

For I dream, cast out from action,
  Nothing more remains to do;
Looking at the sky and ocean,
  Gazing up from blue to blue.

Watching in the constellations,
Circles of the wheeling mast;
Nourishing a sickly fancy,
With the visions of the past.

On the thirteenth of August we were roused at six in the morning by the blessed intelligence that "land was in sight." I rushed on deck: there it lay,—a long, low, black line of shore, with another line of white; and then the sea, dark as pitch, for the moon was setting behind the mass of ruin, called the Seven Pagodas; and that line, which was the only white in the whole scene, was the sullen surf which day and night rests not from beating on that low and wooded coast.

Here then was the first act of my life brought to its close: there, before me, was the object of my childhood's wonder, the sphere of my manhood's occupation.

Hurrah! the Mount in sight, and the light-house, and the steeple of the Church in Fort St. George.

PHŒBE.

Pale lovely planet, when thy cold beams shed
Their silver radiance o'er the slumbering sea,
That calm and placid all around is spread,
With nought reflected on its face but thee,
As slowly rippling o'er its sandy bed,
It floweth on in tranquil majesty.

Or when in fullest splendour from the sky,
Thou lookest down upon the verdant hill,
Where erst the young Endymion wont to lie,
Stretched on the turf beside the trickling rill,
Nought gazing on thee, save the poet's eye,
In summer midnight, lovely, dark, and still.

Or in the autumn evening, when the rays
Of dying daylight gild the ruddy west,
When thy pale crescent in that golden blaze,
Seems like a fairy island of the blest,
And when the wearied hinds upon thee gaze,
And hail thee as the harbinger of rest.

Each is a scene of beauty, and 'tis thou
Givest its chiefest beauty to the scene,
Smiling on ocean's breast and mountain's brow,
Or pouring down soft floods of silver sheen
Upon the sighing elm tree's topmost bough,
That homage waves to thee, Night's gentle Queen.

A HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE.

BY CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D.,

Late of St. John's College, Cambridge.—London, 1850.

Two volumes only are as yet published of Mr. Merivale's promised work, and they form an introduction to, rather than the history of, the Romans under the Empire. The writer has given us a graphic sketch of the last days of the Commonwealth, and has ably exposed those momentous and irresistible circumstances, which step by step converted the republic into a dictatorship for life, and finally placed the Empire of the world in the hands of one man. We have not much acquaintance through English writers with the occurrences which pre-shadowed this mighty change. They have either not cared, or from want of means have been unable, to depict the last throes of an expiring republic. Fortunately the labours of foreign scholars have been more successfully extended. Mr. Merivale has been chiefly indebted for the facts and references contained in his work to the writings of Michelet, Amedée Thierry, Duruy, Hoeck Abeken, and others. Dr. Arnold indeed gave to the public a brilliant description of the latter days of the Commonwealth, and the literary world looked forward with eager curiosity to the continuance of his general history of Rome, the early promise of which offered the surest guarantee for the interesting contents of future volumes. But that eminent person's untimely death left the field open to any candidate for historical fame and reputation. It is some satisfaction to know that the lamented Doctor's mantle has fallen upon a "friend and admirer," who has succeeded in contributing a valuable addition to our historic literature.

The task to which the author intends to devote his labour is that "of tracing the expansion of the Roman nation, together with the development of the ideas of unity and monarchy from the last days of the Republic to the era of Constantine. We commence with a period when the Senate still fondly imagined that the Government of the world was the destined privilege of one conquering race, that its life-source was enshrined in the curia of Romulus and Camillus. The point at which our review may appropriately terminate is the day when the civilized world received its laws and religion from the mouth of an autocrat, whose sole will transferred the seat of empire without a shock from the sacred circle of the seven hills to a village on the Bosphorus."

The two volumes which we have undertaken to examine may without impropriety be said to contain "The life and times of Julius Cæsar, from cotemporary history." From their perusal we have gained a wider knowledge of that great Captain and Statesman than we possessed before. Those of our readers who happen to read the book will probably admit that they too have learnt something new, and by a more intimate acquaintance with the wonderful and versatile genius of

one who was, emphatically speaking, the Man of his time.

The style is in parts clumsy, and generally savours of a relish for sesquipedalian and high-sounding words. The sentences flow not from the well of English undefiled. We did not expect to find the rich eloquence of Gibbon, or the sparkling vivacity of Macaulay, but at times the writer is forced by the great interest of his subject into the use of nervous and unaffected language, and occasionally into passages of considerable merit. There is perhaps some dash of pedantry and scholastic affectation in Mr. Merivale's careful observance of the Latin termination in the names of Pompei"us," Marc"us" Antoni"us," and Catalin"a"—"Pompeius Magnus" has more pretension than Pompey the Great, of whose life and cruel death, in the sight of his wife, we read in the days of our youth. To our view, Mark Antony sounds more agreeably than Marcus Antonius. The conduct of Cataline is well known to all; but the name of Catalina carries with it an uncomfortable mystery—and would seem to attach too much weight to the bold attempt of that daring communist. We care not to raise well known personages upon stilts, when there is no necessity for such an exaltation. We were half afraid that our good-natured, vain friend Cicero would be written down as Kikero, but Mr. Merivale has spared us that blow. However these are trifling faults, if indeed they deserve so harsh a name. But the real interest of the volumes will be found to exist in the various and exciting scenes, which they describe, at Rome, and abroad. Even those who shudder at the very idea of being asked to read history, cannot fail to derive enjoyment from the perusal of the greater portion of what the author has set before them. "The mind is in itself a place," and thus, seated in our arm chair, we can be easily and without fatigue transported to Rome. We can take a part in the grave consultations of that august body, the Senate, at this time so shamefully degraded. There were few men of ability; still fewer of integrity and principle within its ranks. Of the noble families, Catulus was the most honest, but his talents were mediocre. Lucullus, a man of great ability, and military skill, was too lazy and indolent for the affairs of public life. Crassus, amongst men of moderately-gifted intellect was a distinguished statesman, but he was singularly avaricious, and sordidly fond of money. Cato, great grandson of the Censor, though a plebeian, was possessed of very great influence in the Senate. He exhibited greater devotion to the cause of oligarchy than the Patricians themselves, and they esteemed him for his fidelity; but he was an obstinate pedant, and a wooden likeness of his great grandfather. Pompey, alternately courted and despised by the Senate, owed whatever interest he possessed with them, to his successful career as a general. They looked to him for protection from the Marian party now rapidly regaining its influence, which had been shaken by the proscriptions under Sulla. Cicero, also a new man, was an object of dislike to the nobles. They were afraid of his talents and his ardour for reform. Accordingly they opposed his advance to the higher honors of

the Republic, in which they exhibited short-sightedness; for after he had been appointed Consul, his desire for reform cooled down with incredible rapidity; whilst his respect for rank and the Senate increased with proportionate strength. Hortensius was another distinguished member of the Senate. He and Cicero were rivals in the Forum, and both attained the Consulship; the former was not more eminent in his profession than famous for his fish ponds, and affectation in dress and manner. This is the same Hortensius who wept for the death of a favorite pet "murœnam adeo dilexit ut exanimatam flesse creditur"—Martial has a passage on this insane love of fish, which has not escaped Mr. Merivale's notice.

"Natat ad Magistrum delicata muræna;
Nomenculator mugilem citat notum;
Et adesse jussi prodeunt senes mulli."

We have suffered ourselves, during the perusal of Mr. Merivale's work to be actually in Rome, we will therefore visit the Courts of Justice, and listen to judges passing sentence. We arrive in time to hear a decision given in total opposition to the facts of the case. In our astonishment, we all but raise our voices with a cry of "proh pudor!" An obliging bystander relieves our feelings by the intelligence that such things are not new in Rome, and being an experienced person, points out the many ways by which favorable judgments can be obtained. We sigh for those honest days of the republic gone by for ever, when the avaricious Senate had not yet seized upon the "Judicia" for themselves; when the knights were allowed to sit as judges, and during a period of forty years not a shadow of suspicion had fallen upon their body. But we grieve to find that not even the return of the knights can restore purity to the Bench. Corruption reigns triumphant in every Court, over-ruling justice and equity. His must be the knightly mind of the olden time, and not the money-coveting spirit of the last days of the Republic, which would escape contamination.

Then again we are mixed up with the politics of the day, and, according as our views are liberal or conservative, inclined to free trade or protection in the distribution of official emoluments, we take the side of the people against the Senate, or the Senate against the people. We are Marians or followers of Sulla, as our fancy dictates. We unravel the intrigues of Cataline, witness his flight and the destruction of his followers, and listen to Cicero, the saviour of the city, praising himself before the Senate and in public.

"O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic,
Omnia dixisset."

But this he could not do! his talents were his destruction. "Ingenio manus est et cervix cæsa!" For excitement and amusement we turn into the streets, and behold the triumphal procession of a successful general, wending its slow and stately way through the principal thoroughfares, crowded with rejoicing multitudes. It is not without pity that we glance at the noble captives, lately taken prisoners on some well-contested and bloody field, fighting valiantly for their liberties and independence, now in bonds compelled to walk behind the chariot wheels of an exulting conqueror. We listen with feelings of pride to the

steady tramp of the hardy and invincible veterans, without whose aid victory perhaps would have been doubtful. We follow with admiring eyes the martial appearance and gay trappings of a long line of warriors, not Roman citizens, but levies from some subdued Province, whom the love of war or booty, and a chivalrous respect for the military skill of their leaders when an enemy, have converted into faithful followers. We hear the loud shouts and cheers of the fickle populace, ever shifting its opinion, to-day making Pompey a god, to-morrow raising their variable voices in praise of Cæsar.

"Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire;
And do you cull out a holiday;
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?"

Such is the breath of popular opinion! Let us move onward, and view the elections for City Magistrates. We visit the different polling places, and to our horror are compelled to become all but participators in scenes of riot and licentiousness, committed by hired ruffians or low mercenaries,—the body guard of some degenerate Patrician or popular agitator. All sense of, or respect for, order, is lost in that general corruption, which is rapidly destroying the noble republic of ancient days, and its free city, once the abode of honorable citizens, now infested by the vilest of Italian and foreign refugees, whose hands and daggers are ever ready to strike at the call of the highest bidder. Rome is no longer the capital of a country, but the metropolis of the then known world. She has conquered the nations of the earth, and has in turn been subdued by foreign vices, superstitions and manners. The Senate, distracted by party opposition, is unable to regulate affairs at home, still less can they hope to protect the interests of the republic abroad. Bad Government has alienated the Provinces; they are ripe for revolt. The kingdom divided against itself cannot stand. We feel that the Commonwealth must fall; nay, the whole fabric of Roman dominion must melt away, unless a strong hand can seize the reins of Government, restore order, and reconcile conflicting interests, by controlling all.

It is well said that God made the country, and man the towns; we will therefore leave the confusion and turmoils which faction has excited within the city walls, and in search of the picturesque, wander in the country amongst the beau-

tiful gardens attached to the villas of Roman Senators, Knights, and wealthy citizens.

From the houses of Brutus, Julius Cæsar, Metellus, Crassus, and Pompey, we can look down with delighted eyes upon the "mighty City, mistress of the world, gleaming in the sun with its panoply of roofs, and flashing brightness into the blue vault above it." After several hours' pleasant "strolling" in this spirit-moving scenery, we can, if so disposed, return to the busier world and the city's bustle; or, being fortunately acquainted with Cicero, we can look in upon him at his dinner hour. We shall find him more self-complacent than ever; re-called from banishment, welcomed to his much-loved Rome by an enthusiastic multitude, and again in possession of his charming home at Tusculum. We shall observe that he is wiser than of old, and less cautious of burning his fingers with politics during the dictatorship of Julius Cæsar. He has consoled himself for the loss of his daughter Tullia by a second marriage with a young and comely lady; for Cicero loves neatness in every thing about him. We may chance to come in upon that memorable day, (as great in its way, as that on which his "sacred Majesty Charles II. of happy memory took his disjune at Tillietudlem" with Lady Margaret Bellenden;) when, unexpected and self-invited, Cæsar himself honored the philosopher's retreat with a visit, and stayed to dinner. Cicero, pleased, but yet not quite assured of the great man's disposition towards himself, prepares a fragrant bath for his refreshment, and recites, during the operations of the toilet, a scurrilous epigram for his amusement. Then follows dinner, well-cooked and plentiful: this act of attention gratifies the dictator, who loves fatness, animal and human; to whom thin men are a stumbling block in his path, and a warning; for their thoughts are dangerous.

Cæsar.—Antonius—
Ant.—Cæsar!
Cæsar.—Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Ant.—Fear him not, Cæsar: he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæsar.—Would he were fatter.

The dinner passes off well. The dictator continues in high good humour, as indeed he ought to have done, for Cicero says of him that he eat and drank merrily, "edit et bibit αδεως et jucundé." We can imagine to ourselves the edifying conversation which ensued: how the host endeavoured to shine, and the guest not unamused, silently listened.

Next let us accompany some needy Pro-consul to his province. We shall behold the extortion and rapacity of which he is guilty, and the tyranny and grievous oppression under which the people suffer at the hands of the Publicani. So denuded and spoiled were the pro-

vinces, under the rule of officers whose sole object in accepting a Government was to amass a fortune, that the despotism of Julius Cæsar was the greatest blessing which could have befallen the Empire at large. A noble desirous of this appointment must first serve the offices of Quæstor, Ædile, Prætor, and Consul. These magistracies were only to be gained by party influence, bribery, and corruption. The first object was to join a party, and to aid them unflinchingly; the next to borrow money either from friends or usurers to defray election expenses. The Consulship once attained, Provincial Government followed as a matter of course. The new Governor proceeded to his Province, determined at any cost of honor, humanity, or bloodshed, to reimburse himself and friends for election expenses, and to collect a sum sufficiently ample to admit of his return to Rome, able to compete with his neighbours in luxury, and to flatter the people with public shews, or take a prominent part in state affairs. The efforts of Cæsar, Pompey, and Cicero were devoted to throw open these offices to new men of talents and ability. The latter exposed in the case of Verres the iniquity of Provincial Government, but the evil was not removed. New men and the oligarchy, both parties were equally tyrannical and oppressive when the means of being so were in their grasp. When Cæsar had leisure, after being appointed dictator to attend to the great danger which threatened the Roman power, in the alienation of its provinces, he endeavoured to check the exaction and avarice of the different governors. It was however left to the Emperors to complete the system of control over fiscal arrangements abroad, and the rapacity of the Publicani, by whom the sources of revenue, the tolls, imposts, and titles were farmed. Mr. Merivale thus speaks of the Provincial Governments:—"The luxuriance of Roman oppression flourished but for a century and a half, but in that time it created perhaps the most extensive and searching misery the world has ever seen. The establishment of the imperial despotism placed in the main an effective control over these petty tyrants, and notwithstanding all the crimes by which it won its way, and the corruptions which were developed in its progress, it deserves to be regarded, at least in this important particular, as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to the human race."

We can trace the rise of Cæsar to the height of power, step by step, as the champion of the popular party, the Marians. We view him persecuted by Sulla, ordered to put away his wife Cornelia, and firmly refusing to purchase personal safety by so dishonorable an act. At this time his party by severity and proscriptions had become thoroughly cowed. Hope was not even left to them; Cæsar had no powerful friends to protect him from the tyrant's anger; but he never wavered for an instant in his resolution. Far different was the conduct of Pompey in a similar difficulty; he at once divorced his wife Antistia at the bidding of the dictator; Cæsar's refusal cost him his wife's fortune and his own place in the priesthood. Sulla however spared his life, but did not fail to warn

the Senate what a dangerous man he would prove. He advised them to beware of "that young trifler," in whom more than one Marius would be found. Cæsar retired abroad, and did not return to Rome until the death of his enemy. Being still too young to fill public offices, he betook himself to Athens to study rhetoric and liberalism. On his return he prepared to contend for the various City Magistracies. Not an opportunity escaped him of attacking the Senate and their privileges; nor did he neglect any one means of upholding the popular cause. His distinguished abilities and happy relationship with Marius placed him in the front row of public men as the acknowledged leader of the Marian party. He won over Crassus to his interest by flattery, and allowed Pompey to fancy him his instrument, willing to work out another man's end, and, provided he could only overthrow the power of his enemies—the oligarchy. The first triumvirate was established, and its influence secured the Consulship for Cæsar. At the expiration of his year of office, the Provinces of both Gauls and Illyricum fell to his lot for a term of five years. He was now in a position to increase his name, to get himself more than ever talked about, and to fill men's mouths with glowing accounts of his victories over the dreaded enemies of Rome—the savage Gauls. He could create an army of devoted followers, and attach, by enriching them, a numerous retinue from the best families of the city, who accompanied him to his Province for the purpose of seeing the world, and studying the science of war. At the expiration of his command, his friends at home were successful in extending his term of government for five years. The death of Julia, his daughter and Pompey's wife, with the miserable discomfiture and fate of Crassus in Parthia, broke up the triumvirate. This connexion had lasted too long for the ambition of both. Pompey had discovered his mistake; Cæsar would be second to no man in Rome, or the Roman dominion. He reconciled himself with the Senate, and for a time appeared warmly to take up their cause. His rival continued in his province, patiently biding his time, and strengthening his means for the day of trial, whenever it should come. The breaking up of the first triumvirate and the weakness of the Senate had paralyzed the state machine. Cæsar was absent, Pompey remained a passive spectator of the disorder which reigned throughout the city, in the hope that it would be found necessary to invest him with the dictatorship. The ordinary magistracies were unfilled; there were no Consuls. The Senate at length prevailed upon him to lend the weight of his influence to the scale of order. He prevailed upon the tribunes to proceed to the election of Consuls, who, when elected, proved quite incompetent to repress the scenes of violence which almost daily occurred. The next year opened as the past had done, with an interregnum. The murder of Clodius by Milo exasperated the populace into furious and continued riots. A commission was appointed to take measures for the protection of the State, and Pompey was vested with power to raise troops for the safety of

the city. He had now the opportunity of seizing upon the dictatorship, but he hesitated, and the opportunity so carefully sought for passed away, like a word that has been spoken, never to be recalled. He was content to be sole Consul. Time passed on, and the Senate, having successfully thwarted the designs of his rival, prepared to take vengeance on Cæsar. Jealous of the unprecedented success which the Marian leader had obtained over the Gauls, and of the devotion of his followers, and equally suspicious of his influence over the minds of the provincials, they determined to put down Cæsar. He was directed to resign his command on an appointed day. He would return to Rome no longer possessed of the power to disobey the commands of the Senate, or overcome the legitimate rulers of the State. Secure in the affections of his soldiers and the good will of the popular party at home, Cæsar refused to resign his command, until certain grievances which he complained of were redressed. Pompey openly backed the Senate's decree.

The crisis had come, and its denouement rapidly followed. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon: the Senate refused all accommodation, and their enemy was carried in triumph to Rome. Pompey fled from Italy to the court of Epirus, carrying with him the Senate, and leaving the country at the mercy of the invader. The following extract is one of the best and most true in the book. Speaking of Cæsar, Mr. Merivale says: "He bore indeed an ancient and honorable name; his talents for war were perhaps the highest the world has ever witnessed: his intellectual powers were almost equally distinguished in the closet, the forum, and the field; his virtues, the very opposite to those of Cato, were assuredly not less conspicuous. But he possessed a qualification for success more essential than these; the perfect simplicity of his own character gave him tact to appreciate the real circumstances and tendencies of public affairs, to which his cotemporaries were signally blind. He watched the tide of events for many anxious years, and threw himself upon it at the moment when its current was most irresistible. Favoured on numerous occasions by the most brilliant good fortune, he never lost the opportunities which were thus placed within his grasp. He neither indulged himself in sloth like Lucullus, nor wavered like Pompeius, nor shifted like Cicero, nor like Cato wrapped himself in impracticable pride; but equally capable of commanding men and of courting, of yielding to events and of moulding them, he maintained his course firmly and fearlessly without a single false step, till he attained the topmost summit of human power." The remarks of Mr. Merivale on his rival Pompey are, we think, judicious, and account for the hesitation displayed at the most critical moment of his affairs when the substance of the dictator's power was placed in his hands, and he held back for the empty title.

"Great as Pompeius undoubtedly was, it was a cardinal defect in his character that he failed to keep his principal aim steadily in view, and allowed minor objects to direct his course and fret away his energies. This may be observed even in his military career, in which his genius was most auspicious."

It will be remembered that he succeeded in baffling, nay, in positively defeating Cæsar before Petra in Epirus. Again, though the enemies over whom he conquered, when a young man, may be said to have been women and children when compared with Roman veterans, still it must be recollected that Pompey was but twenty-four years old, when he returned from his brilliant conquests, was hailed with the title of Magnus, and allowed the honor of a triumph. But to continue—"In the Spanish campaigns his operations were desultory and indecisive, and there seem to be traces of similar feebleness in his contest with Mithridates; his country-men were dissatisfied, and suspected him of protracting the struggle for political objects. In the city this want of decision became daily more evident—the consequence was that Pompeius failed to acquire any moral ascendency over his associates. His virtues were sobriety and moderation, and these he possessed in an eminent degree. But when these qualities are not the result of resolute self-control, but arise from a deficiency in animation and the sense of enjoyment, they have little attraction for men of warmer temperaments, and exercise still less command over their imaginations. Accordingly no man was so constantly deceived in the persons whom he selected for his instruments; they discovered his weaknesses, and shook off the yoke of his condescension. The distance which he affected in his intercourse with those about him arose partly from natural coldness, but more perhaps from his own distrust of his power over them. They mistook it at first for greatness of soul; but when approached nearer to the self-proclaimed Hero, they found with disgust of what ordinary clay he was formed."

We have already alluded to Pompey's flight from Italy; leaving the whole country at Cæsar's mercy. It was a bold attempt, and perhaps the only resource left to the man who had put aside from his mind all feelings of patriotism; he was ambitious to obtain despotic power for himself, but the forces which he led in Italy would be more disposed to obey the commands of the Senate than his own. They were not old veterans, like the soldiers of Cæsar, devoted to their leader, and having little sympathy with Rome itself. It was therefore necessary that he should carry the war to some country distant from Italy. The western world had become Romanized; but a successful general could hope to attach to his cause the inhabitants of the eastern Provinces, whose sympathies, as Mr. Merivale remarks, "are centred always in men, and never in governments." Provided that Pompey succeeded in triumphing over his enemies, it mattered little to them over whom he triumphed. They had no interest in the quarrels of factions within the City of Rome. On this subject Mr. Merivale thus writes: "That this however was the course Pompeius had determined to adopt (the introduction of eastern allies and a civil war) from the moment that he saw the contest with his rival inevitable, seems sufficiently proved by the whole tenor of his subsequent conduct. He hated the oligarchy of which he was the leader. At an earlier period, while placing him-

self ostensibly at its head, he had laboured to depress and degrade it. Jealous of the rival whom in self-defence he had raised against him in Cicero, he had used Cæsar, as he thought, as an instrument to crush this attempt to control him But the instrument cut the workman's hand. The next turn in the wheel of fortune showed him in close alliance with this same party, to defend themselves against a common adversary. Pompeius however was well aware that these hollow friends would seize the moment of victory to effect his overthrow. If they worsted Cæsar, it would not be to submit once more to himself. He feared the hostile influence of the Consuls and Magistrates in a camp of Roman citizens, and felt that in the event of a struggle with them, his title of Imperator would not weigh against their superior claims to the soldier's allegiance. For the armies of which he was now the nominal leader were raised within the limits of Italy; they were not debauched, like the legions of Sulla, of Marius, of Cæsar, or those which he had himself led from Asia, by long absence from the city and habits of Military licence. In order to strengthen his own exalted position, or even to maintain it after the defeat of the invader, he required a Military force of another description. It was necessary that his anticipated victory should be gained, not on the soil of Italy, nor by the hands of Lentulus and Domitius, and that his return to Rome should be a triumph over the Senate no less than over Cæsar."

We must say a few words regarding Cæsar's character. To Mr. Merivale's admirable summing up, (which we have quoted) of his qualifications for the race which destiny called on him to run, we can have little to add. It is with the darker shades of the man that we would deal. Great as Cæsar undoubtedly was, it cannot be denied that we must only view him as an Heathen Statesman and Captain, pre-eminent above his cotemporaries, and even above the great men of old. His clemency in war and his generous treatment of his enemies, after he had attained supreme power, are deserving of our admiration. But though his conduct in this respect was immeasurably superior to that of the men of his own time, Cæsar could occasionally exhibit the greatest cruelty, and allow his soldiers to indulge in indiscriminate slaughter. In one battle alone it is believed that he permitted 6,000 prisoners to be massacred. He appears to have had no religious belief, but professed atheism with that inconsistency which usually attends such a profession,—he was a slave to superstition. It is recorded of him that he would not seat himself in a chariot without first muttering a charm. Impressed from early life with a conviction that he was fated to fill a distinguished portion in the world, he surmounted perils by sea and land under which less buoyant minds would have sank, and exposed himself to risk, which other men would have cautiously avoided; yet his mind, strong enough to reject the absurdities of Roman belief, was unable to penetrate the mystery which veiled from man's eyes the existence of a Supreme Being, the Great Disposer of human life and events. It is somewhat strange that he

should have been so singularly indifferent to the growing conviction which at the time he lived had taken possession of the Eastern, and had even reached the Western world, that a new order of things and a golden age were at hand. If Cæsar had been a mere soldier and adventurer, this would not appear so unaccountable; but we must recollect that his mind was highly cultivated; he had studied philosophy under the best masters of Athens; he was acquainted with the East and with Oriental thoughts and history; he was also an author and inquirer himself; and showed himself upon all occasions to be a close observer of men and their opinions. It is impossible to conceive that he should have had no opportunity of hearing mention made of this belief in some great and stupendous revolution which was to change the face of nations, old manners, customs, and superstitions. The Sibylline books clearly alluded to this belief. Virgil was subsequently acquainted with, and made use of them.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas,
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna
Jam nova progenies cælo dimittitur alto.

We can only believe that Cæsar considered himself to be the coming man, who was to restore order, peace, and good will on earth, or that he was really indifferent, as his philosophy would teach him to be, as to the future, or that he cared not to solve a problem which might interfere with his pleasures and comfort, and thwart his views of self-interest and ambition in this world. True it is, that "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Mighty to subdue nations and bend men to his will, we behold in Cæsar a man who could not subdue himself. In an age of licentiousness he was unable to rise superior to the vices of the degraded Romans who surrounded him. He was notorious in Rome for his immorality and gallantries, and when in Egypt fell an easy prey to the fascinating eyes of that "Serpent of old Nile," as Mark Antony was wont to call Cleopatra. We presume that this discourteous appellation was one of tenderness; though a feeling of its truth may have suggested the thought. If Mark Antony could lose a kingdom for this Siren when "wrinkled deep in time," we must make some allowance for Cæsar, in whose arms she threw herself resplendent in the morning brightness of her beauty, when she was "a morsel for a monarch," and her charms could kindle a fire in the coldly flowing blood of Pompey!

Broad fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Could stand and make his eyes grow in my brow
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life."
Antony and Cleopatra.

The lady pleads so strongly for her right to conquer, that we cannot be surprised at Cæsar's surrender at discretion. It was however well for his future fame, that he fell beneath the dagger of Brutus. His connexion with this "Rare Egyptian" would have proved a thorn in his side. Her residence in Rome, to which place she followed her lover, gave great offence. It was moreover believed that she studiously laboured to detach his thoughts from Italy and the consolidation of the Empire he had won. She would have persuaded him to turn his thoughts to eastern conquests, and by her

fatal influence would have kept him at Alexandria, until he had lost not only the world, like Antony, but his glorious name and reputation. This was a strange infatuation, and certainly not worthy of the man who could say that Cæsar's wife ought not even to be suspected—a moral sentiment and tribute to virtue, inconsistent with the laxity of morals and principle which he permitted to himself.

We had intended to have examined Cæsar's conquests, and his public life as a statesman before and after his attainment of supreme power. We should have wished to speak of his reforms, the extension of the franchise, remodelling of the Senate, alteration of the calendar, and limitation of the terms of foreign Government, with many other matters, but unhappily this article has already run to such a length, that we are prevented from doing so. One subject however interesting can hardly be allowed to take up more than a limited number of pages in a Magazine intended for such various discussion as the "Monthly for all India." In fancy we can already hear the voice of our Editor calling on us to stop, though more remain behind. We must obey, for Necessity is a great Law, and one man must not detain a shipful!

> Jam tumidus vocat Magister,
> Castigatque moras, et aura portum
> Laxavit melior ; vale libelle !
> Navem, scis puto, non moratur unus.
>
> MARTIAL.

NIGHTFALL.

How sweet it is at Eventide to hear
The wearied cattle low, as home they move,
What time the happy birds all through the grove,
Are pouring out their vesper music clear :
And sweet the time to love-lorn shepherd's ear,
Who hears his dear one falter of her love.
Sweet to the Poet, too, the hour must prove,
Lifting the soul to Thee, but freed from fear,
Parent of Good!
The solemn silence fills
The heart with love and awe, the lingering beams
Of Day's bright chariot crimson all the West,
And twilight slumbers on the fading Hills,
O ! then come gushing o'er us voiceless dreams,
And a vague sorrow rules the chastened breast.

H. G. K.

SAMUEL SLOMAN,

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T HELP IT.*

If ever there was a man in the world who ought to have been happy and prosperous, my friend Samuel Sloman was that man. Of all those guides to ruin that currently go by the name of youthful follies, he cultivated not one; he neither drank nor gambled, had no absorbing weakness either for dogs, horses, dress, or dissipation. He had entered the Madras Army very young, had been remarkably fortunate in promotion, had occasionally got a taste of the good things of the service in the shape of appointments, had been blessed with many a snug addition to his means in the way of comfortable little legacies; for he had several relatives and connexions, great and other uncles, aunts and cousins, in very respectable circumstances, and, as in the words of the Irish Baronet, it appeared hereditary in the family to have no children; our hero, the one sole scion, was naturally heir to them all. Samuel was moreover by no means deficient in abilities. Yet, strange to say, nothing ever seemed to thrive with him; he was always in difficulties, usually in debt, and never had any thing to show for it. If he got a Staff appointment, he was sure to lose it in a few months, nobody knew how or why, though all felt certain that it was by no fault of his own, but only because he could not help it. His very legacies came to him shorn of half their fair proportions, by duties which he never need have paid, had he only thought of proving his affinity; by Law expenses incurred by over-confidence, by rates of exchange, which somehow or other were always against him, whether to remit or to draw, and the remainder was frittered away in paying bills for things that he did not want, or that he had not got, and was far from certain that he ever *had* had. But somehow or other, there the bills were, and the charges were so exorbitant, that he could not make up his mind to pay them; so they went on at interest till Samuel was flush of money, and did not exactly know what to do with it, when he used to pay them off to get rid of the bother of the thing, and save the postage of those eternal duns which tortured his very soul. What was he to do? a man could not be always counting and calculating, and if he did see anything that took his fancy, it was quite natural that he should let the man send it home to him just to look at, and then these things will slip one's memory you know, and those shopkeepers made him buy the articles, because he had forgotten to send them back again; and of course he could not help it, and then he naturally hated the very sight of them, and was only too glad to get them off his hands. He could always get some friend to take

* The idea of writing a series of sketches of character has been taken from Douglas Jerrold, and, in part, even the title of the present number; but here the resemblance ends, and it will be found that the Indian Imitator is in no other respect indebted to his great prototype.

them, so it was not so much loss after all, except that his friends took very long credit, and sometimes said they had paid him, when he could not, for the life of him, recollect the fact, and sometimes denied the transaction *in toto;* and then of course Samuel could not help it, for although he always kept most minute accounts, and never tore up receipts or memoranda, yet somehow or other he could never lay his hand on them when required. The only wonder was how he managed to keep clear of those speedier agents of destruction mentioned before; at least it *would* have been a wonder, only he did not *manage* it at all; in fact, he kept clear of them, literally because he could not help it. He had an invincible trick of going to sleep at whist about the middle of the first deal, never attempted Billiards without cutting the cloth, and at a round game was sure to be seized on as partner by the lady of the party most addicted to cheating, so the consequence was that he could not help keeping clear of gambling, as nobody would gamble with him. As for horses he rode worse than any tailor; drinking made him sick instead of tipsy, indeed a painfully nervous temperament kept him out of dissipations of all kinds. He did once commit an extravagance in dogs, for his brother officers were fond of sport, and had a bobbery pack in the Regiment, to which they easily persuaded Sloman to contribute thirty fox-hounds as his share; but one day poor Samuel got bitten by one of his dogs, and an early horror of hydrophobia, the sole strong emotion he had ever known, revived within his breast, and so completely did the hideous idea possess his whole soul, that for once in his life he did an energetic thing—purely because he could not help it—he sent his dogs to the hammer without asking any one's advice on the subject. It would of course be superfluous to say that our friend Sloman was a prodigious favourite with the ladies; he was such a nice, quiet, obliging creature; he used to get such charming books out from England, annuals and picture books of all sorts, and was so ready to lend, and the dear children did so enjoy looking at pictures, and Mr. Sloman was *so* good-natured, he didn't mind if they did get a little torn or bread-and-buttery. Children would be children you know. Then he was always so ready to copy out music for them, and did it so beautifully neat, (Samuel always got it done by the band master for a consideration,) and he could always be asked at the last moment to dinner, if an unlucky excuse happened to leave a party of thirteen at table, and was not proud, and could sing a tolerable song, and would devote himself to the *wall flowers* at a ball, or stand up for a lady on occasion, and always bring his flute with him to tea parties, as a last resource against ennui, and never got sulky at not being asked to play it, and never smoked, and did not drink much wine. They were sure he would make a perfect angel of a husband; in fact it was only the universality of this opinion that enabled Samuel to help being compulsorily married in the earliest portion of his career; but the ladies themselves protected him; he was too useful to be thrown away, and though many a tender mother did

sinfully covet the young man as a husband for her plainest daughter, yet he was so effectually shielded by the jealous watchfulness of other tender mothers of precisely similar ambitions, that, like the heaven-guarded Una, he walked in safety through myriads of unseen dangers—dreading none.

But this state of things was not destined to last. There was a lady in his regiment, a Mrs. Firebrace, who had been gifted by nature with a genius for matchmaking, which intense study and zealous practice had matured to perfection. She had contrived to get off no less than nine daughters, five nieces, and three particular friends; and although Firebrace was only third Captain, with a bald head and bottle nose, pot belly, and strong propensity to brandy-and-water, she had contrived to obtain magnificent matches for almost all of them. She had even refused a Brigadier for her beautiful Adelinda, and greatly did her friends lament over what they deemed her downfal, greatly did they mourn for the glory of her genius departed—when brighter than ever flashed forth that genius in dazzling coruscation, and the foresight, firmness, and skill of Mrs. Firebrace triumphed indeed, when the lovely Adelinda returned from Church as Mrs. Oldstick, the glittering bride of a Member of Council. And though no other stroke had been equally successful with this, still all of her protegées save two had made most eligible marriages, and rewarded in full her maternal solicitude. Her youngest daughter Sophia, unmistakeably the prettiest of the lot, was, I grieve to say, one exception. She it was who, when just on the point of being married to Pepsy, the Civil and Sessions Judge, had made a runaway match with a Subaltern of Artillery, and, what annoyed her mother more than any thing else, dared to pretend to be very happy afterwards. It was setting such a very bad example!! The other exception was a niece, whom Mrs. Firebrace had been induced to invite to India, by a very reprehensible deception; for her mother, who only wanted genius and opportunities to have been a Mrs. Firebrace herself, had deluded her sister by a most glowing, but, alas! apocryphal account of Miss Martha's charms, which, when upbraided therewith, she penitently attributed to maternal partiality. Mrs. Firebrace was of course justly annoyed, but with the decision and practical acuteness that ever mark true genius, she wasted not her time and temper in useless upbraiding, but having calculated the expense of sending the young lady back again, she concluded that it was worth while to make one vigorous effort to dispose of her first, and it was with this intention that she fixed her eye on Mr. Sloman. As there was no time to be lost, she opened her attack on him that very evening when he approached her carriage at the Band. "My dear Mr. Sloman," said she, "what an age it is since we have seen you, (it had been three whole days,) why do you never look in and take a quiet cup of tea with us? it will really be a charity, for since the last of my dear girls left us," (she had married a Captain of Cavalry, who was sole heir to an Alderman, a week or two before,) we are miserably lonely." Poor Samuel blushed and stammered, and really felt a little proud of being taken notice

of by a lady of such high connexions. However, to make a long story short, he accepted an invitation for the very next evening, to tea of course. "We shall be quite alone, Mr. Sloman," said his fair inviter at parting, "and pray do please bring your flute with you." True to his time went Samuel, though Buckhorse, the Junior Ensign, had been joking him most confoundedly all the morning. "I congratulate you, old boy," said he, "you are fairly in for it. I say, what was the amount of your last legacy, and why did you let Mother Blazes hear of it?" "I thought you were coming to mess to-night, Sloman," said Longstop the Senior Lieutenant. "We shall have a jolly party, and we all count on you for a song." "Really," would poor Sloman say, "I am very sorry, in fact I would much rather—but the truth is Mrs. Firebrace was so very pressing, and asked me so kindly, that I could not help it you know." And sure enough he went, flute and all, and for three weary hours did he breathe his soul into that unfortunate flute, while Mrs. Firebrace and her niece Martha were in ecstasies, and the Captain went to sleep over his second tumbler of grog. It was slightly a drawback on the success of the evening, that when, after he had blown himself black in the face, and been compelled to lay down his instrument from sheer exhaustion, he was asked to sing, he found he had so wastefully expended his breath before hand, that he could do nothing but cough, and broke down irrecoverably in the third bar of the Marble Halls, to the inexpressible regret of Mrs. Firebrace, whose eyes darted an absolute thunderbolt at poor Martha, for certain extraordinary sounds not unlike suppressed laughter which issued from behind that young lady's pocket handkerchief. The lost ground was partly recovered at supper, by which name was dignified a Savoy biscuit and a glass of very weak negus, prepared by the fair hand of Miss Martha herself; and about 11 o'clock poor Samuel was permitted to depart to his guileless slumbers, which we have no hesitation in saying were not disturbed by any visions of the fair negus maker. He had indeed taken most ungratefully slight notice of that lady, and though her expressions of delight had kept him blowing away at that infernal flute till his chest ached, and his eyes watered, they had made no further impression upon him. He had certainly looked at the lady, and had come to the conclusion that she was about five-and-thirty years of age, uncomfortably angular and skinny, with a sharp-pointed nose, decidedly red at the tip, and large prominent eyes, of a yellowish green colour: her figure had almost struck him as being slightly out of the perpendicular, and the only harmonies which he could charitably discover in her features, were that her hair was very nearly a match in colour for her nose, and her teeth for her eyes. He did not feel in the slightest degree enamoured, and Mrs. Firebrace not only saw that such was the fact, but candidly admitted that it could scarcely have been expected to have been otherwise. Most ladies would have given up the thing in despair. Not so, however, our match-making genius. Her courage did but rise with difficulties; opposition did but invigorate her to perseverance; apa-

thy itself was not to be allowed to be proof against the influence of her will. Day after day, night after night, did she contrive that the parties should meet on some pretext or other, yet never so as to make her design manifest. She got up a mania for evening parties among the ladies of the Regiment. She inveigled the Bachelors into giving a series of picnics. And when Samuel was tired of this vortex of dissipation, she would echo his tone of weariness, and ask him in to a quiet tea; it was so pleasant after he had been kept in a constant whirl of excitement, to sit quietly down with his old friends without *gêne* or nonsense, and talk it all over. So Samuel, who could never stand much in the way of excitement, and knew no enjoyment in life equal to taking things easy, really did find these little tea drinkings very pleasant, especially as he only played the flute when and as long he pleased; and so far from attempting, as he had feared, to force Miss Martha upon him, his kind hostess did all in her power to keep them apart. He could not help observing this; he saw it with wonder, and, I blush to add, with delight, and he felt deep compunction for ever having suspected Mrs. Firebrace. There was nothing therefore to disturb his peace. In that house he had comfort and quietness. After the annoyance of military duties, which he hated, or of balls and dinners, which he scarcely liked better, or the jokes and badgering of his brother officers, he could drop in at the Firebraces, and compose himself to comfort like a worried cat on a hearth rug. In this paradise of dreamy happiness a month or two had glided away, when one evening, happening to look in rather late, he found Mrs. Firebrace sitting alone, with unquestionable traces of tears in her eyes. He expressed a hope that she was not ill. "No, my dear Sam," she replied, (for they had long since got through that chrysalis state of intimacy in which a "*Mister*" is indispensable,) "but I have sustained a sad shock to-day, a very bitter disappointment." Sloman, who knew she had had a ticket in a raffle, which had been drawn that morning a blank, (he had indeed presented her with it himself) began, what he thought, an apposite style of consolation; but Mrs. Firebrace cut him short with rather uncalled-for asperity, and then, begging pardon for her abruptness, she added: "No, no; it is no selfish sorrow, far less such a trifle as that. Oh! my dear Sam, how could you think so meanly of me? It is connected with one very very dear to me—it is indeed my beloved niece." And the warm-hearted lady burst into a flood of tears which did not much moisten her pocket handkerchief. Samuel sat with his hat in his hands, looking uncommonly blue, and half in the mind to get up and make a bolt of it. Not that any definite terrors had invaded his mind, but he had a great abhorrence of a scene,—in fact, it agitated him. "We yesterday," continued the lady, "received a proposal for her hand, oh! my dear Sam, so eligible, so excellent an offer, so admirable a man, so very high in the service. He had seen her, Samuel, he had known her amiable heart, her estimable qualities; he could not forget her; he proposed, proposed by letter; I have it in my pocket. He was, yes, he was refused! oh! my dear Samuel, fancy our dis-

tress! We can gain no clue from Martha as to the cause of her most extraordinary conduct, except that she bursts into passionate tears, and murmurs something about never forgetting *him*. Who that *him* may be, we cannot even guess, but he little knows the treasure he has won in my sweet Martha's heart, or if he *does* know it, oh! Samuel, what a villain he must be, if he casts it away." Alas! poor Sloman, he broke out into a cold perspiration; his knees trembled, his heart beat, his head ached, and a sort of inspiration whispered in his ear, Thou art the man! and I pledge you my honor, reader, that it was not vanity, but rather resembled those strange presentiments, shadowy presages of coming evil, so fearfully inexplicable by philosophy. All he thought of was, how to get out of the house. He had a faint recollection afterwards of having said he was very ill, and beyond that recollects nothing, until he found himself on his own couch in a state which he firmly believed to be a high nervous fever. He heard no more from his fair friend for two days, but on the third, just as he was beginning to recover, he received a note from Mrs. Firebrace, begging him to come over immediately, on a business of life and death. He went; he could not help going; he found the lady dreadfully excited, and the Captain, with a tumbler of brandy and water on the table, stronger than he had ever seen it before, looking portentously solemn and impressive. He returned but a supercilious nod to Samuel's salutation, sniffed significantly, and took one or two short turns about the room, stamping his heel occasionally, like a buck rabbit getting up the steam for a fight. Mrs. Firebrace, however, still warmly, though mournfully, shook our hero's hand, for she felt, as she often said, an affection for him for which she could not account. "I have now to inform you, Mr. Sloman," said she, "that we have discovered the secret; it is one on which much depends; upon your reception of that secret hangs the fate, I fear the life, of an amiable and affectionate girl, and I shudder to think of any other consequences that might"—here her eye glanced with an expression of terror towards the Captain, whose nose was redder than ever, and on whose manly brow was seated a diabolical scowl. Poor Sloman's heart was rapidly dying within him. "I would have given anything, would have done anything," continued the lady, "to have avoided this; I *did* do all in my power to prevent it; Samuel, you know I always did: I see you anticipate what I have to add; yes, you are right, my niece, Martha, (compose yourself, Mr. Sloman,) loves you, loves you with that first passionate fondness of a woman's heart, that no man's breast can know; yes, sir, the flower of her virgin soul offers its first fragrance to you; if you have any feeling, if you have a heart, if you are a man—I have said enough." "But my dear Mrs. Firebrace," screamed poor Sloman, "it cannot be, really I never..." "Samuel Sloman," said the lady solemnly, "pause before you speak. What you ever did or said, rests of course with your own conscience, for never would that angelic sufferer betray you—but that which you say cannot be, not only *can* be, but *is*. You are of course free to

please yourself, but *if* blighted affection should lay that sweetest girl in the cold ground," (here she sobbed, and Samuel burst into tears) " a victim to an undeserved regard *for* a villain—" " Oh! Mrs. Firebrace," interrupted Samuel. " Yes, sir," repeated the lady, " for a villain! all I can say is, that that villain shall never be forgiven by me, and that my husband......" here Sloman sprang from his chair with a start of agony, for just at that moment the Captain had opened a bottle of soda water, and the report was terribly suggestive of pistols to the ears of poor Sam. The soda water in fact finished the business, for in less than five minutes, Sloman was on his knees before Miss Martha, maundering forth protestations of undying love, in tones in which fear, compassion, disgust, and good nature, were queerly mingled. In short Samuel Sloman got married because he could not help it, and, strange to say, it turned out to be the best thing he ever did in his life; for his wife, though no beauty, proved a good, affectionate, hard-working creature, with a large stock of plain common sense, and indefatigably active; so that although, in point of fact, Samuel, after his marriage, was even farther from being able to help anything than he had been before, still his wife managed matters for him so cleverly, taking care in the neatest manner that he should have all the credit, that spite of himself he got a name for being a deuced long-headed fellow; for his friends, who saw the steady course his bark was steering, but were quite in the dark about the wary little pilot in petticoats, whose hand was at the wheel, always cried him up as a miracle of prudence and wisdom, and Samuel passed through life as a model and an oracle, purely *because he could not help it.*

K.

HOC ERAT IN VOTIS.

I LONG to live
  Upon a shaded sloping lawn,
That should in summer mist-wreaths give
  Up to the dawn.

There I would listen
  To the low laughing of a fount,
Whose drops that in the sunshine-glisten
  Break, as they mount.

There I would muse
  How toilsome all things mortal are:
Under the Beech-tree, far from Yews
  That drip despair.

Let me be laid,
  When all of me that can shall die,
Where the rose hangs o'er the colonnade,
  And the night winds sigh.

H. G. K.

DRY LEAVES FROM YOUNG EGYPT.

BY PROFESSOR EASTWICK,

Hon'ble Company's College, Haileybury.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise,
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single, or in array of battle ranged,
Both horse and foot: nor idly mustered stood:
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain
Their booty: scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms, the ensanguined field
Deserted, &c. &c.

MILTON.

It is but seldom,—indeed we may say never,—that we have been called upon to review a work similar to the

"Dry Leaves from Young Egypt,"

and it augurs well for the public taste that a second edition has been called for within so short a period. It is the production of a young officer lately attached to the Political Department in Sindh, and we do him barely justice, when we state, that in his case, the act which removed him from his regimental duties to a different branch of the Service, conferred as much credit on the decision of the ruling power, as it did honor to the individual selected.

Seldom indeed do men arrive at that early maturity of judgment that alone can justify their appointment to such highly onerous and responsible duties; and it is a fortunate circumstance for a Government, and a most happy accident for a people, when to the warm and generous feelings of uncorrupted youth, are superadded the calm consideration, the prudent foresight, and the impartial discrimination of riper age.

We feel in advancing years, that the science of Government, even when a people revere the law, and honor its ministers, is of all human labors the most difficult and unsatisfactory.

What then must it be, where lawless tyranny, carried on by means of the power of the sword for successive centuries, has at last undermined the whole fabric of society; where the fetid breath of the shameless oppressor is at once the law and the sentence; where, despising fruitless appeal, brooding revenge proudly justifies its blood-thirsty and murderous acts, and the weak and feeble-minded sink into an everlasting despair.

——— So violence
Proceeded, and oppression and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.

Such is the picture of the province of Sindh, as presented by the talented author. It is indeed

——— a goodly land,
Where a sharp sword or dagger's point decides
A case in equity.

Tara, the Suttee.

What then but the ardour of youth and the *mens conscia recti*, could have supported a clear and comprehensive mind, when the full horror of such a blighting spectacle—not in Milton's vision, but in horrid reality—was unceasingly presented—when the veil of doubt and uncertainty was torn aside, and the fresh tints of the loathsome and terrifying picture were plainly visible to the naked eye?

Read the book, and when you have scanned its deeply interesting pages, you will frankly acknowledge that for an unostentatious and unguarded display of all the qualities that endear man to his fellows, you need search no further. You trust the author with your whole heart and soul—for his are faithfully presented for examination—you believe him, and more than this is unnecessary.

So simple and unassuming is the artless style of the 'Dry Leaves,' that you feel yourself ever present—hand in hand,—to revel in the cool air and charming prospect: you climb the steep treadmill of Mount Aboo; with him you enter the ancient Jainist temples, built of "white marble, ornamented with innumerable figures, and the richest tracery, which stand on a spot now trodden only by savage Bheel or wandering Jogee." When at leisure, you may read Colonel Tod's account of the worse than degraded beasts—our fellow-creatures—who worship within those fair fanes—which still

—lift up
Their rotten privilege!

You sit down together on his judgment seat, where you do not "find a stagnation of business." On the contrary, you discover that the young judge decides three hundred cases within two months, working on an average for ten hours a day. But then he is handsomely paid—he enjoys his *Quid pro quo!* That must be conceded—for his civil emolument amounts to the excessively liberal allowance of thirty shillings a month; enough surely, to allure Queen's Counsels or Senior Barristers from Westminster Hall.

With him you exchange the dulcet and delicious notes of some domestic Persiani, for the gentle whisper of the Khyrpore noble, whose softest murmurs rival the brain-crushing sledge-hammer of a Smithfield slaughterman.

With your own eyes you detect a lady of unspotted reputation and unblemished virtue, who passed the live long starry night with her closed eyes heavenward,—*sub Jove, et in puris naturalibus*—such being the custom of the burning country: — you also cough, and she disappears!

He mentions, but as it were incidentally, the "enticing cry of the black partridge, and the salmon-like flavor of the Pulla." Ah traitor to gastronomy! is it thus lightly that you would slur over the delicious shortness of the grain of the former, and the extreme lusciousness of the roe of the latter?—put it on toast, sprinkle it with cayenne, and then . . .

Well, well! it was, let us hope, but an oversight of youth, to be corrected in some future edition.

Our author reaches Rohree, and there we are informed that the pious believers in Mahommed's revelation, religiously preserve a hair and a half from the head of the Prophet. This crinose relic, this sacred integer and fraction. are set in a gold tube, adorned with large rubies, and unquestionably rival the famous holy coat of Treves, or the sacred arm of Saint Thingumbob, lately bought to shower its blessings over the broad lands of England, by the pious Cardinal Wiseman.

So it seems that Priestcraft and superstition draw largely on the belief of ignorance and darkness, from East to West, in all ages.

We turn next with pleasure to peruse the interesting anecdote of the Sukkur Robin Hood, Ráhman Bandee; and are delighted to find that both he and his illustrious compeers "are fond of listening to marvellous stories, and however incredible, they never (good Catholics) express a doubt, if the Agency of a Saint or a Jinn be introduced." We blush for the neglect of Popish Christendom! How many well-grounded and heart-rending legends might have been carefully circulated amongst these believing people. The winking Virgin; the bleeding picture, the blessed Virgin's milk; the temptations of Saint Anthony; the history of the Santa Casa of Loretto, and innumerable others all of equal truth, might by this time have solaced their hours of meditation, and been the blessed means of enriching the consumptive coffers of the Popedom.

A succeeding chapter discloses a most painful proof of the worse than utter impotency and rashness of the parties entrusted with political power in Sindh, and will command intense interest.

The fruits of this incompetence speedily ripened, and within six months, wholesale plunderings, horrid murders, and the most perfect general disorganization attested that "there never was an enterprise of such magnitude conducted with so little foresight and prudence."

True that the indefatigable Parsees were beginning to make their appearance with beer, soda water, hams, and Seidlitz powder, but five miles from camp no one was safe. Who will not sympathize with the care-worn political chief (may his shadow never be diminished) who under these distressing circumstances issued the following important instructions to his Assistant with a thoughtful anxious air.

"I have sent for you to beg you will lay the camel dâk with care, and use every exertion, in order that the produce of the vegetable garden, *particularly green peas*, may reach me as often as possible."

To many this relation may appear a caricature, but we happen to remember a parallel instance of attention to creature-comforts, in which a young officer, who was detached from his Regiment while at Asseergurh, to capture the wily and active free-booter and murderer Shaik Dulloo, actually posted himself in a pleasant ruined summer-house on the banks of the Taftee, and left the following pencilled memorandum on the white-washed wall:—

"On the 29th, I set the black hen on nine tainee (or dunghill) fowl's eggs."

The reader may be assured that these men were not even blood relations.

We observe with much satisfaction that political characters in all countries are invariably distinguished by their superior coolness and self-possession.

Prince Metternich and Talleyrand could not have displayed these useful, or rather indispensable qualities in higher perfection than Abbas Ali and Abdurrahman ; and to convince the reader, we must narrate the amusing anecdote in the author's own words.

"Between the two existed a mortal antipathy, and each, as in turn he visited me, expatiated with much gusto on the vices of the other. One day the elder Seyyad was haranguing me on the usual theme, and had just assured me that Abbas Ali was by birth a slave, and no Seyyad at all, when the latter, who, in fact, had been listening at the tent door, entered. I rashly imagined that my aged friend would be abashed at this *contre temps*, but so far from it, he welcomed the new-comer with a bland and tranquil air, and gravely told him that he had just been praising him to the Saheb. The sudden change was worthy of a Persian."

A subsequent anecdote proves that but little dependance can be placed on the vaunted superiority of the discipline of the Bombay Sipahees, who seem not to be a whit more trustworthy than those of Bengal.

To the firmness and soldierly decision of character which so eminently distinguish Sir C. Napier, it is most indispensably necessary that a perfect knowledge of the feelings and manners, the *esprit de corps* of native troops, should be added ; otherwise, while suppressing a decided mutiny, the most fatal results may be apprehended. We speak under correction, but it has always appeared to us, that so far from expecting instant obedience from them, we should treat them as naughty children, and in a great measure, (excepting of course in very extreme cases,) coax them back to their duty ; and this can be effected only by a cool soldier and a thorough linguist. As it is, we have too often seen that it is easy enough to drive them to desperation. Our author's opinions on this important subject display much sound judgment and knowledge of native character, and are eminently deserving of adoption.

Let us now offer a few words on the charming episode of Saula Bundi.

"It is impossible to conceive a more truculent looking savage, than he appeared. A mass of ebon-hair half concealed his face : his forehead was villainous low, while from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, his dark eyes gleamed with the ferocity of a wild beast."

Look at him in the faithful etching before you. True he sits on the ground with his wrists bound, and a catenarian rope hanging from his neck ; but without these tokens of dependance on the good pleasure of others, there are but few persons with nerves sufficiently strong to look at his face, imbued as it is with the most intensely demoniac expression, without feelings of personal alarm. Yet this blood-thirsty murderer, this wholesale robber, was most undeniably a modest man !

He thought so humbly of his own distinguished merit, as to consider his very valuable life barely worth from five to ten, or at the outside twenty camels ;

nay, he even offered to toss a Beloochee girl, as a make-weight, into the bargain!

This rare combination of large organs of destructiveness, with a small self-esteem — this curious union of murder and modesty — we say it with much diffidence, is not easily to be accounted for on phrenological principles; while our faith in phiz-y-oscopy remains enduring and unshaken. One thing at all events is certain, we must in future psychological studies, class modesty, of which we *hear* so much daily, amongst the minor virtues.

Read now the heart-sickening tale of triumphant cholera. When three or four victims are carried off in a single street of London, how rapidly does the vicinage acquire an infamous character, which is carefully handed down to posterity. Every heart is filled with anxiety and alarm: but in Eastern countries, we have known it to continue in one city for weeks, destroying 700 Musulman souls a day; but the ruler never thought it worth his while to register the deaths of those dogs, Hindoos,—although they died by thousands. Listen—"It was a fearful night! We were packed so close together in the Agency compound, that we could hear sounds, plainly indicative of what was going on. At least two hundred died that night!"

The charms of a Sindhian climate are most faithfully stated—the heat must have been nearly equal, if at all inferior, to that of Calpee, Banda, or any other favored spot in Bundlecund, about the same season of the year, viz. at 150° half an hour after sunset. Let the reader peruse the passage, and then he may be fully competent to judge of the desiccating miseries attendant on an excess of radiating caloric. But this combination of intense heat with an air saturated with moisture, forces up the Holcus Sorgum to the astonishing height of 20 feet.

The book so much abounds in pleasing passages, that we feel considerable difficulty in selecting any striking ones for peculiar study.

A soldier's life, habits, feelings, and opinions, are most admirably displayed throughout the 9th chapter; but in the 10th, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* We think that the name of the brave, zealous, and indefatigable soldier, who galloped 130 miles over such a burning country, commanded the Cavalry at the ensuing battle, conquered and returned with the news of the victory to Sukhur within three days, deserved an honorable record: while the omission of that of the nimble valiant, who "reserved his fire altogether for another day," and left his Engineer friend Hill, single-handed, to stand the brunt of a large tiger, merits our entire approbation. He was a *beau ideal* of a very different stamp!

Here let us pause: we should feel too happy to believe that the innumerable cases of oppression and injustice which are to be met with in these truthful pages, were *ex parte* statements, exaggerated perhaps by the kind-hearted and generous feelings of the author—but alas! the two last chapters, and the most painful public correspondence between the hard-fated Ameers of Sinde and our own rulers, but too clearly demonstrate that corporate bodies seldom have any heads, and never any hearts.

We turn with most unutterable scorn and disgust from the clear

and damning proofs of the cold-blooded and long-protracted injuries to which they have been most basely and most ungratefully subjected. Surely the cry of the injured......Bah! There are money bags at stake......

Is India free, or does she wear her plumed and jewelled turban with a smile of peace; or do we grind her still?

COWPER.

Let this honest book answer to our shame!

A BURST

ON READING IN LA ROCHEFOUCAULD,

"LA JEUNESSE EST UNE IVRESSE CONTINUELLE, C'EST LA FIEVRE DE LA RAISON."

I.

YES—but if apathy be health esteemed,
  If to grow cautious, passionless, and sly,
The proof of wholesome temperament be deemed,
  And our best symptom is a dull, cold eye;

II.

If from the dreams of youth we are to wake,
  But to the soulless platitudes of pelf;
Of love, tears, smiles our sullen leave to take,
  And sober gradually down to self;

III.

Fill me the cup of youth; pour out its wine;
  Come, drink, till the pulses ring again!
Die we in passion, for 'tis more divine,
  And to live loveless, is to live in vain.

M

THE FOLK AT OUR STATION.—NO. II.

THE GENERAL, HIS A. D. C., AND DAUGHTER.

HERE we are on the tented plain, and Tom Rasper crowing like a cock on his own dunghill. The young 'uns are having it all their own way,—a hundred and twenty runs in the first innings,—while we have not made fifty, and there goes our sixth wicket. I knew how it would be, Harry! when the silks and satins began to rustle in the tent, "your eyes were with your heart, and that was far away." Now just listen to that chap Rasper: "Come send a better man, if there is one among you old cripples—" the match is the over-twenty-five against the under-twenty-five—"Just fancy a lot of old fogies like those attempting to play us young chaps; I'll bet five to one on the match, and even that we win it in a single hand."

"Ludovick! my dear fellow! go to the wicket, and just stop that boasting; Jones is well in; he is not a pretty player; he has only one hit to the leg, so tell him to beware of the round-arm bowling: he will keep his wicket, if you play steady to him; I will follow when the next wicket falls."

"Very well, Fitz! but if I don't punish that bowling, I'm a Dutchman, and no true German."

"How goes the game?" a rich pleasant voice enquired of the scorers.

"All against the old ones, Colonel," replied an Ensign, who had just examined the score, "seventy-five runs behind in the first innings, and six wickets down."

"Has Fitz been in?"

"No, sir!"

"Then why does he not go in?"

"Here he is, ask him."

"Because," I put in, "I have sent a better man to the wicket."

"Who is he?"

"A friend of mine, who arrived only this morning, a Kentish man, fresh out from England, and if I were in the habit of betting, I would take Rasper's offer of five to one upon his side."

"It would not do for me to encourage gambling, or I would take the bet myself; why does not the youngster there take him up?"

This was said in allusion to a very quiet griff, who had just joined us, so turning to him, I said—

"Barnett, Colonel Noble does not approve of gambling, and is particularly averse to his Subalterns making bets; still he recommends you to accept Rasper's offer of five to one."

"You are a pretty fellow for one of my Regimental Staff, Lieutenant Fitz Fulke; I'll note that in the private and confidential report, after the inspection next month."

"Thank you, Colonel! I am glad you appreciate my desire to promote your wishes, even when I get only a slight hint."

"Rasper, I'll take your bet; what, will you give it in?"

"Five turnips to a leg of mutton."

When the laugh raised at the expense of the Griff was over, Rasper offered the bet in chicks;

this was accepted, and Barnett had his revenge.

Scarcely had Ludovick taken his place at the wicket, when the ball came flying into the tent, runs were made rapidly, bowlers were changed, but to no purpose, no hole could they find in his bat; every good ball was well stopped; the bad ones hit clean out of the field; not a chance was thrown away; and place the field how they would, Ludovick still continued to play the ball wide of them, and brought out his bat; the other players seconded him well, and when the last wicket fell, the old ones were ahead. Tiffin was not perhaps without its effect upon the lads; they cut a sorry figure in the second innings, and Harry Mortlock, and four others, wiped off the score, the cripples thus winning by six wickets.

"I say, Fitz," exclaimed the crest-fallen Rasper at the conclusion of the game, "it was a precious deal too bad of you to take us in with that long German with a swipy name."

"I did not think you could be so easily done, Rasper; really for a sporting man you are very soft; why you said your Civilian friend was worth a dozen Germans; well good evening! let me know to-morrow when you propose to play the return match. By the way the tiffin was a very good one, the champagne undeniably good, and cooled to a thought; the losers have to pay for it, so I will send the Khansamah to you with the bill, and you can collect the shares: good evening! better luck next time."

Driving home, we came across Harry Mortlock, his Arab going at racing pace. Whither so fast, good Harry? Ah! I see, Heartwell's carriage is turning on to the course; we dine at home, Harry! there will be a grilled bone, and a hot brew at 10 o'clock: can you tear yourself away so early, think you?"

The dinner is over, and the servants gone; Ludovick and I have drawn our chair to the fireside, I to enjoy my hookah, he to blow an aromatic cloud from the never-failing meerschaum of the German student,—for Ludovick had been an inmate of a German as well as an English University, and became master of most of the accomplishments to be attained at both those seats of learning.

I was watching the graceful undulations of the smoke as it rose slowly upwards, thinner and thinner, till it disappeared altogether; this is an occupation which always engenders a train of reflection with me, and commencing with a quiet chuckle over Tom Rasper's discomfiture, I had passed by a natural transition from him to my Kentish friend, thence to Kentish cricketers, thence to scenes which were familiar to me in that county, and from these to other scenes, to spots long dear to me, to friends fondly remembered; and I was revolving in my mind whether I should ever again re-visit these cherished haunts, where the pleasant days of my childhood and youth had been passed, ever again behold those faces which made even the remembrance of these haunts so sweet.

"A penny for your thoughts, Fitz," gaily exclaimed my friend, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and preparedto re-fill it.

"I hardly know what I was, or rather, what I was not thinking of, Ludovick!—home I believe."

"I was certain of that, we have talked too much of home to-day. Come now, my fine philosopher, can you trace the progression of your thoughts from the first idea, up to the remembrance of home? Can you define its course, step by step, through all its gradations, and connect the various links of the chain into one united series? I trow not: what was your first thought?"

"How you took in our sporting Lieutenant this morning, and how savage he was with me for humbugging him with that long German with the swipy name as he calls you; and the General's pun; 'I suppose, Rasper, you designate him the gentleman with the swipy name, because he swiped away all your balls,' and the old man chuckled at his own wit."

"Well, suppose we drop our philosophical discussion, and you tell me something about the General; he is a fine looking old soldier."

"Thoughts of home have made me sad, and I am not much in a humour for story-telling."

"Then the sooner you get into one, the better."

"Well, there is nothing like making a beginning, so here goes. Major General Oldham is a soldier of the old school; I do not mean to say that he is an advocate for pipeclay, hair-powder, and pomatum, but he does not think that the moralé of the Indian Armies has been raised by the assimilation of the Sepoys to the European model; he says they marched better in sandals and jangheeas, than they do in shoes and pantaloons, but above all, he sets his face against the order of Sir Henry Fane, requiring that promotion to the Non-Commissioned grades should be made without reference to seniority; that the smartest and best behaved Sepoys should be selected for promotion, to the exclusion of the steady old soldiers, who have served long and faithfully, but who are not quite so active and spruce as they were ten or fifteen years back. He thinks that in a service, in which the officers all obtain promotion in virtue of seniority, and in which regimental supercession is unknown, the same rule should be, as far as practicable, maintained with the men, and that the oldest soldier should always be promoted, unless he is physically or intellectually unfit for the service, in either of which cases he should be pensioned."

"In all of which Lieutenant Fitz Fulke concurs, judging from the evident gusto with which he enunciates these dicta of superior authority. I asked you for a history of the General, not for a disquisition upon the merits of this or that system of promotion in the Indian Army; you have evidently got upon the back of one of your hobby horses, and if you are not stopped short, you will soon leave a slow coach like myself far behind, if you do not ride the poor thing to death."

"Well then, I will drop the subject like a hot potato, and tell you all I know of the General's career. He commenced his active service as a subaltern with the Bengal Volunteers at the storming of Seringapatam; he was present at the taking of Alligurh, and the battles of Delhi and Laswarrie, also at that of Deeg, and the subsequent capture of the fort. His next campaign was in Nepâl, where he was attached to the Staff

of the Quarter Master General of the Army, and he was employed in a similar capacity during the Mahratta war."

"Well, he has seen plenty of service, and I suppose comes out on grand occasions with the breast of his coat covered with decorations."

"Not one! his rank was not enough to allow of his admission to the Order of the Bath, and in those days it was not the fashion to give medals; now they seem likely to become as plentiful as blackberries: young Lovelace the A. D. C. is to have two for Affghanistan and Ghuznee."

"Did he do anything remarkable during the campaign?"

"Nothing; he served with his corps as a Subaltern, just what his uncle did at Seringapatam."

"Well, if that is not a crying shame, I never—but these matters will be set to rights ere long; go on; I am a bad listener, always interrupting you."

"During the Mahratta war, General Oldham had one of those escapes, which occasionally occur to officers on active service, and may be almost termed miraculous, certainly providential. He was out with the head of his department in the field reconnoitering; under cover of a small grove they had been observing through their glasses the enemy's position, and taking notes of it, fancying themselves all the while unperceived; on emerging however from their shelter, they found the straight line of retreat to camp cut off by a body of hostile horse, so numerous that it would have been madness to have attempted to force a passage through them with an escort consisting of only a Havildar's party of Cavalry, and a few Troopers of Irregular Horse; they therefore took a course, which, if continued in a direct line, would have led them close to the left flank of their own position.

"Moving off at a trot, they were prepared to see the enemy attempt to intercept them by a rapid movement, but were surprized to find that they only endeavoured to retain their place upon their flank. The mystery was soon solved; they had not gone half a mile, before they discovered a cloud of horsemen coming slowly down from the right, and gradually enclosing the space on both flanks, and to the rear, still strange to say, leaving an opening in the front, through which it appeared possible to make a successful dash. Putting their horses into a smart canter, they pressed forward towards a rising ground right before them, but before they could reach the summit, the heads of the tall spears of the Mahrattas were seen glancing above it.

The Officer in command was a gallant spirit; he halted his little party, gazed round upon the faces of the men, where, seeing resolusion written, he boldly gave the word to draw swords and advance. The two parties met almost on the crest of the ascent, when giving the order to charge, he launched his small troop upon the loose ranks of the foe, and burst through them like an arrow from a bow,—not however without leaving several of his gallant little band behind.

"Now came the hot pursuit, and they had to run the gauntlet through the best mounted of the foe, who dashed forward to intercept them. One by one their followers fell, cut off or overtaken, till at last Colonel Oldham, his

superior and the Havildar, who was better mounted than his companions, rode alone. The pursuit seemed to slacken, and they hoped the danger past, when suddenly they found themselves upon the edge of a broad nullah, many feet deep, and with lofty perpendicular banks: they were enclosed by a bend of the stream on two sides, on the third by foes: escape appeared hopeless.

"To turn back was certain death, to attempt to leap the nullah appeared equally so; a moment's consultation, and the two European Officers determined to make one more effort for life: turning back, they rode slowly towards the enemy, who came on equally slowly, with taunting cries as if wishing to prolong the bitterness of death. Having got about a hundred yards from the ravine, and about the same distance from their opponents, they suddenly wheeled their horses round, struck their spurs into their flanks, and urging them to full speed, dashed them at the yawning chasm; bravely did the English horses, on which the General and his brother Officer were mounted, charge the leap, landing themselves and riders safe on the other side. Gallantly too did the Havildar's little horse follow, but the bank crumbled under his hind feet, the rider threw himself upon the neck of the animal, they hung suspended for a few seconds. That was sufficient for the General, who had been watching the whole occurrence, and had pulled up his horse the instant he had cleared the leap; to urge him forward, seize the soldier by the collar, and drag him from his perilous position, was the work of a moment, the next and the disencumbered steed was struggling in the water, while his rider was running beside the charger of his preserver, whose chief was already far in advance. The Mahrattas, baulked of this last remnant of their prey, fired a few matchlock balls at the fugitives, all of the party whoever returned to camp.

"And what was the General's reward for saving the life of the soldier?"

"The mention of his name in a General Order, and the gratification which every one feels at having been able to aid a fellow-creature in distress."

"A Roman warrior would have been crowned with the civic crown in the Capitol; anything more about the General?"

"He has been a peace soldier since then; he rose in his department, and was at length obliged to resign his appointment on reaching the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding a Regiment for some ten years, a Brigade for five, and has been in command of this Division for two. Thus we bring him down to the present time, and proceed to his A. D. C., Ensign Lovelace, who being but newly hatched, is all fuss and feathers, like a young chicken. Tom Rasper swears he sleeps in his spurs, for that when he went earlier than usual one morning to look at Aunt Louisa's sick Arab, he found Lovelace asleep on a charpoy in the verandah, with his gold laced pantaloons, boots, and spurs on."

"But who is Aunt Louisa, and who is her Arab; what kind of an individual is he?"

I was on the point of explaining, but perceiving that Ludovick had really misapprehended my meaning, I thought it as well to humour his mistake, and replied—

"This Arab is a very beautiful creature, and Aunt Louisa makes quite a lion of him; his complexion is brilliant, white as the unsunned snow."

"He can't be a true Arab; they are a swarthy race."

"Indeed he is, for I had the pleasure of translating his pedigree for his mistress, and a precious tough job it was."

"Ha! ha! that is rich; a servant with a pedigree!"

"Who ever said he was a servant?"

"You did."

"Devil a bit."

"Then what are you talking about all this time?"

"A horse, a milk-white Arab, of exceedingly high caste."

"What on earth has a horse to do with caste? I thought that was an Hindoo institution."

"So it is; but the Mussulmen in India, who are as ignorant of the Koran, as a Jew is of the New Testament, and as innocent of all knowledge of Arabic, as I am of High Dutch, have adopted the term, and we have foolishly done the same; in the present instance I mean that the horse is of a very pure blood, descended, it is said, from the Prophet's famous mare: he was presented to the General by an Arab Merchant, with whom he has dealt for years past, and who, falling sick at this station three years back, received much kind attention from the General: the horse's pedigree is a yard long, and it took me a week to translate it."

"Never mind the horse's pedigree! give me Aunt Louisa's?"

"She is the General's youngest daughter; the other two are married; Aunt Louisa is not very youthful, that is, for an Indian spinster, and I am surprized that she should have continued so long unmarried, when there are forty thousand good reasons for her getting a husband."

"A thousandth part would, I should imagine, suffice, or even one good reason; but what are they?"

"Forty thousand rupees, which she will have on her wedding day, and I fancy she will get at least as much more when the General dies. There is a chance for you, Ludovick!"

"By Jove! so there is! Come, let me hear all about the fair lady, why do you call her "Aunt Louisa?"

"Lovelace called her so when first he arrived: now single ladies do not admire being dubbed Aunt by young gentlemen with hair on their faces, and he has given up the practice; but the soubriquet will stick to her as long as she remains Miss Oldham, so, like a good knight, and true, you should go to her relief."

"I must hear more regarding her first, and, what is more, see her."

"Louisa is the daughter of a Cashmerian woman, who resides in a small detached house in the General's compound. English ladies were rare in Bengal forty years ago, and the General, like too many of the Officers of that day, formed a connection with a beautiful Cashmerian. She became the mother of children, and he has never parted from her. Louisa shews her Asiatic extraction in her large dark eyes, and black hair. I will not however stop to describe her further than by saying, that she always reminds me of Byron's Dudu."

"A very beautiful creature to be reminded of! Forty thousand rupees! well, I must really think over the matter. The snow-white Arab would be greatly admired in Rotten Row; well, here is Aunt Louisa's health."

Saying which, Ludovick poured the remaining contents of a jug standing upon the teapoy at his elbow, into his tumbler, quaffed the generous liquor, drew a long breath, and smacked his lips in token of satisfaction.

"You do not make a bad brew Fitz; a squeeze more of lemon, a trifle less spice, and it would be undeniable."

"By which you of course mean that you are ready for another. I will keep an eye on you next time, for talking so much is dry work, and you certainly appear to consider the brew drinkable with all its faults: Khidmutgar!"

"Sahib!"

"Doosra bottle port shurab, nimboo, misree, gurrum mussalah, sub kooch juldee lao."

"Buhoot khoob, khodawund."

"Our khuburdar, ki panee kholtee howe, our tazu chilum lao."

"What an infernal jaw-breaking lingo that Hindostance is!"

"Yes! nearly as barbarous as German."

"You be——no, I won't swear; it is improper; and Dudu, I mean Aunt Louisa, would not approve of it. Come, quick with the brew; I must hear more about your station lions before I get too sleepy to listen."

"I rather think not; I hear the sound of wheels; Harry is home early; so we will discuss the grilled bones, instead of the "Folk at our Station."

"Supher tyar hie, Khodawund."

Good night, reader! Harry says he is hungry; can he really be in love then, think you?

REGLD. FITZ FULKE.

HOPE AND EXPERIENCE.

I.

GOD's earth is bright with sunny beams,
  Green trees, rich fruits, and blushing flowers,
There's music in the mountain streams,
  And holy rest in shady bowers.
The west wind murmurs o'er the mead,
  Waving the high grass to and fro—
Dallies with lily and with reed,
  And seems as if 'twere loth to go!
The soaring lark sublimely sings
  With distant note, distinct and clear,
While butterflies, with painted wings,
  Are gaily fluttering far and near.
O! look and listen! stay and muse!
  Of Nature's beauties drink thy fill,
And say, if mortal can refuse
  To deem this earth an Eden still?

II.

Ay, look and listen : in the bower,
  That nestles in the shady grove,
A maiden weeps the fatal hour
  Of broken faith and slighted love!
The murmuring wind bears accents wild
  From yonder cottage in the vale,
A widowed mother mourns her child,
  With constant tears and ceaseless wail!
And lo! upon the distant plain,
  The sun's far darting beams reveal
The steady march of armed men,
  With banners bright and glittering steel.
Of Nature's beauties sing no more,
  The Serpent's trail is over all—
An Eden may have smiled of yore,
  But never, never *since* the Fall!

III.

Yet in the maid's unsullied breast,
  Pure truth unalterably dwells,
There darker passion ne'er shall rest
  To mar the tale her anguish tells.
The mourning mother's sorrow, too,
  Is holy as yon skies above,
Whither bright angels, fond and true,
  In mercy bear her little love.
And those fierce men who o'er the plain
  March onward slowly to the strife,
Will ne'er with crime their banners stain—
  They fight for freedom, home, and life!
Say not, then, Sin's destroying blight
  Is over everything below,
Since virtues still are shining bright,
  Like those that did in Eden glow!

IV.

Like those! ah! weigh thy words again;
  In that fair garden all was pure,—
The body ne'er was racked with pain—
  The spirit's happiness was sure.
No falsehood vile, no fearful strife,
  No drear disease with venom'd breath;
All, all was love, and light, and life—
  The world had tasted not of death.
But here, upon this varied scene,
  No joy unlinked with care we know,
And scarce a virtue but is kin
  To some proud vice or secret woe.
This is the doom that God hath willed,
  And this must be in patience borne
Until the sentence is fulfilled,
  And Eden's days *in truth* return!

T. J. A. S.

LINDENSTOWE.

A TALE.

"Serene will be our days, and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

Wordsworth.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VI.

Most of the morning was spent by Arthur in concocting an epistle to Mr. Lattimer, and it was sent off early in the afternoon. Old Mr. Chester was very much knocked up with his walk on the cliffs, so Arthur went out by himself, and, hiring a horse, galloped along the coast to Pevensey. A man in Arthur's circumstances rides with a loose rein, abstractedly, and occasional pieces of grass are got over at racing pace. Arthur accordingly rode after this fashion. And at Pevensey, amongst the ancient ruins, he lay an hour by the dial on the grass, looking up at the silent walls, and musing full of hope and anxiety. There, perhaps, on the same spot, had lain long since some youth in the antique garb of centuries gone by, and yet his heart beating with the same love, for the heart knows not the changing fashions of time. In the meantime his letter had reached Mr. Lattimer, and its contents had better be disclosed.

Hastings, July 18.

My dear Sir,—I arrived at this place yesterday, having just returned from Geneva. The reason of my coming was a wish to acquaint you with some circumstances which I feel I have done wrong in keeping so long concealed from you. On my last visit to this place, I was happy enough to receive some assurance that feelings of affection, which my intercourse with your family had engendered towards Miss Lattimer, your daughter, were not wholly unreturned. This was kept from your knowledge, merely in the fear, lest your unqualified refusal of permission should at once crush my—no, I may say the word—our hopes. But concealment is no longer proper. You are rich, my dear sir, Miss Lattimer is an heiress, and I know it is your wish, a natural and a worthy one, that by her the name and interest of your family should be advanced.

I cannot offer rank or station or influence. By birth a gentleman, and I may say of some education, as my Cambridge degree testifies for me, I look forward to entering that profession to which indeed society has thrown open all her doors freely and unexclusively, but which has little of what is called distinction to hold out in prospect to the ambitious: I mean of course—the Church. My uncle is one of the Judges, and through him perhaps a crown-living may be obtained for me, and that is the horizon of my career. To tell you that I think your

daughter would be happy with me, is more than I can venture to prophesy. To leave the comforts and advantages of her father's home, and to forget the possibilities of rank in a country-parsonage, is undoubtedly a trial for affection, a trial to which I do not think it would yield, but which you might believe would be triumphant. I will not burthen you with sentiment, but this much I must say. You have now seen a great deal of the world, but you can remember, I feel sure, before the busy days, the dreaming days when your fancy pourtrayed to you in her brightest colors, the girl you could love. From all I have heard from Miss Lattimer of her mother, and from the beautiful face she has shown me in a miniature, you were fortunate enough to find in Mrs. Lattimer, the ideal of your happiest imaginings. I too have had my dreams, and to me the memorable chance of meeting your daughter fulfilled the brightest, and I saw before me, in reality, the beloved phantom my hopes had created. Here I must leave the matter in your hands. I have Miss Lattimer's kind assurance that her feelings have undergone no change since our last meeting, and therefore I may add, that we both wait with deep anxiety your reply.

Believe me,

With great sincerity yours,

ARTHUR CHESTER.

With this letter open before him, Lattimer was sitting alone and silent, both hands in his pockets, and his feet stretched straight out, when the servant threw open the door, and announced "Lord Redgate." Lord Redgate was looking exceedingly blooming and bright, and a well-dressed man, with an easy, cheerful manner, has, all said and done, a good deal of presence about him. He immediately saw that all was not right.

"Are the ladies thinking of the boat this afternoon, Lattimer?" he began.

"No, I think not," replied the other, "there is no wind, and they will only be ill."

"My dear sir," said Lord Redgate, "there's a beautiful breeze sprung up; it's just the day for a sail."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Lattimer, "there's a beautiful breeze sprung up; it's just the day for a sail."

As this was spoken evidently without Mr. Lattimer knowing a word he was saying, there was a pause. At length Lattimer looked up with a strange expression, and said abruptly, "Can you keep a secret?"

"I never have kept any thing of the kind yet, but there is nothing like trying," replied the other.

"Well, then, read that," said Lattimer, putting Arthur's letter into his hand, and then getting up, hastily threw open the window, and asked an old woman who was passing, in a loud voice, what fish she had got. Lord Redgate turned perhaps a little pale when he first opened the letter, but quickly regaining his composure, he hastily perused its contents, and shutting it up, took it to Mr. Lattimer.

"It's a very nice letter, and written in a fine hand, but, my dear sir, you will get into great scrapes with the ladies, if you shew me such matters as these; you should lock them up in your writing desk."

This speech rather disconcerted Mr. Lattimer; Lord Redgate was preparing to leave the room.

"Where are you going, Lord Redgate?"

"Upstairs, to pay my respects to the ladies."

"But you are not going to speak about this," said Lattimer, holding up the letter.

"Gad, no—I should think I wasn't; get you into a pretty row if I did," replied the other, and he left the room laughing.

Lattimer was very much surprised: Lord Redgate's attentions indeed had been marked, and his wishes had been certainly understood, if not expressed; and yet he seemed perfectly indifferent about the contents of Arthur's letter.

The ladies would not go out boating, and so Lord Redgate went away.

After he was gone, Lattimer wrote him a note saying, "I am very sorry Eva did not inform you before of this foolish engagement, and I sincerely trust you are not offended at her conduct."

The answer was, "We can have the boats another day. I should like Miss Lattimer to hear you call her engagement a foolish one—why she would not come to-day because she was going to prayers at the Church. Tell her however, that I do not believe in the prayers, but I think she's in a rage at losing that pair of gloves to me yesterday; I am very much offended, and have just made a bad stroke in consequence."

This note was dated from the Billiard room, and headed by a jocose sketch in pen and ink, of a young gentleman and a young lady standing together, the former pointing to a boat one way, and the latter to a Church the other."

On its receipt Lattimer was still more confused and now much hurt. He did not answer Arthur's letter that day, but remained in a moody curious temper, and was very silent and abrupt at dinner, frequently looking at Eva, who, as she knew what was under consideration, had considerable difficulty in preserving an unmoved expression. Arthur in the meantime having come back from Pevensey, and finding no answer, spent a fitful evening of conjectures; sometimes soaring into high spirits from having argued himself into the belief that no news must be good news; then again sinking into sloughs of despond from fancying that deliberation in a case like his, would only strengthen disapproval. The next morning Mr. Lattimer sent for Eva, before breakfast: as soon as she came, he said in a harsh tone, without any preface, "Eva, if you do this, you cannot have the money."

"Dearest father," she said, "I am sure we shall not want the money; it is the produce of your own industry and labors, and therefore it is more especially at your own disposal. I can be happy without wealth. I would sooner be poor with him, than an heiress with any one else."

"Eva," said her father, getting up and kissing her with tears in his eyes, "you have disappointed me deeply; but never mind now, the plans of a lifetime are frustrated, and the hopes I had founded upon you have crumbled away. However regret is no use, if you will not marry whom I wish you to do," he added rather bitterly, "you may just as well marry the parson or any one else; you may marry the clerk or the sexton either for what I care." Eva was

disposed to burst into tears at the beginning of this speech, but the sneer at Arthur dried her eye in an instant, and brought the flush into her cheek. Lattimer saw she was hurt, and said, "Well, well, I will not say unkind things; go away, Eva dear, and I will write to this young gentleman." One odd thing about this brief conversation was, that father and daughter had never exactly mentioned what they were talking about, but had begun as if it was a topic they were always discussing: though they had never spoken of it before. About 11 o'clock Arthur received the following note from Mr. Lattimer.

My dear Sir,—I am a man of business, and I do not see why people should not be *straightforward* in all matters, love included; therefore I do not approve of your asking my daughter a question a year ago which I am to answer now. Miss Lattimer is an heiress, Mr. Chester will not be: we understand each other—*verbum suff.* If on receiving this hint, your views remain unaltered, I make no opposition to your coming and tellin Eva so.

Yours truly,
Thomas Lattimer.

The poet Keats, in his 'Lavinia," has these lines:—

"And then she whispered in such trembling tone,
As those who safe together met alone,
For the first time through many anguished days,
Use other speech than looks."

And so did Arthur and Eva meet for the first time after many desponding days, as openly betrothed, and so did they whisper long together brightly of the future, and with pleasurable sadness of the past.

The next day the old men were introduced to each other, and though as different as possible, got on very well, for Chester was slow to see any one's faults, and Lattimer was always attracted by graceful manners, partly perhaps from a sense of his own deficiencies in that respect. That evening all parties met at dinner at Mr. Lattimer's house; afterwards there was music, and mellow were the voices of Arthur and Eva as they joined together in a duet. Miss Hesther insisted upon a call: she wanted "that little mopish thing I like," and Eva sang alone to a simple air with a few sad little touches of minor in it, the following

BALLAD.

Oie Todten dauarn immar.

I.

She dwelt amidst the ruins
Of former hopes and fears,
And prais'd the merry doings
Of long departed years.
She said—the dead came round me,
From grassy graves afar,
No griefs can now confound me,
They have been and They are.

II.

To her no vow was plighted,
 No tender words were said;
Her smile, her kiss was slighted,
 But still remain'd the dead.
She lov'd those phantom faces,
 And knew that they lov'd her,
Nor sigh'd for new embraces,
 They had been and They were.

Miss Hesther was very funny about love matters; she had been perfectly taken by surprise the day before when Eva disclosed the proposed marriage; she was perfectly blind to all the symptoms of heart complaint; she had no diagnosis of love. Once indeed, not long after she came to live with her brother, she took it into her head, that as an aunt, it formed a part of her duties to keep a duenna look-out against lovers: so she tried to observe if Eva discovered a weakness for any one in particular, that a warning might be delivered: after careful watching, she at length thought she perceived a slight leaning towards the medical man, who, by the way, was a very quiet widower of five-and-forty; the gloominess of whose looks had lost him half his practice. Her caution to Eva "not to think of it," and her solemn assurance that "papa would never approve," were received with such convulsions of laughter on Eva's part, that the aunt had calmly sunk back into permanent blindness and negligence from that hour.

CHAPTER VII.

The moment Lattimer, in the curious impulse of the moment, put Arthur's letter into Lord Redgate's hand, the latter perceived that he should be placed in rather a foolish position. He felt that extreme unwillingness to lose the chance of a match which would at once have retrieved his fortunes had led him to forget his self-respect, and to put himself in circumstances unworthy of his usual circumspection and *savoir faire*. He saw in the glance of an eye, his only escape from all embarrassment: it was not a generous idea, but then perhaps a man of a generous mind would never have been exactly in the same position; it was to affect that he had never thought of Eva after his first offer. It was so far impossible to contradict this, that he certainly never had made any stated proposals the second time, but still neither Lattimer nor Eva had the least doubt in their minds as to what his wishes were. Lord Redgate's was a peculiar sort of character: he was exceedingly good humoured, but he had a passion for acquiring calmness and an apathy to emotion: the passion often requiring him to be a little heartless, and the apathy to seem more so. He would never do anything for a friend if it required him to appear anxious: he would meet his best friend after separation with the same calm cheerful smile which he bestowed on a morning

visitor. School-fellows at Eton had been delighted with him as a companion; he did everything well—boating and swimming and all athletic sports—but when a fellow was ill, Lord Redgate was not the least the sort of boy to do any of the little offices of the sick room for him, and these traits were soon found out, so that he had been admired and liked, but not loved. He did not therefore hesitate to take advantage of the present loophole to escape a dilemma, and having a plentiful stock of self-possession, made use of it very well. Lattimer called to see him, in the hope of being able to explain matters, but was met with so cheerful a flow of conversation on ordinary topics, that he had no opportunity of introducing what he came to talk about, and went away half doubting, whether he must not have mistaken the young Lord's intentions. Lord Redgate called also himself upon Eva, meeting her without the least embarrassment, was introduced to Arthur, and actually took him aside on leaving, to congratulate him on having won the affections of "an uncommon fine girl." Eva was naturally annoyed with this coolness, but after the first little wound was got over, it was obviously the most convenient to all parties that Lord Redgate had chosen to behave as he did. What seemed extraordinary was, that old Lattimer, though occasionally in odd bewildered humours, was more favourable to Arthur, and less vexed with all the circumstances which had occurred, than any one could have expected. All this was very well, and yet after the first joyful excitement of success, there fell a blank upon those who should have been most happy.

Eva was a little sorrowful and touched, that her father should have said, "You have disappointed me."

Arthur was rather chagrined at feeling that he was a bad match, and was asking a girl to thwart her father's wishes, and resign her fortune—having only to offer in compensation—himself: though the remembrance that this compensation *had* been deemed sufficient was of course soothing to—what we all have,—his vanity.

Old Chester, too, did not feel quite sure whether things were not going on too straight for the battle of life; there seemed so little necessity for self-reliance.

But the shade passed away; time did a little and love more; and old Chester hit upon a most fortunate thought for his own comfort that Eva was certainly fighting bravely in giving up the money, so that there was a struggle after all: though I believe the thought of the money never entered dear Eva's head.

When things were thus brightening, Lattimer suddenly proposed one morning, with a very cheerful air, that they should all go to Paris. This the more astonished them, as he was not fond of the Continent; in fact, had only been once "up the Rhine" with Eva; but all liked the plan except Miss Hesther, who perhaps looked forward to some little trouble with the French tongue, and had heard, moreover, that French beds were never aired, and French maid-servants very flighty. Old Chester decided too, that he would not go in person, but he was delighted that

Arthur should have an opportunity of visiting Paris. The Lattimers went up to London to prepare for the trip, and Arthur accompanied his father back to Lindenstowe, from whence he was to join the Lattimers, when they were ready. More distant plans were that Arthur was to enter the Church at the close of the year, and that all exertions were to be made through Mr. Chester's brother, and by Lattimer, to get him a living, and as soon as he obtained preferment, and was capable of holding it, the marriage was to take place.

All seemed so gentle and hushed when Arthur and Mr. Chester were seated again on the lawn at Lindenstowe on the evening of their return, that to Arthur the place looked sweeter than it had ever done before. When our hearts are happy, how keen the eye to detect the latent beauty and brightness in things around us! Martin and Mrs. Scrimshaw were of course there with their welcome. These two old people were comparatively new friends of Mr. Chester, but dear to him as reminding him of his oldest friend Dr. Beauchamp, a Norfolk clergyman. Let me pourtray thee for an instant, thou gentlest, if weakest of the human race! Oh the charities thou didst bestow! Oh the benefits thy heart swelled to perform! Oh the poor who blessed thy name! The very ruffians praised thee, for thou didst not stint even *them* their share. "Poor things," thou wouldst say, "if they are to suffer in the next world, it is hard that they should starve in this." Martin and the house-keeper were two spoiled servants of this tender heart, and were transferred from Norfolk to Lindenstowe, when Beauchamp, dying in Chester's arms, commended them to his charge. Martin had spent all his days in Dr. Beauchamp's service, with the exception of an æra in early life, where he had lived with one Mr. Roberts, a Merchant in Suffolk, and this period Martin always looked upon as having given him a complete knowledge of, and insight into, the world. The difficulty with Mrs. Scrimshaw was of a two-fold nature, first, who was Scrimshaw, and then did she sleep in the black silk bonnet: *au reste* she was exceedingly shy, and had a habit of talking on domestic matters from behind a half-opened door, so that a voice indeed was heard, but no woman was visible: finally, she was very red faced, not in the limited sense of red cheeks, but red forehead also and red chin.

Presently Mr. Flant, the parson of the village adjoining the cottage, called Yalton, came up to pay his respects. He was one of a class which has now almost disappeared. How he could have got into the Church with not a letter of Greek or a formula of theology, one does not know; but once in, and settled in a small village where Greek would have been of no use, and theology of little more, he did very well. He scolded the people when they were living badly; physicked them when they were ill with a few simples; farmed himself a little; dined with the farmers and the schoolmaster; very seldom gave a sermon àtall on Sunday; and when he did, it was one of an old batch he bought years ago at Plymouth: but still in the whole he was hardly unsuited to the rude capacities and humble spiri-

tual wants of his parishioners, for he was of pure life and kindly disposition, and this secured him their respect.

Marquis, too, was on the lawn, you may be sure, first making violent circular excursions through the shrubs, and finally sitting down in a wild sort of way in front of the party.

A few days after Arthur's return to Lindenstowe, he received a letter in a well known hand, and with post mark, Geneva, which here follows :—

Geneva, *August*, 18—.

Glorious news ! Defeat of the Lords, triumph of the Commons ! yes, dear pal—but how came you to let more than ten days pass after your victory without a word to poor me. So that I literally heard the news from my brother George, no ready penman as you know ; he, by the way, seems to have no idea that Lord Redgate had ever been in the field. Well, many congratulations, my dear fellow ; I told my two companions the fact of love calling you away, and of your going to be married, in due course of time, as soon as I heard it for certain. Goodall said you were too young, at which Delafield was very indignant, and replied, " Too young to love—is he too young to live ?"

" No," said the instrument dirty enough, " not if he has got any thing to live on." Here the subject concluded for a time. Delafield was really very affectionate about you, and being shortly after taken with a pang of poetry, he shed some verses on your future lady—which he begs to insert here. He requested me to be particular about the capitals (it is æsthetical, you know, to use capitals) and to put them in just as he wrote them. You remember how elaborately he arranges his poetry : these lines were on faint blue paper, and written in his most beautiful hand, which indeed is always a beautiful one.

TO THE UNKNOWN LADY.

I have not seen Thee, Florimel, but Him
I know, Thy Loved, and I have loved him too ;
Therefore shall Fancy deck Thee with a wreath,
Pleasant Imagination trick Thee out
With woodbine and the blue forget-me-not ;
And Hope, like Iris, wind-heeled, beautiful,
Shall trip before Thee, leaving in her track,
Foot-prints of many colored mingled hues,
To guide Thee on the Pilgrimage of Life.

Claude Delafield, *Geneva*.

I told him the lady's name (I ventured to do so) was Eva and not Florimel, and he told me I had no soul for the ideal, so I got nothing by the suggestion. The Pollens are gone : before they went Sir Julian joined them. He is such a strange creature : he wears such dreamy clothes, and behaves in so absent a manner ! He has large eyes, and there seems to be a sort of shade thrown over them and the lower part of the forehead, which is rather striking. But he does not appear at all a superior person. What a difficult question that seems ; whether music appeals to, or is dependent

upon, the intellect. A poet of course must be all mind, a painter must have a very fine mind, need a musician have any? Tell me what you think on this. Now I will relate a conversation I had with him; I asked him (rather a stupid question) which continental country he liked best. He said he preferred the Catholic to the Protestant countries, because more care was taken in the former with sacred music. A hint, dear Arthur, for you and me some day to see what we can do in this matter. Well then I said next, "Are not a great many of the leading performers Jews?" He looked at me for a moment as if to know why I asked—and then answered—yes—presently he added, "Oh! by the bye, you are going into the Church; you will have to preach probably about King David." I said "Very probably I might." "Well," he said, "I do not think you will make much of him." "Why not?" said I. "Why," he replied, "his Neginoth and Gittith are all very well, but without harmony after all; it could not have been any thing worth hearing."

I nearly laughed in his face; is not the utter predominence of one idea strange?

Well, we are hurrying our steps homeward soon. I have got a perfect portfolio of drawings which I hope will amuse my sisters. I long to introduce Mrs. Arthur Chester elect to them. I am sure they will all get on beautifully: Emily will, I think, be the favorite. My father is crazy about camphor just now: he has just got the idea from Raspail or some French physician, and it is to prevent all sorts of diseases. George writes me he is getting his guns ready, and that Harvey is trying to learn Spanish—is he not a very odd boy? Such a mere lad, with so great a passion for knowledge. Well, Delafield and Goodall are clamoring for dinner—so I must stop: they send best regards.

Believe me, as ever, yours,

FRED. EVERETT.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT length the summons came to Arthur at Lindenstowe; the Lattimers and the party embarking at Folkestone, crossed to Boulogne, and thence to Paris. It was sometime before the season, and therefore everything was not at its brightest, but still Paris is never very dull—"*c'est un chaos*," to use Voltaire's words, "*c'est une presse dans laquelle tout le monde cherche le plaisir*,' and must we add at this day too, "*et où presque personne ne le trouve?*"

There is plenty to see in Paris, and of course the pleasure of every thing was enhanced doubly to Arthur by the company in which it was enjoyed.

Amongst the English families residing there, the Lattimers by chance got introduced to the Pollens, whom Fred. Everett has described, and who had come there from Switzerland. Lady Pollen proved quite as rattling as Fred. had said she was, and Norah quite as Chinese. Lattimer enjoyed himself exceedingly, and was in very high spirits: he was a great deal out by himself, and one day Arthur calling accidentally at the Pollens, was surprised to find Mr.

Lattimer there, and positively listening to a song which Norah was singing at the piano. The Pollens also dined several times at Lattimer's by his particular request.

At last, one morning Lattimer came into the room where Eva was sitting by herself, reading, and sat down near her without speaking: after a while he said with a half comical, shy expression, "I shall beat you now, Eva!"

"What do you mean, papa?" asked she, looking up.

"Why, my dear, I believe I shall better and worse it first," said he, laughing.

"I really do not understand you."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I am thinking of marrying."

"What? papa," cried Eva, "impossible."

"Is it though," said her father, "surely you do not want to have the monopoly of marriage, do you?"

"But, papa, you never told—"

"No, no—why should I," he interrupted, "till all was settled."

"But who is the lady?"

"Who do you think?"

"I really cannot guess," said Eva, and she really could not, for the idea had never entered her head.

"Her name begins with P."

"What! Lady Pollen; oh, never!"

"No, no; not quite so bad as that: Miss Pollen would be a little nearer the mark—oh! fancy my marrying the old woman; ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Lattimer seemed very much amused at this idea, but there would be some perhaps more disposed to sigh at thinking of how utterly inappropriate a husband he would be for poor little Norah. Eva was tearfully astonished by this announcement. It was a clue, however, though she did not immediately perceive it to be so, to part of Lattimer's conduct which may have seemed inexplicable—his easy acquiescence in Eva's marriage with Arthur. His long cherished scheme of marrying his daughter to some one of influence or title, in the hope of advancing his family in station, began to flag a little when he saw that she was a girl of great determination, and who would not marry any one she did not love, and sometime before Arthur came forward, though Lattimer still urged the Redgate match, he had began inwardly to meditate whether another scheme was not feasible. So that when Arthur did propose, though it was annoying, deeply annoying to Lattimer to give up any scheme he had in view, for he was very obstinate, still it at once decided him to adopt his new plan. And this, in short, was no other than to marry again, in hopes of a son. "I shall live, humanly speaking," he calculated, "twenty-five years longer," (he was then about five-and-fifty, so this was taking rather a favourable view of the chances of life) "and I may live to see my boy with my money in his hand, and such an education as I never had, in his head,—a rising man, just going into Parliament for any thing any body can tell." Part, of course, of this plan was, that Eva was not to have the money, as indeed he had fully warned her. Thoroughly bent now on the hopes of a second family, he dismissed Eva, not indeed from his affection, but from

his thoughts, as far as caring the least about what her career and prospects might be. The next question naturally was—the wife? With a whimsical, affectionate sort of memory for his first lady, he thought he should like to marry another French woman, and in this wish originated his plan of going to Paris. But when he got there, and was introduced to the Pollens, he thought, on second reflection, that they were just the people for him to form an alliance with, possessing, as they did, some influence from family connexion, and yet from narrow means anxious in any way to secure a wealthy relation. The old woman was much too glad to get hold of a man of Lattimer's property even to consult Norah on the subject of yes, or no, and indeed the poor girl, from an apathetic disposition, and a thoroughly heartless education, was very easily moulded to any plan. Sir Julian was a mere cypher in domestic matters, and acquiesced in any thing his mother proposed, if she would only leave him alone to his beautiful reverie of sound. Lattimer's courtship was odd and awkward, and rendered more so by Norah's waxen placidity; however the old woman danced round them, and by joking Lattimer and putting words into Norah's mouth—everything was at last settled. There was no occasion for any delay; the trousseau was soon provided in the city of milliners, and Lattimer ran over to London for a day or two with Sir Julian to manage about the papers, the Baronet having been crammed by his mother as to what points he was to look to; but her advice, I fear, passed long before they reached town, into Fugues and such like, and floated into the air. The marriage was performed in the most orthodox style by Bishop L., and the happy pair set off for the south of France. Eva went to live with the Pollens, who shortly after took her with them to Nice, where Lattimer and his wife had gone, and where the whole party were to winter. Arthur returned, when Eva and the Pollens left, to England, and once again in the quiet cottage, his stay at Paris seemed all like a charming vision of pictures and palaces, and theatres and music, and poetry and love.

A lifetime only contains one or two delightful occasions of this sort: they are soon over, and we return to the dead level of ordinary occupations; but happily for us what we have once enjoyed is permanently our's, and the merry days abide with us whilst recollection lasts.

CHAPTER IX.

Although I am drawing very near the conclusion of the first part of this narrative, I must ask the reader to imagine the lapse of a year and a half. To prevent confusion, I will here mention dates. Arthur Chester took orders in the winter of 1841-42, and priest's orders a year after. In the interim he had served as Deacon in a small Church in the city, so that he had frequent opportunities' of being with the Lattimers. In 1842, the living of Gilston St. Mary's became vacant, and Arthur's uncle could have got him nominated, but he was not then a priest: how-

ever an old clergyman, curate of a village near Lindenstowe, consented to hold Gilston till Arthur was a priest, and then vacate. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1843, Arthur became the incumbent of Gilston. There was now therefore no obstacle to the marriage. In the time which had elapsed, Delafield and Frederick Emery had both passed respectable examinations, taken their degrees, and started in life. Delafield had got a clerkship in one of the Government offices, and Fred. having entered the Church, was settling as curate in a village near East Bourn, in Sussex.

Lord Redgate was going on badly in default of money; he was living expensively, chiefly in town, not mixing in high society, for of that indeed he had hardly ever seen anything, but to be met with on race-stands, in theatre saloons, or at gambling houses, with tolerable certainty.

It was now summer, and once again the Lattimers were at their favorite Hastings: Arthur also was there, and Mr. Chester, and even Martin and Marquis. The marriage was fixed for a week later than a day I have now to describe. To positively state that "coming events cast their shadows before" would savour of superstition. We do not calculate the many shadows after which no event comes, so that what seems supernatural may perhaps be accounted for by the laws of mere chance. However this may be, Arthur certainly called to mind afterwards, long afterwards, the peculiarity of the evening preceding this day. It was a hot stifling night : the sea was utterly hushed, and of a sombre color, from the black skirt of cloud which hung on the horizon. The sound of footsteps and voices in conversation at a distance seemed unnaturally clear in the gloomy silence of the elements. Every now and then, far out at sea, forks of fire fell out from the faintness of the horizon into the waters beneath. Arthur felt a most singular depression of mind, that utter faintness of spirits, thus beautifully described by Barry Cornwall :—

> A deep and a mighty shadow—
> Across my heart is thrown,
> Like the cloud on a summer meadow,
> When the Thunder-wind hath blown ;
> The wild-rose, Fancy, dieth,
> The sweet-bird, Memory, flieth,
> And leaveth me alone !

He was oppressed by an unbearable longing for gas-lighted rooms, wine, song, laughter, anything but this : and in a feverish state of this kind he went to bed. He remembered these things afterwards, nor could he dissociate from the omens of the day that the next morning when the thunder clouds had all broken up, and a great sea was dashing in, and a breeze blustering in his face, poor little Marquis, who had gone out with him, deafened by the waves, and heedlessly walking in the middle of the road, was killed. A butcher's cart was driving along, and Arthur, seeing the dog in the way, called out its name : the poor thing, hearing his familiar voice, but not seeing him at the moment, stood still, bewildered, and was crushed under the wheel. The death of a favourite dog is really a great nuisance ; it is absolute grief; and yet you can neither expect sympathy, nor sooth yourself with lamentation. The only relief at the time is to be angry, and accordingly Arthur was furious with the butcher's boy, who, as he was looking the other way, and as dogs are gene-

rally supposed to be able to take care of themselves, was not the least in blame. Old Chester was quite cut up, and insisted on having the poor little carcase, with its startling glazed eyes, buried, which ceremony Martin performed in the enclosed garden of a square, not then finished, at St. Leonard's, where his bones remain unto this day.

About one o'clock, Arthur was sitting alone in the verandah of the house his father and he had taken, when a servant brought in a little note. It was Eva's hand-writing, but in the most wild and blotted characters. Arthur tore it open; it ran thus: "Dearest Arthur,—Come, I beseech you, this instant to our house. Aunt Hesther will tell you all. I am too ill to write more. Your distracted Eva." Arthur flew to the Lattimer's house, and rushed into the drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Lattimer were sitting out on the beach; the room was empty. Presently in came Miss Hesther; she was deadly pale; she held a letter in her hand; she mumbled out—"I have got a strange story to tell you, Mr. Chester, but you know that Eva made a kind of vow to him, you know, before he was dead." This was not very intelligible, as Miss Hesther perceived herself, so turning red, she continued, "I really cannot explain matters, but read for yourself, and you will understand." Arthur seized the proffered letter; it was written in a large rapid hand.

British Flag Tavern,
London Bridge.

Dearest Eva,—Have you forgotten a wretched cast-away of a fellow, called by such a fine name as Alban Hescott. After knocking about on rough seas, and starving on bare islands—here the poor devil is. Will my Uncle consent to see me: all this wind and sea-water ought to take out some of the old scores against me. Mine is a strange story, such as happens but to one of a thousand men. Ask your father if I may come and tell it you. I am staying in a tavern near London Bridge. Do you remember, Eva, how we parted, and what we said, or are you like the rest of them? I suppose I must not expect the world to change its fashions for my particular benefit, and must put up with being—forgotten.

Your loving Cousin,
Alban Hescott.

June, 1843.

The reader will kindly remember that he and myself know more about Alban than poor Arthur did. He had only a faint glimmering of facts, through an imperfect story of the events, about a cousin which, as it ended in this cousin being drowned, was not one naturally that Arthur would take interest in as affecting his prospects.

Arthur, however, in an instant connected this rumour with the disclosures of the letter, and wove out a thread from them both. He looked wild and bewildered, Miss Hesther rushed in utter incapacity of further explanation from the room. A moment after the door opened, and Eva entered in. Arthur knew the step; he dare not trust himself to look up. Had he, he would have seen that she was ashy pale; there were blue lines beneath her eyes; her white lips quivered. But a beautiful woe lay on her brow, and humbled her eye, and thus she walked in speechless—her black hair hanging in disordered tresses.

She came to the sofa and sat down by Arthur ; he put out his hand without turning his head, and so they remained for a few seconds silent. At last he looked her in the face and said, "Dearest Eva, what is all this?" She burst into a flood of relieving tears, and then in sobs, and scarcely articulate words, but still with the eloquence of sorrow, when pride has once removed its restraint, she related the whole story of how she was brought up with Alban and of their early love, and of how he was thought to have perished.

"What, what shall I do? dearest Arthur," she passionately exclaimed. "I cannot, dare not forsake him ; by all that is holy in love, I am pledged to remember him? Arthur!" she said in a more settled voice, and disengaging herself from his arm, which was passed guardingly and affectionately round her, "I cannot, must not marry you: oh what shall we do," she added, "I hear Papa's step on the stairs." Poor girl, it was not left to her at that moment to decide how to act ; for the feelings of the occasion were too heavy for woman's frame to bear ; she sat down, saying she felt giddy and faint, and in a few seconds fell back gently on the cushions in a state of unconsciousness.

Eva in a swoon on the sofa: Arthur, the picture of despair, standing over her ; an open letter lying on the carpet : this was the scene presented to Lattimer, and his little impassive wife, as they entered the room.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

FONDLY trusts the heart of youth
In breasts it kindred deems,
Fondly hopes in love and truth,
Oh! how sweet its dreams!

Sadly mourns the heart of youth,
Lonely and forsaken,
Vainly sighs o'er vanish'd truth,
Oh! how sad to waken!

AUGUSTUS HOWARD.

THE DYING DEIST.

[EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.—"Yes; it is true, poor G——— is dead, peace to his manes. He was one of the finest hearted beings that ever struggled with the difficulties of life, and at the same time probably one of the most unhappy. Generous and benevolent in the extreme, he walked upon the earth like an angel, shedding peace and happiness around him, wheresoever he went; and yet for all this, I fully believe that no man ever knew less peace than himself, or tasted less happiness than he did. Alas! he was cursed with a spirit of unbelief,—a spirit which, robbing him of all rest in this world, banished all certainty of another, and a better, from his aching breast. His was not the pride of intellect which deludes too many into rejecting the only thing which sheds a certain balm upon the wounded heart, amid the troubles and trials of life; with him it was the mistake (and ah! how dearly he paid for that error, these lines will show) of supposing that *Revelation*, if true, must be in strict accordance with *human* ideas of truth and justice.

The lines which I inclose, were found upon his table the morning of his death; they had evidently been written the night before; and though they contain much that I can neither agree with, or approve, they may yet do good by awakening some waverers to a sense of the miseries that those experience, who, through cherishing some darling error, cast away from them the blessed *assurance*, which religion, and religion alone, can give.

Poor G——— died, it is true, with a sort of *vague hope* (for he was in other respects a pure and holy man) that there *might be* a world beyond the tomb, where woe should not break in to steal his joys, nor the rust of remorse corrupt his happiness; but still he died "doubting and fearing much," whereas, had he bowed in humble meekness to the Christian faith, he would have passed away in holy gladness, like one who feels that his sorrows are over, and that, the weary fight fought out, he is about to receive the victor's amaranth wreath of everlasting happiness. But enough; let me

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

He *was* and he *is* not, should be his only epitaph.

AUGUSTUS HOWARD."]

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* * * * * * * * *

I SIT upon the skirts of night; the day
Is fleeting fast—will soon have fled away;
Robed in the glowing hues which sunset sheds,
The landscape of the *Past* behind me spreads;
Before, a dark impenetrable gloom
Hangs o'er the portals of the opening tomb,
And hides—perhaps a *Future*, or, perchance,
Annihilation's cold, eternal trance.

I sit within the shadow of the grave,
No faith to soothe, no hope to cheer or save;

My eyes are tearless, but my faint soul weeps,
And thro' my worn mind, like a ghost, there creeps
A strange and fearful feeling, as I look
Around on Life and Nature's glorious book
So soon to close for *me*. The smiling earth
'Neath Spring's soft gales, refreshen'd in new birth,
Tells of a Summer which *I* may not see,
Of happy days, when I, have ceas'd to be.

Oh! the fair Earth, how wond'rous fair she seems,
When o'er her cheek our latest sunset streams!
How sweet her joys, by us scarce prized before,
How bright her charms, for us, alas! no more.
Her flower-deck'd mantle, and her perfum'd breath,
Her living landscapes, which the night of death
Ev'n now hangs brooding o'er.—How my dim eyes
Athwart the sullen mist, which herald flies
Of that dread comer, fix upon the scene,
Belov'd in vain, for *me*, it but hath been;
Bitter the thought, that 'tis but as we part,
We feel, O Earth! how beautiful thou art,
Instinct with life, and joy and endless youth,
Changeless, eternal as some glorious truth;
Our days, scarce heeded, pass away on thee,
Thy joys unpriz'd, thy charms unfelt; and we
But learn to love thee as we ought, the while
Thou don'st for us thy latest, sweetest smile—

Yes, thou *art* lovely, lovelier e'en than when
Thy myriad beauties blossom'd into ken
Of our young life; but tho' the parting grieve,
It is not *thee alone* we dread to leave:
Friends—much lov'd friends—to lose them all, and lie
An unlov'd clod, to rot and putrify,—
To know that they, with a few pitying tears,
Will close my grave, forget the love of years,
And, like a grim dream, chase me from their mind;
That, a few months roll'd on, the best will find
My name grate strangely on their ears, and hate
The sound that, ghost-like, tells them of their fate;
That a few years, and then my grave, worn down
By the world's tread, shall vanish, and earth own
No single trace of one whose heart beat high
With idle hopes of Immortality.

* *

Are they all vain? *Is* life then but a dream—
Shadows of things which are not, only seem?

Hath virtue then no heritage on high?
Is love a mortal, doom'd like *us*, to die?
Oh! must I leave *her*,—must I, *must* I go,
From all I love, to the dark grave below?
Must I, whose head on beauty's bosom oft
Has lain, in the rank mould be pillow'd soft;
And must the slim worm revel on the breast,
Where oft *she* lay, caressing and carest;
And must the brain grow dull, and dim the eye,
And the heart beat not,—must I, *must* I die?
Yes, the dread writing glimmers on the wall;
My hours are number'd, o'er me hangs the pall:
An unseen hand hath rung the noiseless knell,
Earth, life, friends, kindred, fare ye, fare ye well!

The seal is set upon me,—yes, I go
From life, from earth,—but *whither*—who shall show?
Shall the mind live uninjur'd by the change
That disunites its home, and, bird-like, range
With kindred spirits thro' the realms of space?
As the frame budding swells in youthful grace,
So the young mind grows stronger day by day:
When the frame weakens, then slow fade away
The mental powers, that strong-limb'd manhood knew:
When the frame dies, oh! *can* the mind die too?

The spirit's clayey temple is dissolv'd,
New forms of nature from its wreck evolv'd:
It hangs as dew-drops on the leafy trees,
It floats a vapour in the evening's breeze,
It blossoms in the rose on beauty's cheeks,
Glows in the grape, and in the thunder speaks,
In each new form, as wond'rous as the first,
But the fair bonds that bound it, all are burst.
And shall the mind change thus, and pass away,
To shed the bloom of life on other clay,
And live in countless shapes, yet still the same
In different harmonies of nature's frame,
(As notes that form some chord, when hush'd its strain,
Unchang'd themselves, in new chords sound again?)
Ah! who shall teach us, Death's alone the lore,
We feel it cannot *die*,—and know no more.

—

Oh! happy they whose minds can find relief,
E'en in death's shadow, in some blind belief;
Blest are the souls to whom kind nature gives
A trust, they know not why, a faith that lives

Bright and unchanging 'midst the gloom of death—
Alas! that *faith** should fly, at reason's breath!
As on some awful brink the traveller sleeps,
And, hid by night, fears not the unseen steeps,
So blind belief sits by the gulf of death,
And, hid by faith, fears not the grave beneath:
But let the sun arise, let reason speak,
Up fly the mists, the power of faith grows weak,
How trembles he, who late so calm repos'd,
When that dread gulf *beyond*, lies all disclos'd.

There *is* a Nemesis of Faith, and woe to them
Who *can* believe not,—they must stem,
All unassisted, the dread sea of doubt
That surges round the soul; they must wear out,
In the vain yearnings after truth, their life,
And their strong souls, in ceaseless mental strife;
They must live on unpitied; who would share
Or soothe the unbeliever's bitter care?
Scorn'd and despis'd by each whose trusting breast,
Finds hope in Faith, or in Religion rest;
Doom'd o'er the *past*, when faith was theirs, to sigh,
And hate the *future*, with its dread "To die,"
Like some poor bark, the sport of winds and waves,
Doubting and fearing, pass they to their graves.
Such is their lot; and yet, tho' sad it be,
My heart, take courage, there *is* Hope for thee.
What, tho' no priestly tales may soothe thy fears,
No faith in creeds dry up thy starting tears?
Soldier of Life, remember, when he dies,
The brave man scorns a kerchief o'er his eyes!

What, tho' traditions, which thy fathers taught,
Of God, of Heaven, have no conviction wrought,
Look round on Nature, on the glorious whole,
Of things existing, search from pole to pole,
The heavens, the earth, the rainbow, and the flower;
Say, do not all bespeak a Maker's power?
What, tho' in *books*, *they* say, truth lies conceal'd,
Thou deem, by *nature*, that the truth's reveal'd;

* The error of this assertion scarcely requires to be pointed out; the fact being that it is naturally absurd to suppose that *superhuman* events should be reducible to *human laws*, or that the mind of *man* should be able fully to comprehend the workings of the spirit of *God*. To turn their own weapons on the Philosophers (?) of the so-called reason-school, it is only necessary to quote their own law, that the right or wrong of a question depends, not on any *particular result*, but on its *general effects*. Now as we can only know individual results of God's laws, it is obviously unfair to accuse or doubt that God (as these reasonists impiously do), because a particular result (e. g. the order for the indiscriminate massacre of a tribe) does not appear to coincide with the precepts of justice—They know nothing of the general effects and this alone (setting aside many other, and I think better reasons) by their own admission, incapacitates them from deciding on the justice or injustice of the law, of which this measure was an isolated consequence.—A. H.

What, tho' thou leav'st the paths thy Fathers trod,
Wilt thou not say with them, "There *is* a God!"

What, tho' the written promises they show,
Of Future life, thy reason bids thee know,
As but the transcripts from some lofty mind,
Of what it crav'd for, meant to sooth mankind:
What, tho' the pages which *they* deem inspired,
Record for *thee*, but what man's heart desir'd:
Say! does not something whisper to thy soul,
That earth is but a part, and not the whole;
That as some lonely dove awhile may rest
Within a charnel house, when far its nest,
So dwells the soul on earth, a gentle thing,
That sorrowing, rests awhile its tir'd wing
Within a temple of decay, but form'd for flight
In regions, glorious with celestial light:

Oh! *can* its love of truth and virtue fade,
Earth yields that love small sphere, and was it made
Scarce born, to die on Earth? Oh! can the doom
Of all its high aspirings be the Tomb?
No! the soul feels that in its love of truth,
There lies a changeless life, an endless youth;
Feels it was formed for love, and not for fear,
Formed to be happy—is it happy *here?*

Thus feels or hopes the soul, and tho' doubt lie,
(Like a dark cloud upon the western sky)
O'er death the sunset of our life, tho' fear
Goad the wrack'd *frame*, that feels *its* end is near,
Hope on my soul, in thine own self be brave,
Tho' there be terrors hanging o'er the grave;
Hope on in thine own immortality,
And *trust** in Him who made thee—Let me die!

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* Poor G——, he *refuses* to put faith in a revelation, the truth of which is supported by Internal as well as Historical evidence, but places it in that made by his own mind, (at best liable to error) and originating probably as much (if not more) in a desire that certain things *should* be true, as in any actual prescience of that truth.—A. H.

ÆGRI SOMNIA.

In the year 18— I lodged at a Tobacconist's near Covent Garden Market. *Why* I selected lodgings over a Tobacconist's I know not. But it is plain that if Tobacconists let lodgings, and are to eke out a living by so doing, some one must take them. I do not remember that they were cheap; I am sure I found it a hard task to pay their hire, and to discharge the "little bills" for sundries which were weekly submitted to me. The Latin Grammar says (in a quotation) *Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus*: and Pope—

> "What riches give us let us then enquire.
> Fire, meat, and clothes; what more? meat, clothes, and fire?"

But notwithstanding these wise saws I was poor. It is true that I *was* fed, but it was at a cheap dining house (clubs were not). I *had* clothes, but they were shabby; I *had* fires, but I spared my coals. I should have liked very well better clothes and more of them; better food, better dressed, with an accompaniment of cleaner knives, forks, spoons, and glasses, and waiter less greasy, and fellow feeders less monopolizers of what fire there was, and of the newspaper. What my business was in London, that, reader, is no business of yours. Perhaps I was an author; perhaps I was "a gentleman connected with the Press;" perhaps I studied the Law or Physic; no one ever talks of studying Divinity, for in modern times a Call saves a world of study, and is a great dispenser with the use of midnight oil. Whatever I did, I was not an idle man: though I lodged at a Tobacconist's, I never snuffed, and abhorred the fragrant weed, though used to the company of smokers from infancy. Now whether it was the close atmosphere which I daily breathed, or my want of regular exercise, or the greasy food of the cheap dining house, or the walking too soon afterwards; no matter, I say, the cause, but I became dyspeptic, and consulted the great queller of Lincolnshire farmers of that day, the renowned and dreaded A——y. After waiting in his awful ante-room a long while, it came to my turn to be admitted into the presence, when I was directed to peruse a certain page in a certain book. Upon meekly intimating to the great man that I had already frequently perused that page, I was told with more energy than politeness, and in language imputing to me the very reverse of wisdom, that he had never asserted that I had *not* read the work, and that if I read it again, even I might be the wiser for such perusal: at all events this was all he would tell me. A little disconcerted, I retired, and was moping in my lodgings with stomach distended like that of a cow that has eaten too much clover, when an acquaintance entered my room. He was a tall and handsome young man, but with a dissatisfied air, which spoke a constant sense of the world's ill usage; what the world owed him, I never precisely knew; but must do the world

the justice to say that if it sinned in this instance, it sinned in ignorance. His conversation, like a statist's speech in Parliament, was all "matter of fact," but always of a peculiar kind, and often assuming the form of a question:—"Well, the fact is this, how do you find yourself to-day?" or "Why, the fact is this, who can be well in a Tobacconist's shop?" In vain I hastened to assure him somewhat pettishly, that I did not live *in*; but *over* a Tobacconist's shop; and that the Tobacconist, with his wife and children, all enjoyed excellent health, his reply only was, "The fact is this, you should go to Brighton, and consult Dr. Bagge." "But who is Doctor Bagge?" "Why good God, where have you lived?" "What?" cried I, "you but now twitted me with living in a Tobacconist's." "Well, the fact is this, Dr. Bagge is the only man in his profession that is worth a straw, and if I were dying to-morrow, I'd call him in, I'll be d—d if I didn't." What the precise value of a man who *is* worth a straw may be, I am not aware, and it occurred to me that calling in the Doctor might not necessarily avert the consequence my friend had imprecated. But I remained silent, and after a short time he took his hat and left me to my uneasy sensations,—to my tea, my headache, and my bed. I went to Brighton, and was no better; had been shampoo'd, I had bathed, I had done everything according to rule and advice, but grew no better. I know not how it was, but Dr. Bagge occurred to me; I will send for him directly, said I: I rang the bell, the servant came. "Run directly and bring Dr. Bagge to see me." She retreated in silence. In an amazingly short time the house was almost overthrown by a tremendous knocking at the door, which was presently opened and slammed to again with a force which seemed to shake the slight tenement to its foundations, making the ill-fitted windows rattle, and ring. A heavy step on the stairs; a sound of a stick regularly rammed down on each step of the ascent; my door was burst open, and the great Dr. Bagge stood before me. My awe was intense and so was my surprise. He was neither dressed in the fashion of the day nor of any one preceding period; a short, very square built man, not corpulent exactly but bulky, and of prodigious strength of build, very broad shouldered and very erect. He stood like a statue, and the pedestals were solid as that which they supported; his face was broad, his colour, that of a russet apple, his nostrils distended like those of a hard breathing horse. He wore a snuff-coloured, swallow-tailed coat, prodigiously ample in front, which looked like a compound of the fashions of the reigns of George 1st and George 4th. His knee breeches were of blue cloth, and with strings (not buckles) of green ribbon. His stockings were of blue-ribbed cotton; and he wore a waistcoat of black silk, with a white cravat, but no collar or frill. This figure stood motionless at the door, gazing on me, with a gold-headed cane pressed to its lips. Behind were too ruffianly looking fellows, with very much the air of resurrection men; one having a villainous scowl on his brow, and a deep scar upon his cheek; thin and hungry in mien, and vulture-like about his naked unsightly throat; the other was

a stout burly varlet, who bore a box of implements in his hand, while his companion flourished a sort of scourge, or cat-o'-nine-tails. For some time I was silent, but cried at last, "What does this mean?" "I understand," replied the Doctor, in a half-menacing and loud voice, "that you sent for me." "Yes," I murmured faintly, "I own I did so." "Aha!" cried he, "then I see no time is to be lost. Do your duty." In an instant his myrmidons had rushed forward; I flew to the poker, but, ere I could seize it, was seized myself, pinioned, placed on an overthrown chair, my arms tied, my clothes stripped off to the waist, and my head shaved; I could not cry for help, for I was gagged. When all this was done, which occupied an incredibly short time, he cried, "There is too much hot blood here; there is too much of the spirit of resistance: do your work, Gauger." Gauger did his work, and gave me three or four cuts with his scourge that almost seemed to cut me in two. "Take the gag from his mouth," said the Doctor, in a benevolent tone, "give him the relief of screams." It was done. "Why," asked I, "do you treat me thus?" "It is the way to bring you to your senses," shouted the Doctor. "I am not mad," cried I as loudly. "'Tis the song of you all," answered the Doctor; "not mad, you fool! then why did you send for me?" "Nay," said I, "that clinches the matter; I must indeed be mad." "Give it him, Gauger," roared the Doctor in a fury; but here I gave so violent a twist of the body to avoid his impending scourge, that I fell from the bed in which I had been lying, and awoke. There was no Brighton, no sea breeze,—the weed I smell was not sea-weed. I had been lying with my neck on the sharp edge of a board; Doctor Bagge, his myrmidons, and all the rest of it, had been nothing but—a sick man's dream.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

FROM SCHILLER.

"Take hence the world!" Zeus, from his lofty station,
Proclaimed to man—"Take; it shall be your own:
Henceforth to you I yield its occupation,
Share it like brethren, I will reign alone."

Then might you see each sharing at his pleasure,
And settling in their places young and old;
The Farmer takes the fields with all their treasure,
The mounted Noble proudly sweeps the world.

The Merchant counts his generative riches,
The Abbot stipulates for choice of wine;
The King blockades the highways and the bridges,
And saith, " For verily, the toll is mine."

Long time after this sharing had been ended,
The Poet came from some remotest land;
O'er all the world his anxious gaze he bended,
And saw that all things owned some master's hand.

" Ah me!" he cried, " must I alone of all then
Forgotten be, thy most devoted son?"
Thus loud he dared to lift his voice and call then,
And bowed his head before the thunderer's throne.

" If in the land of dreams thou must be faring,"
(Calm spoke the God) " there lies no blame in me;
Where wert thou, then, when men the earth were sharing?"
Answered the Poet—" Lord, I was with thee."

Mine eye upon thy majesty was dwelling,
Upon thy Heaven's harmonies mine ear,
Forgive the heart that with that rapture swelling
Lost by neglect the earth he felt too near."

" What shall be done?" said Zeus, " The earth is given,
The Wood, the Tilth, the Mart, no more are mine,
Wilt thou for ever dwell with me in Heaven?
Come, for the gate will ope to touch of thine."

H. G. K.

Selections and Translations.

A WEEK IN PARIS, IN FEBRUARY, 1848.*

LETTER NO. I.

Paris, Feby. 21*st*, 1848.

The obstinacy of the king or of his ministers—or of both—has brought on a crisis which can only be terminated by the disgrace of the one, or the downfal of both. I need not remind you that the worthy inhabitants of the ancient *Lutetia Parisiorum* have ever been noted for their independent and turbulent spirit; nor need I recall to your recollection the histories of the Sainte Ligue, of the Fronde, of the first great Revolution, or of the "glorious three days" of July 1830 - not to mention a host of minor disturbances. This somewhat disorderly love of liberty and aversion to anything like autocratic power is not, however, altogether peculiar to the Parisians. The Franks generally, from the age of Clovis down to our own times, have ever and anon given striking proofs that their designation was no misnomer, though they seem rather to have venerated the idea, than to have possessed the reality of freedom. Moreover, it has always appeared to me that a Frenchman's notions of liberty are truly republican—I would say, democratical—that is, every one covets for himself the free exposition of his own opinions, but would coerce his neighbour to a similar profession of faith. Whence, you will ask, arises this intolerance? I answer unhesitatingly, that it arises from the peculiar characteristic of the Franks—from their vanity. And to wounded vanity do I ascribe the present perilous position of the Ministry. While it is undeniable that the venality, corruption, and unconstitutional conduct of those placed at the head of affairs, have tended in a great degree to alienate the minds of all right-thinking men—to a more trivial cause must be assigned the bitterness and personality exhibited in the attacks of the opposition. In the opening speech of the session an injudicious paragraph denounced the Reformists, or, as we would call them, the Demagogues, as "enemies or *blind*." This was an unpardonable affront. Inimical they might be, but blind! The idea was preposterous, and the Ministry who could devise, and the sovereign who could utter, such an opprobrious epithet, were equally to be regarded as laboring under mental derangement of a peculiarly malignant order. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* Hence the furious diatribes of the Marquis de Boissy and of M. Odilon-Barrot; hence the argumentative and financial opposition of M. Thiers; hence the smart sayings of M. Lamartine;

* These letters were written on the spot to a friend in England, and, although perfectly original, are now inserted among our Selections and Translations, at the particular request of the writer.—Ed. S. M. M.

and hence the concerted yelping of the entire pack of Café frequenters, of Charivari readers, and of *ad captandum* scribblers. But not content with this insult to their understanding, M. Guizot went so far as to taunt the opposition with the inferiority of their numbers, and even insinuated that it was in the power of the Ministry to stifle all discussion by means of the immense majority that supported them. This was a deplorable imprudence, and the bravado will not readily be forgiven. By thus continually adding insult to injury, M. Guizot has succeeded in making himself the most unpopular minister that has held office since the fall of Prince Polignac. The greatest grievance of all remains to be told. For many months past Banquets have been given in the principal cities of the kingdom, at which certain inflammatory speeches were uttered, and toasts proposed not much to the honor of the powers that be. Not only was the king's health invariably omitted, but at Limoges Republicanism was tainted with profanity, and the name of Jesus Christ, the Chief of Republicans, was offered and received as a political toast. At last it was determined that a Reform Banquet—for their professed object is to obtain an electoral reform—should be celebrated in the very metropolis. This was bringing the pest too near to their own doors, and the Ministry now prepared to bring the struggle to an issue. It was officially announced that the Government refused its sanction to any public meetings of this description, and M. Hebert, the Minister of Justice, declared from his place, that if necessary, the armed force would be called upon to compel the due observance of a law of 1792, which every body had long regarded as obsolete. This law, however, was admirably adapted to answer the present purposes of the Government, and it was accordingly resolved to enforce it at all hazards. That a man of M. Guizot's experience and perspicacity of view should have decided on taking such a step, is most surprising. As long as he permitted the Demagogues to rant at their pleasure, there was no great danger of action. Well pleased to hear themselves speak, and not a little puffed up by the certain degree of after-dinner popularity they had acquired, these sage politicians would have been content to let things hold on the even tenor of their way, and would have never dreamed of converting their noisy bark into an envenomed bite. However *sic diis placuit*. The Government prohibited the celebration of any more Banquets for political purposes, and threatened to proceed judicially against all who should prove contumacious. Immediately, the electors of the Twelfth Arrondissement of Paris agreed that a Reform Banquet should be held on the 22nd of February at a convenient spot near the Champs Elysées, and invitations were sent to several Peers of France, the most violent members of the opposition, and the students—a numerous and influential body, remarkable for their intelligence, dissipation, and turbulence. Preparations have been made with much secrecy and dispatch, and a breakfast has been appointed for twelve o'clock to-morrow, at which will be present three Peers, fifty-four Deputies, and a host of students, electors, and busy-bodies, who are to assemble on the Place de la Madeleine, and march in procession up the Champs Elysées.

Since writing the above, a change has come over the spirit of the dream. The Government having notified their intention of putting down the meeting by extreme measures, if necessary, a deputation waited upon M. Odilon-Barrot to ascertain if he was prepared to persist at all risks. That prudent gentleman has declined to take upon himself the responsibility of the fearful consequences that might result from a collision between the people and the military. M. Lamartine, however, and some seventeen of his colleagues, lifted up their voices against this

cowardly abandonment—not of a Banquet,—but of a principle, and loudly protested against such pusillanimity. The people, too, are evidently disgusted with the poltroonery of the declamatory M. O. Barrot, and the utmost agitation pervades Paris. On the Boulevards large groups are formed, and the *modus operandi* on the morrow seems to be the subject of much anxious discussion. *Qui vivra, verra.*

LETTER NO. II.

Paris, February 22*nd*, 1851.

In my letter of yesterday I mentioned the general dissatisfaction that prevailed on account of the postponement of the long-talked-of Banquet, but I little expected that in the short space of four-and-twenty hours things would have taken so unfavorable a turn. About ten o'clock this morning some 200 cavalry of the Municipal Guard, the finest corps in the kingdom, trotted slowly up the Champs Elysées, and proceeded to the spot indicated as the probable scene of the proposed meeting. Excepting a few of the curious not a soul was visible, and they accordingly wheeled about and rode back again, amid the good-humored laughter of the by-standers. The streets were filled at an early hour, for even the sluggards were up by times and intent on enjoying a holiday. Besides which, the workshops and magazines were all closed, under the apprehension that the men might possess themselves of the implements of their daily occupation and convert them into formidable weapons of offence. This fear might possibly be well founded, but to myself this conduct appears extremely injudicious, for thus all the laboring population has been let loose at the very time that their attention ought to have been the most engaged. Double wages for the day would have thinned the streets, and spared much distress to the unoffending. Between ten and eleven a considerable number of workmen and idlers had collected on the Place de la Madeleine, but evidently without any fixed plan of action. Soon afterwards a procession of students, accompanied by a regular mob of the lowest class, arrived from the other side of the river, and began bawling out with more energy than harmony the *Marseillaise* and the *Chœur des Girondins*. Occasionally was heard a cry of *Vive la Réforme, à bas Guizot*, which was always the signal for a hearty laugh from the spectators. The Place de la Madeleine and the upper part of the Rue Royale were now occupied by a dense crowd, while from every window appeared a mass of human heads, seemingly much amused by the noisy demonstrations that were taking place in the street below them. A general movement became inevitable from the continued accession to their numbers, and like an avalanche forced from its position by its own weight, the people were slowly impelled towards the Place de la Concorde. Opposite to them stood the Chamber of Deputies, where, on that very day, M. Odilon Barrot was to demand the impeachment of the Ministers. By common consent, for most assuredly there was no leader, the rude mass moved across the Pont de la Concorde, and tearing down the rails in front of the palace, endeavored to force their way into the Chamber. Some few, indeed, succeeded, but the others were driven in confusion across the bridge by a brisk charge of cavalry under General Sebastiani, who arrived at a most opportune moment. Within half an hour afterwards the Place de la Concorde was occupied by an imposing force of Dragoons, Municipal Guards, and Infantry, and presented a strange and dazzling scene when the sun shone out on their burnished arms. The boys now began to pelt the military with stones, and it was found necessary to clear the ground

by repeated charges. Unhappily, the Municipal Guard exhibited but little forbearance, and frequently dashed in among peaceful groups of citizens in the most brutal manner. Thus was engendered a feeling of enmity between that gallant corps and the people, and on some occasions the National Guards stepped forward and loudly blamed the violent conduct of the Municipals.

I must now beg you to accompany me into the Chamber of Deputies. You probably expect to find them greatly excited, or at least anxiously devising some means of tranquillizing the people, and restoring stability to the Government. Not at all. The worthy Deputies are gravely discussing the merits and demerits of the Bordeaux Bank Bill—a measure of no intrinsic importance, and which could have been postponed another week, without the slightest detriment to the public weal. Towards the close of the sitting M. O. Barrot presented a paper to the President demanding the impeachment of M. Guizot and his colleagues, for having betrayed the honour and interests of France—for having violated the guarantees of liberty—for having pursued a systematic course of corruption, and so perverted the representation of the country—for having trafficked in ministerial appointments—for having ruined the finances of the State—for having despoiled the citizens of the right of meeting together, a right inherent in every free constitution, and particularly guaranteed by the Charter, by the laws, and by precedent—and finally for having adopted a line of policy diametrically opposed to the tendencies of the two revolutions consecrated by the blood of citizens.

But out of doors the progress of events was more rapid and exciting. The mob, harassed by the furious charges of the Municipal Guard, began to throw up barricades,—an operation which they performed with much skill and expedition. The first barricade formed was across the avenue of the Champs Elysées, and consisted of three lines, in one of which conspicuously figured an unfortunate omnibus that had been stopped and overturned, the horses of course being first taken out, and the passengers invited to alight with all imaginable politeness. Boughs of trees, stone benches torn up from their sockets, and the chairs usually let out to the frequenters of this beautiful promenade, were adroitly interwoven, and formed a very tolerable screen against the sudden onslaughts of the cavalry. The example was too good to be thrown away, and ere long similar barricades arose in different parts of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and in the cross streets that connect it with the upper half of the Champs Elysées. The guard house at the corner of the Rue de Ponthieu was set on fire, and some dozens of trees cut down between the Rond Point and the Arc de Triomphe; and here as well as in the Rue and Faubourg St. Honoré all the street lamps were smashed to atoms, though private lamps were universally respected. During the afternoon the shops were closed without exception, saving always the Marchands des Vins, who have reaped a productive harvest, and the appearance of the streets was singular in the extreme. Heads were peeping out of every window, and at each door stood a group of quidnuncs, gossiping with the Concierge, and ready to take shelter within the friendly *porte cochère*, as soon as the sonorous voice of the trumpets and the scampering of the people betokened a charge of the cavalry. As the day advanced, and no symptoms of tranquillity showed themselves, the respectable part of the community began to grow anxious, and looked forward to the darkness of the night with no small apprehension. There would be no moon to replace the broken lamps, and not a single police officer or *sergent de ville* was anywhere to be seen. At last, about five o'clock, drums were heard beating the *rappel* in every quarter of the town, and the National Guard turned out with alacrity to protect persons and property from

insult and outrage. But the mob evinced no disposition to plunder any thing but arms, and the only shops into which they broke were those of gunsmiths. In the evening indeed they pillaged some of the offices for collecting the Octroi, or Town duty, which, being levied on provisions, is peculiarly odious to the poor, and not very popular among the rich—and after possessing themselves of the receipts of the day, amounting to nearly 3,000 francs, set the offices on fire. Mischief seems to have been the predominant passion of the day, and in no case have I heard of any person being insulted, which is the more remarkable as no protection could have been afforded by the usu[illegible]rdians of the public peace. A [illegible] riot of to-day has been no more than what we would call a police-riot, and such as would have been speedily put down by our London Police. In one respect, indeed, it has differed from an English row, and that is in the absence of any pillaging—though many of the rioters are in a state of utter destitution. The most active offenders have been the incorrigible *Gamins*, who appear to be a race peculiar to Paris. Varying from twelve to eighteen years of age, they combine the mischievous propensities of the boy with the strength and astuteness of the man. Unwashed and unshorn, they are singularly repulsive in outward appearance; nor is their poverty rendered interesting by an air of depression or suffering. On the contrary, their eye beams with malice, audacity, and acuteness, and their short, thick-set, hairy figures, plainly announce that their physical qualities are not deficient, whatever may be wanting in the moral. In short, they are Pucks of a larger growth, and bid fair to eclipse the deeds of that merry elf.

Every one asks why were not the Garde Nationale called out to-day? It is their peculiar duty to keep peace and order in the capital, and yet until five o'clock in the afternoon not a single division was on duty. The answer to this question is easily found. Louis Philippe, who owed his elevation to the throne to the support and good will of this influential body, has most imprudently contrived to make himself exceedingly unpopular among them. It is well known that they have long been the advocates of electoral reform, and for this reason the ministry feared to call them out. This apprehension was unfounded. There cannot be a doubt but that the National Guard would at once have checked the rioting, and prevented the construction of the barricades. Composed of the most respectable citizens, professional men as well as tradespeople, it is their manifest interest to preserve tranquillity, and guard against any attempts upon life or property. At the same time it is probable that after suppressing these riots, they will make such a significant demonstration of their political opinions, that it will be no longer possible for the king to retain his present ministry—and assuredly some consideration is due to the deliberate opinions of 60,000 men, who are the true representatives of the popular feeling.

LETTER NO. III.

Paris, February 23rd, 1848.

The political horizon, that for a brief space seemed about to clear up, has again clouded over, and a fearful storm is at hand—but let us begin with the beginning. After consuming with fire the Octroi offices, as I mentioned in my letter of yesterday, the rioters vanished from the streets—whither, few know and still fewer care to know. Strong patrols of the National Guard and troops of the Line paraded the town, but the night passed over in the utmost tranquillity, broken only by the measured tread of the soldiers and the beating of the rain, as fitful gusts hurled it against windows and *volets*. At a

very early hour, however, of the morning might be seen men, women, and children, hurrying about from shop to shop, laying in ample stores for one or more days, according to the timidity of the good housewives. An air of anxiety marked every countenance, and by eleven o'clock almost every shop was closed, and while the females occupied the upper windows of the house, the door was again beset by a little knot of retailers of news—each one bringing some startling rumour or *fact* to swell the common budget, and then hastening on to another group with his growing stock of absurdities. The quarters of the town that were most disturbed yesterday have been tolerably quiet to-day, thanks to the good-tempered firmness of the National Guard. In the populous quarters, however, of St. Denis, St. Martin, and St. Antoine, the violence of the Municipal Guard has caused a loss of life, and it is said that five or six men of the people have been seriously wounded, while one was shot dead on the spot: one of the Municipals is also reported to have been killed. But very few arms were seen in the hands of the rioters, and these of the most inefficient description, if we except the muskets stolen from the gunsmiths, and those wrested from the soldiery posted at some of the guard-houses. The general feeling was in favor of the military, and loud cheers greeted them whenever they appeared in sight, occasionally mingled with fierce menaces against the Garde Municipale. During the entire day the Place de la Concorde was occupied by a formidable body of Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Municipal Guards, and Infantry, while the National Guard lined the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, and kept open the communication between the Chamber of Deputies and the Palace of the Tuileries. The Place du Carousel was also strictly guarded, and several pieces of artillery were pointed in the direction whence a mob might be expected to advance. But the people shewed no inclination to attack the military, and they on their part appeared quite as reluctant to enter upon hostilities. In the afternoon the Boulevards were crowded to excess, and an incessant bawling of the *Marseillaise* and the *Chœur des Girondins* served as a safety-valve to the pent-up patriotism of the mob. At times indeed were heard loud shouts of *Vive la Réforme!* which being re-echoed by the National Guards, produced a tremendous cheering, and *Vive la Garde Nationale!* resounded far and wide. As the crowd collected round the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, fierce cries of *A bas Guizot! Vive la Réforme!* rent the air, and as the soldiers on duty gently drove the mob before them at a walking pace, insidious cheers were heard, and *Vive la Ligne! Vivent les Cuirassiers!* were uttered by stentorian lungs, and evidently were not thrown away on the well-affected military. Altogether it was a curious and amusing scene to view that sea of heads moving to and fro—dashing furiously towards some one point, and then rushing back with equal force—at times roaring in fearful tones; and then would come a low murmur yet more terrible, and expressive of much intensity of feeling. Suddenly it became known that M. Guizot had resigned, and that the King had sent for Count Molé to form a liberal Ministry. The transition from discontent and menace to the most extravagant joy is altogether indescribable. Hands were clasped, hats thrown into the air, men flung themselves into each other's arms, and rays of gladness beamed on every countenance. *Vive la Réforme!* again and again rung around, and then came a feebler shout *Vive le roi!* but this died away amid laughter and sarcasm. The glad tidings rapidly spread through every quarter of the town, and peace was at once established. But alas! this calm was destined to be of brief duration! About nine o'clock in the evening a dense crowd had assembled on the Boulevards, especially near the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but the utmost good-humour was displayed, and the majority were

on their way to their homes, singing somewhat vociferously but otherwise orderly enough. Opposite the Ministry they pressed rather close upon the military—it was indeed unavoidable, for the latter occupied two-thirds of the entire width of the street. The officer in command mistook the movement, and, imagining that the mob intended to disarm his men, in an evil moment gave the word to fire. So great, so closely-packed was the crowd, and so well-directed the volley, that above sixty men fell to the ground, either dead or severely wounded. A moment of panic and wild confusion ensued. Many were trampled under foot, and no one deemed himself safe until far removed from the fatal spot. Then arose a fearful cry for vengeance.* They who but that instant had so tumultuously fled, now returned for the fallen, and bore the dead to the office of the *National*, and thence to the Place de la Bastille, where they lie exposed to the gaze of all. Few who heard it will ever forget that cry for blood which arose from the people as from one men. *"Vengeance! Aux armes! Nous sommes trahis! On assassine nos frères!"* Such were the terrible sounds that spread wide dismay, and every one hastened to his home with a heavy heart, as he thought of what must happen on the morrow.

LETTER NO. IV.

Paris, February 24th, 1848.

THE events I am about to relate are so extraordinary, and the time occupied by them so brief, that you will imagine I am endeavoring to rival the thousand and one nights of marvellous memory. Even I, the narrator, hardly know whether or not I am under the influence of a troubled dream, or a disordered imagination. Since this hour last night two ministries have fallen to the ground; an aged monarch has been forced to abdicate; his infant grandson accepted by the representatives of the people, has been refused by the people themselves; the Chamber of Deputies has been dissolved; two palaces have been sacked, and their splendid furniture committed to the flames; a royal dynasty has been overthrown, root and branch, and a Republic demanded; eighty thousand troops have laid down their arms at the command of an almost unarmed mob; the wealthiest individual in Europe has been glad to escape from the metropolis of his dominions in a one-horse shay; and he, who in the morning magnanimously offered a general amnesty to his rebellious subjects, was in the afternoon compelled to flee from his palace without even a change of linen. Such is the wondrous tale I have now to pen. Can you not now understand how eternity may be as a single day?

I resume my narrative from the moment of the fatal catastrophe that occurred opposite to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Notwithstanding the cold, the rain, and the darkness, of a stormy night, the people labored perseveringly to construct barricades, and to place themselves in a position to take a signal vengeance for what they deemed an act of treachery on the part of the King and his government. A terrible thing is the energy of a determined people. Silently and unceasingly their work progressed. Few or no arms were in their hands—*furor arma ministrat*—their most formidable weapon was their own unbending will, their own indomitable spirit. From the commencement of the Boulevard des Italiens to the Porte St. Denis, the barricades rose behind each other in stern defiance, and so strongly were they built that artillery alone could have made any impression upon them. The trees that lined the Boulevards were cut down and drawn across the street; carts, omnibuses, cabriolets, and vehicles of all descriptions were overturned; and finally a solid wall of paving stones was run up breast

high, and in some degree secured by the branches of the fallen trees. Owing to some strange neglect, or still stranger infatuation, not the slightest opposition was offered by the military during the progress of these works, and when the morning dawned, it was discovered that the cavalry could no longer act. The situation of the military indeed was any thing but enviable. Many of them had been under arms for nearly six-and-thirty hours, and their adversaries were their own relatives, with whom moreover they sympathised in opinions and feelings. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that they would have done their duty had there been any symptoms of firmness in their leaders. In no one instance did they exhibit any insubordination. When ordered to fire, they fired, when the word was given to charge, not a man reined in his horse, and finally when commanded to surrender their arms, they obeyed without a murmur. The fortune of the day would probably have been very different, had Marshal Bugeaud been allowed to retain the command of the troops. But his appointment was scarcely announced, before it was cancelled. Of his unpopularity among the people some idea may be formed from the saying attributed to him, with or without reason, "*Je mitraillerai la canaille d'une bonne manière.*" Though not a favorite with the troops, they had so long been accustomed to obey him in Algeria, and the determined inflexibility of his character was so well known, that they would have executed his orders mechanically, and a frightful carnage would have cemented the despotism of the throne. As it was, the soldiers left without a head speedily fraternized with the people, and scattered detachments of the Municipal Guard alone attempted to offer a resistance which their paucity of numbers rendered worse than useless.

So early as seven in the morning hostilities commenced in the neighbourhood of the Place Royale, and a few on both sides were placed *hors de combat*—but the lukewarmness of the military and the want of fire-arms on the part of the people prevented any serious loss of life from taking place. A little after nine a rumor spread abroad that further concessions had been made, and that Messrs. Thiers and Odilon Barrot had been commanded to form a popular Ministry. In fact, Count Molé had informed the King at five o'clock A. M. (!) that he found it impossible to compose a cabinet suited to meet the exigencies of the case. His Majesty was therefore reduced to submit to necessity, and to accept a Ministry extremely obnoxious to his tastes. Orders were instantly despatched by General Lamoricière, the new Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard and of the department of the Seine, to suspend all firing; and the soldiers, reversing their muskets, slowly descended the Boulevards, amid the loud *vivats* of the mob. The National Guard, who closed the march, were greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering, and the people cordially mingled with them as they advanced towards the Church of the Magdalene. On arriving opposite M. Guizot's late residence, they were joined by the soldiers placed there on guard, but this important public building was saved from plunder and devastation by the prompt presence of mind of an officer of the Garde Nationale, who hastily posted at the gates one of his own corps, and a man taken at random from the people. The hint was readily understood and appreciated, and in a few seconds were traced in huge characters in chalk the magic words *Propriété Nationale* on one door, and on the other; *Hotel sous la sauvegarde du Peuple*. But even in the midst of these trying scenes the national love of ridicule peeped forth, and a wag attached to the entrance two boards bearing respectively the inscriptions *Boutique à louer* and *Grand appartement à louer presentiment*. On the outer wall appeared a terrible memento of last night's massacre: the words *à mort Guizot*

were written in letters of blood. A considerable number of the people here separated from the main body, and proceeded to the Rue de Clichy, where they liberated the prisoners confined for debt. In the meantime a procession was observed slowly advancing up the Boulevards, and making for the Rue St. Denis. It was composed of M. Odilon Barrot, accompanied by Horace Vernet, the celebrated historical painter, in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard, and by several Deputies of ultra-radical principles. On reaching the great barricade that defended the entrance of the Rue St. Denis, M. Odilon-Barrot attempted to harangue the mob, but had hardly time to utter the words: "My good friends, our joint efforts have triumphed. We have re-conquered our liberty," when a loud murmur of dissent drowned his voice, and a man with much violent gesticulation shouted aloud.—"It is too late! We have been too often betrayed!" The crest-fallen demagogue discovered his mistake, and abruptly turning round, made his escape with all despatch. The people, though easily cajoled for a time, are possessed of sound good sense, and soon discover the difference between a true friend and a vain, egotistical, interested declaimer. On Monday, M. Odilon Barrot had the game in his own hands. Had he persisted in holding the Banquet, he would have been the idol of the day, but his vacillation has brought upon him the contempt and distrust of all parties.

Up to this moment no lips had uttered the great purpose of the people, but a secret and mysterious understanding seemed to thrill through them. They thought and felt as one man, and needed no outward symbols to communicate their mutual wishes. But the appearance and conciliatory words of M. Odilon Barrot acted as a spark on a well-laid train. It was now time to declare their intentions, and one universal shout arose—*Aux Tuileries!* —not more ominous or sure was the writing on the wall, than that fierce and sudden cry—it was the death knell of the monarchy—and the dormant strength of the people was about to be developed in all its terrible energy, as the huge giant shaking off the lethargy of habit and prejudice arose in all the retributive majesty of an angry and injured people. It was now too late to bar their passage. The irresistible torrent poured on regardless of the puny efforts of a handful of the Municipal Guard, and momentarily swelling by the continued accession of armed men, who were hastening by a common impulse to join their brethren, after attacking the barracks and seizing upon the arms of the soldiery. It must be confessed, indeed, that the latter operation was by no means a difficult one, for officers of approved valour were seen to surrender their swords at the first summons to the unarmed blackguards who demanded them.

About noon, a desperate attack was made upon the guard house in the corner of the Place de la Concorde, and four or five of the Garde Municipale were slain outright. An attempt was also made to carry the Ministère des Finances in the Rue de Rivoli, but the soldiers retreated within the gates, and the mob dared not to assail them in so strong a position. The Ministère de la Marine was unmolested throughout the day, for a rude inscription besought the people to respect the brave Mariners, and their wives and families, whose papers were deposited in this edifice.

In the meanwhile the great mass of the people had arrived on the open space in front of the Palais Royal, and resolved to make themselves masters of the guard-house before continuing their march upon the Palace of the Tuileries, so as not to leave in the hands of the Military a stronghold which threatened the rear of the advancing column. This post was occupied by a company of the 14th Regiment of the line, the same that had fired on the people the previous evening, and by some

twenty-five men of the Garde Municipale. These gallant fellows refused to deliver up their arms, or to listen to any terms, and, as the people pressed upon them, they even fired a well-directed volley, which speedily cleared the space in front of them. The conflict lasted above two hours. National Guards and the armed men, mingled indiscriminately together, placed themselves at the corners of the adjoining streets and in the Cour d'Honneur of the Palais Royal, whence they kept up an incessant and galling fire. In the middle of the fray, General Lamoricière galloped into the open space and called upon the soldiers to suspend hostilities, but all in vain: and the General, being wounded in the hand, returned to the Tuileries. At last, the royal carriages were brought out from the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre into the Place du Palais Royal, and there set on fire. Advancing up to this new defence, the mob succeeded in firing the guardhouse, and thus compelled its gallant defenders to evacuate a post they had so bravely maintained against overwhelming numbers. Inflamed by the ardor of the combat, the people seemed disposed to make a terrible use of their victory, and one man was heard to exclaim: "*Ils ont tué mon frère: il faut que je tue quelqu'un.*" "*Si tu tues quelqu'un,*" replied a National Guard, "*ce sera ton frère aussi.*" This noble answer instantly allayed the vengeful spirit of the people, and with a glad shout they rushed on to the Place du Carousel. But the struggle was already decided. There was no longer a King. The people was supreme.

By noon despair had seized upon the inmates of the palace. The generals occupied the waiting rooms, silent and depressed. No one could devise a remedy for the growing evil. No one had the courage to counsel energy and action. The barricades and the determined conduct of the people, supported by their National Guards, had paralysed the stoutest hearts. Messrs. Thiers, Dupin, Odilon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, Emile de Girardin, and a few other Deputies arrived in quick succession, and besought the King to abdicate in favor of his grandson ere yet it was too late. It was long before Louis Philippe could be induced to sign the humiliating act, but there was evidently no alternative. At one o'clock the following proclamation was posted up: "Citizens! Abdication of the King. Regency of the Duchess of Orleans. Dissolution of the Chamber. General Amnesty." By this time the people had spread over the Place du Carousel, and several legions of the National Guard completely hemmed in the Palace. Within the railed court of the Tuileries there still remained nearly 3000 troops of all arms, besides some pieces of Artillery. The day was not yet lost. But the Duke de Nemours preferred the humane alternative (I use a gentle epithet, for the Prince "is fallen from his high estate") and the soldiery defiled out of the Court on to the Quay. The Duke and his Staff hastily passed through the vestibule of the palace, and made their horses descend the steps. In a few minutes more the people were in the Tuileries, and nearly at the same instant the gate at the bottom of the Rue de Castiglione was forced open, and another division of the mob rushed into the garden.

The King and Queen had fortunately escaped before this irruption took place. The former wore a black coat without any decorations, and a plain round hat, while the latter was dressed in deep mourning. A feeble escort of two hundred horsemen, arrayed in different uniforms, surrounded the unfortunate couple, and screened them in some degree from the painful gaze of the public. Louis Phillippe walked with downcast looks and unsteady step, but the Queen walked erect and calm, casting a cold, proud glance at the inquisitive and prying mob. It was supposed that they were proceeding to the Chamber of Deputies to deposit the act of abdication, but on arriving on the Place de la Concorde,

near the spot where Marie Antoinette was guillotined, the King suddenly stopped, raised his hat in the air, and pronounced something which no one heard on account of the noise and confusion that prevailed. So dreadful was the pressure of the crowd, that the escort found it impossible to keep their ranks, and an officer, alarmed for the personal safety of the King, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, spare the King!" "Are we assassins," replied a loud voice, "let him be off!" "Yes! yes!" echoed the mob, "let him be off! let him be off!" Two small hired vehicles, each drawn by one horse, were stationed at hand. Into one of them the King and Queen hastily mounted, while the other was taken by two ladies who accompanied them. In a few minutes they were out of sight, galloping furiously towards St. Cloud, and guarded by their devoted escort.

While the heads of the Royal family were thus making their very undignified escape, the Duchess of Orleans, attended by the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier, conducted her two infant children into the Chamber of Deputies. Leading them by the hand, she took her station in the front of the semicircle beneath the President. But at this moment a body of armed men forced themselves into the tribunes, and appeared disposed to interfere with the deliberations of the Chamber. The Duchess accordingly rose from her seat, and led her children to the back of the Deputies' benches, but still directly facing the President. M. Dupin then ascended the tribune and announced the abdication of Louis Phillippe in favor of the young Count of Paris, under the regency of his mother, the Duchess of Orleans. This announcement was greeted with cheers from the conservative benches, but with tremendous uproar from the radical benches and from the tribunes. As soon as he could obtain a hearing, M. Marie suggested the expediency of appointing a provisional Government, until the regency Bill could be amended, because an existing law had appointed the Duke of Nemours to that office. The same view of the case was taken by M. Cremieux, who further professed the utmost respect for all the members of the Royal family. Loud applause accompanied this speech, at the conclusion of which M. Odilon Barrot forcibly addressed the Chamber in favor of the young Prince, contending that the revolution of July had definitively settled the question as to the form of Government, and calling upon all parties to unite in saving France from the horrors of a civil war. The agitation was every moment increasing. A mingled and motley crew of National Guards, students, artizans and armed blackguards, dressed in the most fantastic costumes, taken from the wardrobes of the palace, now rushed into the Chamber, and forced their way to the open space in front of the seats. The conservative benches were instanly vacated, and their late occupants flocked tumultuously to the upper seats. Tremendous shouts pealed though the house, among which might be distinguished the ominous words, *La déchéance! La déchéance!* The uproar was really frightful, but the Duchess sat unmoved, though many an anxious glance was directed towards the royal group; and the President, putting on his hat, declared the sitting to be suspended. A M. Chevalier, formerly editor of the *Bibliothèque Historique*, forcibly ascended the tribune, and besought the Duchess to proceed along the Boulevards with her son, in order that the people, by their acclamations, might signify their consent or their refusal to be governed by a minor and a regent. Again a fresh influx of armed people burst into the Chamber, seated themselves on such benches as were still unoccupied, and even pointed their muskets at the President and the more obnoxious of the Deputies. The latter hastily retired from the hall, and even the Duchess, yielding to the solicitations of the mixed crowd that surrounded her, slowly withdrew with her two children,

whose bright prospects were thus early obscured. Fortunately a vehicle was standing in the court of the President's house, and in this she escaped to the Hotel des Invalides, where the dukes of Nemours and Montpensier, consulting their common safety, separated from their royal sister, and are supposed to have assumed some convenient disguise. The confusion in the Chamber was in the meantime at its height. Arms were franticly brandished in the air. A perfect Babel of discordant cries interrupted or overpowered the voices of even their favorite orators. A more outrageous scene could scarcely have been witnessed in the first great Revolution. Many of the people were partially intoxicated, and others had not yet laid aside the savage ferocity excited by the obstinate defence of the guard house in the Place du Palais Royal, while others again exhibited a ludicrous combination of vanity of attire, and fierce exultation. Blouses and dragoon helmets, shakos and seedy surtouts constituted their inharmonious costume, and arms of all denominations gleamed in the air. Sabre and lance, rapier and musket, poniard and fowling piece, pistols and bludgeons, confusedly mingled together, and gave a wild picturesqueness to a scene, which otherwise would have been replete with horror alone. A citizen in the costume of an officer of the National Guard ascended the tribune, and laid upon the marble the staff of a tricolor flag. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "the people has this day recovered its liberty and independence as in 1830. The throne at the Tuileries is demolished, and thrown out of the window." This, by the way, was not strictly true, but the mob loudly applauded, and cries rent the air of—*A bas les Bourbons! Plus de traitres! Un gouvernement provisiore immédiatement!* As soon as order was partially re-established by every one calling out *Silence!* at the same moment M. Ledru Rollin addressed the Chamber with much vehemence, and declared that no regency could justly be appointed without an appeal to the country, and concluded by demanding a provisional government named by the people themselves, and the immediate convocation of a National Assembly to settle a definitive form of government. To him succeeded M. de Lamartine, who commenced his eloquent harangue by professing his sympathy for the august princess who, with her innocent child, had hastened from her deserted palace to throw herself under the protection of the representatives of the people. But yet greater than the emotion thus inspired was the admiration he felt for that noble people, who had so gloriously combated to establish on an immovable foundation the empire of order, the empire of liberty. At the same time he could not deceive himself into the belief that a permanent government for thirty-five millions of men could be regulated by the impulse or the acclamations of a moment of excitement. A popular, stable, and sound government can only be obtained by an appeal to the country, and in the meanwhile a provisional government is absolutely necessary to prevent civil war, to staunch the effusion of blood, and to calm the angry feelings of fellow-citizens, as well as to prepare the way for a general convocation of the entire people. The tumult that for a time had subsided, now burst forth with tenfold fury. Some shouting one thing, some another. The President, finding it impossible to command silence, now quitted the chair, after declaring the sitting to be terminated, and retired from the Chamber accompanied by all the remaining Deputies, except a few on the radical benches. It is almost impossible to describe what followed. M. Dupont de l'Eure, an octogenarian, was called to the chair, and a thousand fruitless efforts were made to read the names of the proposed members of the provisional government. At last, at the suggestion of M. Ledru Rollin, it was agreed to adjourn to the Hôtel de Ville, as the true seat of government. Amid enthusiastic

cries of—*Vive la République! Vive Lamartine! Vive Ledru Rollin!* the mass poured forth from the Chamber, which was speedily abandoned to a silence singularly contrasting with the late uproar. Before the crowd had entirely withdrawn, some one called attention to the painting behind the President's chair, representing Louis Philippe swearing fidelity to the charter. Instantly a number of men ran up the steps to destroy it with sword and lance, when a workman called out, "Stay a moment! I am going to have a shot at Louis Philippe!" and discharged both barrels of a fowling piece he held in his hands. The work of destruction would speedily have been completed, had not an artizan mounted the tribune, and with a loud voice called upon his comrades to respect national monuments, and to spare national property. "We have shown," he continued, "that the people will not submit to be mis-governed; let us now show that the people can do honor to their own victory."

A little after four o'clock the Chamber of Deputies was entirely deserted, and one of the most eventful scenes in history had drawn to a close Shortly afterwards the walls of Paris were covered with placards announcing the formation of a provisional government composed of the following members: Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Cremieux, Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pages, Marie, and Fr. Arago; with Louis Blanc, Armand-Marrast, Ferdinand Flocon, and Albert, for secretaries.

While the fall of the monarchy and the institution of a Republic were thus being consummated, the insignia and residence of royalty escaped not the rude hands of the despoilers. After firing the guardhouse known as the Chateau d' Eau, the victors rushed into the Palais Royal, smashing the magnificent mirrors, hacking and hewing with their sabres the rich hangings and not a few choice paintings, and throwing out of the windows the valuable and costly furniture, which being piled up into an immense heap in the inner court was ruthlessly consumed to ashes. Among the objects that attracted the most notice was the identical chair on which Louis Philippe sat for the first time as King. Books superbly bound and of inestimable value to the curious, were mercilessly committed to the flames, together with huge bundles of papers, drawings, and many treasures of art. While these Vandals were thus wreaking their barbarous revenge on the Palais Royal, another horde had made a violent irruption into the Palace of the Tuileries. At first, they contented themselves with parading through the various suites of apartments, singing, shouting, and laughing, like demons at the triumph of brute force. A bust of Louis Philippe indeed, was somewhat unceremoniously ejected from an upper window into the Rue de Rivoli, where a mischievous *gamin* demolished his nose, and the throne, after receiving several mud-besmeared occupants, was carried in procession through the streets to the Place de la Bastille, and there burnt at the foot of the column of July. But as the intoxication of success gave place to the intoxication of strong wines—which the royal cellars liberally afforded to their new proprietors—and as gratified curiosity was succeeded by barbarous disdain,—the late residence of an almost despotic King became the scene of the most frightful excesses. A huge bonfire was kindled in the Place du Carousel, into which was flung whatever first came to hand, while the most wanton spirit of devastation reduced to fragments that which the flames seemed disposed to spare. And yet the most scrupulous probity was preserved. A box of jewelry found in the Queen's apartment was instantly conveyed to the Mairie of the third Arrondissement, and men of the people stationed at the different doors searched every one passing out. Death, instant death, was the punishment of the robber, and few indeed were the ob-

jects purloined, though many of the victors had not broken their fast that day, nor knew where-to find means for buying a morsel of bread. Viewed in this light the conduct of the Parisian mob has been exemplary. No insult to private persons, no injury to their property, has stained the annals of these three memorable days; on the contrary, the utmost politeness and moderation have hitherto been observed. Towards the latter part of the afternoon, indeed, it became unpleasant to traverse the streets in consequence of the incessant firing off of guns, and the advanced stage of intoxication at which many had arrived, and who from this cause carried their arms in anything but a soldierly manner, but even then the only danger would have been accidental. The costume of these heroes was often ludicrous in the extreme. The wardrobes at the Palace had been rifled, and their contents now adorned the persons of as hideous a populace as may anywhere be found, and contrasted strangely with the spoils gathered from the barracks and the disarmed soldiery. Here reeled a man with a dragoon's helmet on his head, a musket in his hand, and an embroidered coat upon his back. There stalked another, sabre in hand, with a bell rope for a sash, and artificial flowers in his foraging cap. A third staggered along, bearing a rich ball dress on the point of his bayonet, an Aide-de-Camp's cocked hat on his head, and muslin curtains rolled round his tattered blouse, while a fourth, wearing the Royal livery on his back, a shako, huge as the famed helmet of the castle of Otranto, and a pistol stuck in an *extempore* belt, gravely stood on guard, and fancied himself a man, though his sixteenth year had not yet dawned, or the shade fallen on his upper lip. These urchins, in truth, bore themselves with marvellous gallantry under the hottest fire, and rivalled the most daring of the combatants in cool audacity. In one instance a detachment of infantry was about to fire on the defenders of a barricade, when a mere boy, snatching the national colors from the hands of a bystander, scrambled on to the top of the barricade, and winding the flag around him, cried out with a clear voice—"It is the banner of France—fire, if you dare." Another made himself very conspicuous in the attack on the guard house in the Place du Palais Royal. Wounded in the shoulder, and armed only with a sword, he stood in advance of the people, encouraging them by voice and gesture, and seemingly insensible to the danger of his position, or the agony of his wound. During this attack much true courage was exhibited in removing the wounded immediately from the spot to the Gallérie Vitrée, which had been hastily converted into an hospital, and where the utmost attention was lavished upon the sufferers. But however remarkable may have been the intrepidity of these young rogues, nothing could surpass the soldierly bearing of the National Guards, unless it were their humanity and forbearance. Wherever the danger was most imminent, they were sure to be found in the foremost rank, cool and collected—and when victory crowned their efforts, they were still the first to protect the vanquished, and frequently, at much personal risk, mediated between the people and their trembling victims. To their active generosity must be attributed the lives of the Municipal Guard, who otherwise would have fallen a sacrifice to the popular vengeance.

While the National Guards and the people distinguished themselves by their determined valour, the troops of the line exhibited the utmost irresolution and an utter want of soldierly feeling. Admitting that their sympathy for the popular cause might prevent their acting with much energy, surely nothing can excuse the prompt surrender of their arms to a mob of boys and vagabonds. With the exception of the 44th Foot, who so gallantly maintained themselves in the Chateau d'Eau against a host of enemies, the

80,000 troops who occupied Paris proved worse than useless, for they supplied the rabble with those very arms that had been entrusted to the custody of their honor and courage. The people themselves appeared to regard them with a degree of contempt, for in the afternoon the greater part of the soldiers were marched out of the town without arms, and guarded or escorted by some half dozen men of the mob. It was a piteous sight, and the heart of many an officer must have bled at the very thought of the indignity he had brought upon himself.

At this hour the streets are tranquil. Patrols of National Guards and the people traverse the town in all directions. With the exception of constant *feux de joie*, and the incessant *Marseillaise* of drunken patriots, not a sound is to be heard indicative of the wonderful change that has been effected in a few hours.

It appears to me very questionable whether the National Guard would have co-operated so zealously with the people, could they have foreseen the extinction of monarchical power. Circumstances drew them on farther than they at first anticipated or wished. Their real and final object was the downfal of an odious ministry, but when the unfortunate affair of Wednesday night inflamed the minds of all men, and created a feeling of distrust towards the King—whom some suspected of being by no means averse to a collision between the soldiers and the people—the abdication of Louis Philippe became talked of as a desirable contingency. Few, very few, are really in favor of a republic, except the idle vagabonds who have nothing to lose, and the handful of seditious demagogues, mostly men of broken fortunes and dissolute lives, who hope to profit by a commotion. The National Guard, representing as they do the Bourgeoisie or shopocracy of Paris, can not be supposed to feel much predilection for a state of things that will utterly ruin their trade. In the absence of a Court, there will be but few of the nobility residing in the metropolis, for what man of high ancestry and refined habits would find pleasure in mingling on equal terms with the rude, upstart democrats who will henceforth constitute the government? Then, if there be neither a Court nor a resident aristocracy, what strangers of rank or fortune will resort to a place no longer distinguished for its social pleasures? Now, it is notorious that Paris depends almost entirely upon the sale of objects of luxury and taste, which are eagerly sought after by foreigners of all nations. Take away this source of emolument, and what will become of the hitherto gay and giddy capital of the civilized world? These are obvious questions, and the answer is more easy than satisfactory. Bankruptcy and ruin await the tradesman—the nobles and the wealthy will withdraw to more tranquil, more genial lands—and the populace, thrown out of employment by their own rash violence, will re-enact the scenes of spoliation and insult which subverted the original and healthy tendency of the first revolution. That there will be the same amount of bloodshed, I do not imagine, for a countervailing power has since sprung up in the Garde Nationale, who for their own sakes will be, ere long, compelled to turn against their late comrades in arms, and shoot them down without mercy. God grant that these fears may prove unfounded, and that we may now have arrived at a new and a better era in the history of civilization!

THE AISSAOUA.

(Translated from the French of Théophile Gautier.)

I MUST preface the following narrative by stating that the scene is laid at Bildah, in French Africa, where I happened to be located in the month of August 1845. One evening I was seated with my legs crossed, like a tailor or a Turk, between a Bedoween and a Kabyle, quietly sipping that excellent coffee one only meets with in the East, when my companions began to make some allusions to a festival that was to take place on the following day at a farm belonging to Ahmed-ben-Kaddour, Caïd of the Beni-Khelil. The programme was at that moment cried aloud by one of those itinerant news-mongers that always frequent the Coffee-houses, who informed us that there was to be an exhibition of the Aissaoua, a sect of convulsionnists, so to speak, of whom the most marvellous and incredible tales are related. My curiosity being naturally much excited, I prevailed upon a friend well acquainted with the manners and people of the country, to act as my guide and companion. To enter the Kaouck, or farm-yard, we had to traverse long lines of horses picketed to the ground, whose shrill neighings resembled the notes of the clarion. The dogs, accustomed to better treatment at the hands of the French settlers than of the natives of the soil, gambolled around us as we approached the house, barking a glad welcome. Made aware by these unusual sounds that strangers were at hand, some of the farm servants hastily came forth to meet us, and conducted us to the presence of the Caïd Ahmed-ben-Kaddour. A strange spectacle presented itself to our gaze. The tribe of the Beni-Khelil were enjoying themselves, in Arab fashion, beneath the wide spreading foliage of sycamores, carob, and fig-trees. At the foot of each, groups of four or five persons were squatted on a carpet surrounded—O civilization, who wanted you here?—by a certain number of Bougies de l'Etoile, stuck into the earth like the candles of the poor wretches who make a livelihood at Paris by exhibiting owls, or howling out ballads in the evening on the Boulevards, or in the Champs Elysées.

A very singular effect was produced by this illumination on the surface of the ground, and the light falling upon the foliage from beneath gave the whole scene quite a theatrical appearance, in part due also to the costume of the actors which is irresistibly associated in the mind of an European with a Melodrama or the Opera. On beholding that multitude of luminous points, a native poet would have said that the stars had come down from the heavens to sip the dew on the grass, or that a Peri had there shaken off the golden leaflets from her veil. In simple unsentimental prose, the grocers of Algiers had disposed of a large quantity of bougies.

On a sign made by the Caïd, slaves placed before us, on the edge of the carpet, wooden bowls filled with couscoussou, a piece of mutton, some fowls, curds, and a few slices of water-melon. To this Homeric repast we did ample justice, and, after coffee had been handed round, we lit our pipes with much inward satisfaction.

Whilst we were slowly exhaling the smoke which mounted in bluish wreaths beneath the dense canopy of leaves, two musicians came and stationed themselves in front of us. The beauty of their forms, and the antique grace of the folds of their drapery, seemed rather to belong to the elegant designs of a Grecian sculptor, than to mere vulgar minstrels with flesh and blood. This bas-relief, however, favored us with a serenade. The instrument they

used was a kind of hautbois or flute, with a flat neck encircled by a wooden ring, on which rested the lips of the performers. Motionless as statues, and with their eyes fixed on the ground, they moved not a muscle, except those indispensable to the stopping the holes, while they played in a very high key an air not unlike some of Félicien David's imitations of Arab music. There was something altogether novel and delightful in the whole scene. The attitude of the musicians, the shape of their instruments, the nature of their melody, the audience grouped around in their biblical draperies, all carried back the imagination to the most remote ages, to associations of that primitive mode of life, long since passed away.

Apollo, when compelled to watch the flocks of Admetus, must have wiled away the tedious hours of his exile by playing just such another air on just such another pipe, and you may depend upon it that his tunic fell into exactly such folds.

Before attempting to describe the frightful ceremonies of the Aissaoua, it may be as well to say a few words by way of introduction to this extraordinary sect. Among the Musulman population of Africa there are a great many orders, or rather congregations, not unlike the religious fraternities of Europe, and the members also style themselves "Khaouan," or Brothers. Several of the sects are to be found in Algeria, although they evidently derive their origin from Morocco, and among these is the one founded by Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa.

The legend connected with this Aissa, who lived some three hundred years ago, is not a little curious. He was a poor man, an inhabitant of Mequinez in Morocco, and it not unfrequently happened that his wife and children were without a morsel of food. Endowed with a faith unassailable by trial or temptation, Aissa put his trust in God alone to rescue him from this miserable condition Accordingly it came to pass that one day having prolonged his devotions in the Mosque beyond his usual hour, he was returning sorrowfully homewards, thinking that his starving family would cry to him for the food he had not to give them, but on entering his hovel, he saw a leg of mutton roasting before the fire, and other preparations for a comfortable and substantial meal. In his boundless reliance on the goodness of God, Aissa deemed it useless to enquire whence came this unexpected abundance; but on the morrow he returned to the Mosque, and indulged in long and fervent prayer. In the evening he again found a splendid repast set out, and his house filled with the good things that a stranger had brought in his absence. Thus it went on day by day, without exciting the slightest surprise in the mind of Aissa, for he well knew that his bountiful purveyor was no other than a messenger from on high, and so great was the profusion of vegetables and grain, that he was able to feed all the poor of his city.

At another time his wife, whom he had sent to the well to fetch water for his ablutions, drew up her pitcher full of gold coin, and this every time she let it down.

The whole of this treasure was set out in an alcove screened off by a white curtain, and whenever the needy and the deserving applied for aid, he would give it out in handfuls without stopping to weigh it or count it over.

These visible signs of the divine favor induced Aissa, notwithstanding his humility, to become the founder of an order, the peculiar tenets of which should be an absolute faith in God, and a passive obedience to its Marabout. To put his disciples to the proof, and they amounted to one hundred, he purchased as many sheep at the period of the feast of Bairam, and enjoined his followers to assemble at his house on the morrow. At the appointed hour they did not fail to come together in front of his abode. As soon as they were all collected, he went out to them and said, "You are all

my children, you love me as a father, and are resolved in all things to do my will—is it not so?" The disciples unanimously answered in the affirmative. "Well then," he resumed, "it is my pleasure to cut the throat of every one of you. It is customary at this festival to sacrifice sheep, but I prefer taking you as my victims. Let him among you who truly loves me and has real faith in me; now enter my house that I may slay him."

This startling proposition caused a moment's silence and hesitation, until one of them stepped forward and said, "Take my life, if it can be useful to you or afford you any pleasure." He then walked into the house, when the Marabout gave him one of the sheep, and desired him to kill it in such a manner that the blood should flow into the street. After this, he again went out and repeated the same invitation as before. The sight of the blood running out from beneath the doorway was not, perhaps, very encouraging, and again the Khaouans faltered in the hour of trial. A second one, however, presently detached himself from the others, and entered the master's house. Again the blood poured forth, but the appalling spectacle could not deter thirty-eight of his disciples from blindly submitting themselves to their master's will. A fat sheep rewarded their ready obedience.

A rumour now spread through the city that Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa was murdering his followers, and the authorities of the place hastened to the spot. The door was forced open, and thirty-eight living "brothers" were found seated beside thirty-eight dead sheep.

It is a curious coincidence that the name Aissa corresponds with that of Jesus, and Aissaoui in the singular, or Aissaouan in the plural, may be literally rendered by the word Jesuit. It is besides not a little striking that the Marabout adopted, as the fundamental rule, the passive obedience, the *perinde ac cadaver* of Ignatius Loyola.

I shall not trouble my readers with the miracles ascribed to the Musulman Saint. The rain, the hatchet, the piece of silver, the woman changed into a negress, the tuft of white hair, and a hundred others of a similar character, are either borrowed from other sources, or too puerile to be further noticed. I must however mention one miracle that refers to the scene I have undertaken to describe. On one occasion Sidi-Aissa, attended by some of the "brothers," set out to visit a *douar* situated at some distance. During the journey his disciples perishing of hunger importuned their master to give them food. Annoyed by their clamorous appeals, the Marabout impatiently exclaimed, "Well then, eat poison." Accustomed to render a literal obedience to his commands, the Khaouans collected all the scorpions, toads, serpents, and other venomous reptiles they could find, and feasted upon them with as much relish as if they had been the most exquisite dainties. On arriving at their destination, they refused to partake of the repast that was set out for them, and declared that they had not the slightest appetite for any thing more. Touched with their exceeding great faith, Sidi-Aissa bestowed upon them, and, for their sakes, upon the whole order, impunity from the effects of poison, whether internal or external, and this peculiar privilege is said to prevail even at the present time. Muley Ismael, Sultan of Morocco, had taken offence at the popularity of this holy Marabout, and felt himself thrown into the shade by an influence derived from heaven. He accordingly filled an enormous bowl with the most abominable and filthy ingredients, compared with which the cauldron of Shakspeare's Witches was an olla-podrida greatly to be preferred. The sight and stench were too much for even the practised stomachs of the Khaouans, and they were about to retire in confusion, when an ancient female servant of Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa, reproaching them with their want of faith, walked deliberately up to the

hideous mess, and began to devour its contents with hearty good will. Encouraged by the gusto with which she set about her task, the others speedily joined her, and in a very few minutes snakes and rats, slugs and spiders, and other dainties of a like nature, had entirely disappeared. The Sultan gazed with mingled astonishment and terror, while the faithful Khaouans derived the most beneficial effects from their apparently repulsive repast. In commemoration of this miracle you may sometimes see in the squares and open places in Algiers, a female with dishevelled hair feigning to swallow serpents, regulating the contortions of her body by the rhythmical cadence of musical instruments. Not only do the Aissaouans possess the power of charming reptiles and venomous creatures, they also extend their power over the fiercest beasts of prey, and the lions of the desert tamely follow in their train.

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The ceremony was about to commence. The groups broke up, and dispersed. Ahmed-ben-Khaddour arose and proceeded into the court of the *Kaouck*, a kind of Spanish cloister or series of open arcades. There he seated myself and my companions on a carpet of honour by his side. This court was lighted up in an odd manner with bougies and lamps placed on the ground beside the different groups. Above our heads the sky spread its dark blue canopy, indented round the edge by white spectre-like forms perched like birds upon the roof. One would have almost said they were a flock of ghosts, or goblins, spirits of evil or ghouls awaiting the celebration of some Thessalian mystery, or the opening of a Witches Sabbath. It is difficult to imagine any thing more awful or fantastic than these pale gloomy shadows, silent as night, suspended over our heads, in the deathlike stillness of beings from the other world. These were the women of the tribe, seated on the terraces to enjoy at their ease the horrible spectacle that was about to take place.

The Aissaoua, to the number of thirty, were crouched on the ground around the Mokaddem, or officiating priest, who now began in a slow monotonous tone, to recite a prayer which the Khaouans accompanied in a low murmuring voice. From time to time a slight touch on the Tarbouka gave a cadence to the hoarse chant, which gradually swelled louder and louder, until it resembled the sound of a wave breaking on a distant shore, or a clap of thunder far away in the clouds. Suddenly a shrill, sustained, but tremulous cry, the screeching of a night owl or a dazzled ospray, the sob of a strangled babe, the laugh of a ghoul in a cemetery, rent the night air like the sharp rushing sound of a rocket. This note pitched in a supernatural key, this piercing cry, false as the sigh of a fierce hyena or the laughter of a crocodile, awakened in the distance the hoarse barking of the jackals, and froze the very marrow in one's bones. Methought a flight of Afrits or of Jinns was passing over us. This infernal scream was uttered by the women who kept it up a fearful time, striking their mouth the while with the palm of the hand, to give a vibration to the sound. It is impossible to imagine anything more discordant, harsh, and diabolical. Compared with this, the creaking of the wheels of the bullock carts on the mountains of Aragon, which makes the very wolves flee in terror, must be deemed the harmony of the nightingale.

This frightful applause seemed to excite the performers. They sang with a louder and more accented voice. The players on the Tarbouka struck their wild-asses' skin with redoubled vigor, and with ever-increasing activity. The audience marked the measure by an involuntary movement of the head. And those dreadful women assented to the interminable litany of the acts and miracles of Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa, by more and more frequent yellings. As the prayer increased in fervour, a nervous agitation pervaded the frames of the Khaouans. Their

heads moved up and down, and from side to side, foam gathered on their lips, their eyes became blood-shot, and their eye-balls rolled about until nothing but the white was visible. All this time they never paused for a moment from exclaiming Allah! Allah! Allah! with such a frantic energy, such ferocious devotion, and in a voice so hoarse, savage, and profoundly hollow, that it rather resembled the roaring of famished lions in a den, than the articulations of the human voice.

Presently the rhythm of the tambours became more and more pronounced. The Aissaoua were inspired with a mad frenzy. The movement of the head became general and doubled in intensity. So terrible were their oscillations, that the chin smote upon the breast like a battering ram, and from the waist upwards, the whole frame was convulsed as in St. Vitus' dance. At times some brother or other, exhausted by the exertion, would fall to the ground, gasping for breath, covered with sweat and foam, and almost insensible; but, roused by the implacable thunder of the Tarboukas, he would start up and regain his position by galvanic efforts, like a dead frog beneath the shock of a Voltaic battery. At this sight the excited spectres above waved their winding sheets in applause, and sent forth a yet more piercing yell. The resuscitated performer was again placed on his haunches, and re-commenced his efforts with redoubled zeal.

An Aissaoui, one of the most distinguished members of the sect, and apparently regarded by the others with a sort of respectful awe, threw himself into the most demoniacal contortions. His nostrils trembled, his lips turned blue, his eyes were starting from his head, the muscles on his skinny neck stood out like small cords, a nervous trepidation agitated his frame from head to foot, his arms moved about violently and at random, as if involuntarily and unconnected with one another. Two of his comrades placed him on his feet, and held him up under the arms, but he threw himself backwards and forwards with such violence, that he shook off his supporters and fell to the ground, drawing himself along like a wounded snake, and hoarsely murmuring the name of Allah in a note so guttural, so harsh, and yet so deep, that it was distinctly heard above the cries of the Khaouans, the shrieks of the women, and the howling of the convulsionists. If ever the Devil is compelled to confess God, he will do it in this fashion. My own eye grew giddy, and my reason became confused as I gazed upon the dizzy scene. The same sort of imitative sympathy that makes one open the jaws on beholding a person yawn, forced me to make involuntary jumps on my carpet. I began mechanically to move my head to and fro, and with difficulty could I restrain myself from howling in chorus. A horseman of a neighbouring tribe, seated not far from myself, was unable to master the impulse, and rolled in the dust with hysterical laughter and sobs. The tumult was at its height. The excitement bordered on paroxysm. The continued beating of the musical instruments, and the increasing oscillation of their own persons, had raised the Aissaouans to the degree of delirium necessary for the due celebration of their rites. Catalepsy, magnetic trance, congestion of the brain, the entire cohort of nervous complaints, rendered into sobs, contortions, and tetanus, convulsed those seemingly dislocated limbs, those faces destitute of all trace of the human aspect. The lamps encircled with halos of red dust reflected a ruddy glare over this wild and fantastic scene, the recollection of which still weighs upon me like a nightmare. All these growlings, crawlings, tumblings, howlings, yellings and twistings, formed a most hideous confusion. Presently the bearing of men was exchanged for that of brute beasts, and a disgusting odour arose from those bestial forms like that of a menagerie. We shuddered with horror in our retired corner, but

what we had as yet witnessed was only the prologue to the play.

Dragging themselves on their knees and elbows, they half raised themselves from the ground, and stretched their earth-besmeared hands to the Mokaddem. Turning towards him their pale, haggard, livid, leaden faces, streaming with perspiration, and lighted up with eyes that flashed a feverish fire, they demanded of him something to eat with the wailings of children. "If you are hungry, eat poison," replied the Mokaddem in imitation of the saint Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa.

What followed after the Mokaddem had made a sign to bring in the food is so altogether strange and incredible, that I entreat my readers to believe literally all that I am about to tell them. My narrative contains not the slightest exaggeration, for that would be impossible. Toads, scorpions, and snakes of different kinds were pulled out of small bags, and devoured alive with every demonstration of delight. Some passed their tongue over red hot shovels and pick-axes; others crunched burning coals; others again chewed the leaves of the Cactus, the thorns of which ran through their cheeks.

Each Khaouan, while feasting in this disgusting manner, uttered all sorts of sounds and cries. One roared like a lion, another hissed like a viper, a third produced only inarticulate notes, while others frantically invoked the visionary forms that were seen by the believer alone. The most ecstatic laid down on burning coals as if on a bed of roses, and an expression of indescribable and celestial happiness illumined their countenance, such as we see depicted in paintings of the early Christian martyrs drawn by the hand of the great masters. One of these fanatics, hardly twenty years of age, came up to where we were sitting, and with an air of the greatest complacency applied a flaming torch to his armpits, slowly drawing it down to the wrist. A strong smell of burnt flesh reached our nostrils, while he smiled in soft amorous langour, and gently murmured the name of Allah. Another half-naked, lean, spare-built, and of a tawny hue, struck himself so violently on the chest that at every blow the blood spurted forth. By his side, one of his companions jumped with naked feet on the upturned edges of Yataghans.

The Tarboukas thundered without cessation. The cries of the women became each instant more piercing, more harsh, more quavering. Not a single brother remained upright. All were rolling, as if seized with epilepsy, and winding themselves into serpentine knots. I allowed my aching eyes to float, as it were, over this hideous confusion of heads, and limbs, crawling and creeping in the dust, when a movement at one of the entrances announced a new episode in this savage drama. Two Arabs entered the Court, dragging a sheep by the horns, that stoutly resisted, and set its forefeet on the ground with desperate but vain resolution.

The poor animal seemed almost to have a presentiment of its fate. Its large blue eye dilated with terror, and cast a glassy look around, but without distinguishing anything. A blood-colored mucus dropped from its nostrils, and its whole frame trembled like a leaf, and already it seemed half dead with fright.

At the sight of the sheep, a deafening clamour, a frantic shout, issued from all these breasts in which one would have thought that scarcely a breath could be remaining. The Aissaoua precipitated themselves on the poor animal, threw it over on its back, and, while some held fast its legs, notwithstanding its maddened efforts to get free, others tore open the belly with their teeth, and gnawed the entrails mingled with tufts of wool. Others again, like birds of prey, pulled out the bowels and swallowed them by the yard, while their comrades seized upon the heart, the liver, and the lungs. In an incredibly short space of time nothing remained of the sheep but shapeless and bleeding fragments, for

which the wretches disputed among themselves with a ferocity surpassing that of wolves and hyænas. The strange horror of the scene was augmented by the shaven crowns of the Khaouans, naturally of a dark bluish hue from the action of the razor, and now streaked with blood, as they thrust their heads into the reeking carcase. They were like huge birds of prey, half human, half vulture, gorging themselves on some dead animal abandoned in the desert.

At last, intoxicated with their filthy repast, and utterly exhausted by their horrid orgies, the Aissaouans fell heavily to the ground, one by one, and dropped into a death-like stupor. For my own part, my head was in a perfect whirl, and it was with a sensation of infinite delight that I once more found myself on the road to Blidah, when the fresh air of the morning soon dissipated these terrible visions of the night—visions, however, of frightful realities.

HELENA VALLISNERIA.

(Translated from the Novellen van Julius Mosen.)

A little way from the town—said the old huntsman—you may see even now the ruins of a hut, in which many long years ago dwelt a potter with his son, an acute, daring lad, who did little else than play the guitar all day. No sooner had the old man been gathered to his fathers, than the boy packed up in a wallet all he possessed, and, turning his back upon the hovel, set out to wander through the world.

Wilhelm the Potter, as he was called in his native place, was soon as much forgotten as is the summer butterfly in the midst of winter; when all at once he again appeared among us with horses and carriages, and a fine lady in his company. He bought that large red-brick house in the market place, and there fared sumptuously every day, like Dives in the parable. Wilhelm's great riches excited no small astonishment among the town's folk, particularly among the women, but what made them wonder still more was the beautiful, dark lady, with her strange, foreign customs. In the centre of his yard Wilhelm erected a building so grand, that nothing in the world could be compared to it for beauty. The roof was painted blue, and ornamented with gilt balls and spires that made a brave show as they flashed back the rays of the sun. In the interior was a single chamber without any windows, but only a circular opening in the roof through which the angels of heaven might look down and admire the glorious sight. The walls of this chamber were painted by an artist from Dresden with all sorts of flowers and grotesque figures that looked wonderfully gay. There were besides many different kinds of gilt ornaments, and a curious door with gilt iron bars. But with so much secresy was all this done that we never could worm any thing even out of the workmen, and we could only guess at what was going on from the hints of some of his neighbours, who were able to catch a glimpse here and there of his garden, from the roofs of their houses.

It then began to be bruited abroad, and, of course, believed, that the King was going to pass the winter in our town in a quiet retired manner, away from all trouble and turmoil, and enjoy a bottle of our best brewing with Wilhelm, who was now looked upon as a very great personage. But instead of the King com-

ing to live in this beautiful building, what, think you, really took place? One day the rich man started off somewhere into the country, and when he returned after a few weeks' absence, he brought with him a large pure-white cow. It was really a splendid animal, I have heard, and we were told that the dark lady went almost mad for joy on seeing it, and actually threw her arms round its neck, hugging and kissing it. This was the King for whom the fine building had been erected, and now no body could talk of any thing but the folly of making such costly stables for cows.

Among Wilhelm's foreign servants was a young English girl, who spoke German pretty well, and with whom, of course, the inn-keeper's son fell desperately in love. It was by this means we learned that the dark lady used to wash and feed her cow every day with her own hands, and adorn its gilded horns with wreaths of flowers. We then easily understood how it was that Wilhelm had grown so suddenly rich, and no one doubted but that the cow was a fairy who gave him all his wealth. On the Sunday after this grand discovery, the parson stood up in the pulpit, his face scarlet with passion, and preached a sermon that made the very wig dance upon his head. His words, as generally happened, could be better understood outside of the town than within the church itself. However, he drew such a faithful picture of Wilhelm and his wife that it was impossible not to recognise them. We were ready to tear them to pieces. At that time I was the organ blower, and, therefore, placed with the musicians in the choir. The parson went on to warn us against the imp of Satan that had lately crept into our town by means of a stray sheep from the fold. He denounced war and pestilence if the Evil Spirit should any longer be worshipped in this place under the form of a white cow. It was just the same, said he, as the golden calf which the Israelites worshipped in the wilderness with idolatrous ceremonies and sacrifices, only that it had now become a silver cow!

After the service, old and young gathered together before Wilhelm's house. Volleys of stones were hurled against the windows, and such screaming and hooting! "Come out," we cried, "come out, thou devil's comrade, thou and thy black witch and infernal cow!"

Weeping and moaning were heard within the house, and all at once the door opened and Wilhelm stepped out. His hands were stuck into his pockets and he looked as cheerful and happy as if he had just come home from church. We all became silent in a moment, and stood half abashed before him. Suddenly an expression of sadness swept over his countenance, and thus he addressed us:—

"Is this the way, my friends, you greet your old school-fellow and playmate? Is this the way you treat me, because I have returned among you with my wife? Why are you so angry with me? Have I ever turned any one of you away from my door? Have I ever harmed any one in word or deed? If so, let him stand forth, and I will make him amends. My own school-fellows, and you, friends and companions of my father, speak. If I owe you any thing, tell me—and I will instantly repay you. Do I not see you in your Sunday clothes and with prayer books under your arm? Do you not come direct from that sacred building in which peace and brotherly love are preached to all men?"

On hearing these words we became as silent as mice, and our feelings towards him began to change. But when at that moment the beautiful dark lady came out wringing her hands and crying bitterly, the women at once took her part, and upbraided their husbands for their cruelty. Wilhelm's old companions then stepped up to him, and shook hands with him in token of reconciliation. They also told him how it had all happened, and why the people were so much offended with him, and begged him to explain

to them why he kept a fairy cow. Upon this Wilhelm replied:—"My dear friends and neighbours, come around me and hear me. I have been wrong to keep my life and actions a secret from you. They have therefore been misconstrued by some evil-minded persons. But henceforth there shall be no mystery between us. Now listen to my story.

Most of you remember me when a boy, and know how I departed from among you at my father's death, as poor as a Church mouse, and travelled into foreign lands. First of all I went to Hamburg. I arrived there without a farthing in my pocket, shivering with cold, and famished with hunger, and yet merry and free from care. While I was thus wandering through the streets, I was met by a well-dressed and nice looking gentleman, who professed the greatest friendship for me, and, taking me to an inn, asked me what I would like to take. We swore mutual fidelity to one another, and then wept together like two children. And yet I could not at all understand why the hostess, every time she came into the room, made me signs to beware of my kind friend. However I took no further notice of them, for my appetite was too good to be disturbed, and, as one glass of punch followed another, the last one always seemed the best. When night arrived and I was preparing to set out in search of a lodging, my companion would not allow it, but pressed me to sit down for one little hour more and then walk with him to his own house. So far from refusing, I was only too glad to accept his proposal. So we sat there drinking and pledging one another till I became frightfully intoxicated. At midnight, we rose up and left the hotel to go to my friend's lodgings, after he had paid the bill. Bad as I was, I still remember how we wandered up one street and down another, and how strange all those ups and downs, ins and outs appeared to me. At length, just as we were turning the corner of a dirty lane, a plaster was suddenly clapped upon my mouth, and three fellows, strong as oxen, seized upon me and threw me on the ground, when they handcuffed and bound me fast—my dear friend kindly assisting them to drag me into a boat. They then rowed down the Elb as fast as they could pull, while I was unable to turn myself one way or the other, for my hands and feet were tied so tightly that my blood seemed to be frozen. At length the morning dawned, and the sun rose as beautiful and grand as if only angels dwelt upon earth. Soon afterwards we came alongside a large ship, into which I was hoisted like a bale of cotton and stowed away in the hold. Here I found thirty others as unfortunate as myself, who told me that we had fallen into the power of a dealer in human creatures. I flung myself down in a corner upon some straw, and bitterly bewailed my fate, although I felt some relief in regaining the use of my mouth and limbs.

As soon as we were fairly out at sea, we used to be brought upon deck by sixes for an hour at a time. When it came to my turn, I recognised my Hamburg friend, who informed me that he was a Corporal of Marines, and that I had now the honour of being a soldier in the brave army of England. In addition to this, I learned that we were bound for the East Indies, where I should have an opportunity of covering myself with glory and dust in fighting against the Mahrattas. As my friend now gave me a bottle of rum and a silver dollar, I gradually became reconciled both to himself and to my fate. After some months we arrived at our destination, where I joined with my regiment, and marched all dressed in scarlet like an Englishman, to conquer the Mahrattas. Shortly afterwards we fought a terrible battle, and you may well believe that I raged furiously like a true-born German who knew how to obey his officers. This however did not last long, for after a time I found myself lying on a soft mattrass in a lofty room from which the light was carefully excluded. Indeed there were no win-

dows at all, and it was only through the open door that the light was able to enter, and the only thing I could distinguish in the chamber was a dirty, triple-headed idol, which kept continually staring at me from the opposite corner. On raising my hand up to my head, I felt as if I had been stunned, and now for the first time I discovered that some valiant Mahratta must have given me as a token of remembrance a sabre cut right across the scalp.

After waiting some time an old man, with a long venerable beard, came up to my bedside, and bowed himself well nigh down to the ground. I was of course much gratified by his friendly looks and signs, but it was not until a later period that I became sufficiently acquainted with the language of the country to understand what he said. He proved to be an Indian priest, and had acted towards me like the good Samaritan. The day after the battle he had found me among the dead, with life not quite extinct, and had carried me to his own dwelling. This charitable Heathen had treated me as if he had been a Christian, and by means of aromatic leaves had healed my wounds. He now gave me abundance of nutritious food, and, as soon as I was perfectly recovered, he dismissed me with his blessing.

I now stood alone in the wide world beneath the open heaven and scorching sun of India, without a single creature near me who cared for my life or death, or would relieve my distress. With such gloomy thoughts for my companions, I was proceeding on my lonely path when I suddenly came upon a company of jugglers. I stopped and saluted them, and they, in their turn, began to pull me about, and play all sorts of tricks with me. However, among their musical instruments I saw a guitar, which I can play with tolerable skill. Taking it up in my hand, I began to strike some lively chords as if I had been at home in the valley of the Elster, enjoying the Whitsun holidays. At any rate, I succeeded in delighting these people, and was induced to accompany them in their wanderings. Whilst they performed their tricks of legerdemain, I used to play the guitar. It happened that as we were at one time staying at Poonah, the capital of the Mahrattas, I strolled past the royal gardens with my instrument slung across my shoulder. It was evening, and the silvery stars shone out brilliantly. The warmth was delicious. The trees waved their branches to and fro, fanning the air, and filling it with a thousand flowery perfumes. I hardly knew where I was, and sitting down upon a stone, I indulged in waking dreams. Far off I heard a sweet soft voice singing, which seemed to penetrate my heart and soul. Being in the habit of accompanying singers, I involuntarily ran my fingers along the chords. At length the voice was hushed, and I rose to retire, when the tempter whispered unto me: Wilhelm, the garden door is not so very high, but that you could clamber over it. It was soon done, and when I looked into the garden I fancied I must be in Paradise. Gay-coloured lamps were suspended at every corner and turning, and reflected a soft light upon the winding paths cut through beds of countless flowers. Here and there pillars and statues might be seen through the dim glimmering of the lamps or in the bright moonshine. Lillies and roses were gently moving in the balmy air as if they were sending sweet messages to each other. The effect was so enervating that I thought I should have swooned. But when, at the further end of a long walk, I observed a small building like a tower, seemingly made of porcelain and gold, I could no longer resist, but crept up to it as silently as possible, keeping myself carefully in the shade of the trees and shrubs. I might easily have got close up to it had it not been for two large lamps that were burning in front of the door. I was at my wit's end, and sore troubled what to do. Presently the same female voice issued from

that beautiful building. It was so soft, so sad, so sweet, that I was quite overpowered. The two lamps were hanging within my reach. Before my heart had beaten thrice, they were extinguished, but the singing went on without interruption. I was about to peep in through the key-hole, when the door suddenly opened and two females walked out. They stood for an instant talking to one another, or they must have heard my heart beat. In a few minutes, however, they were lost to sight, and at the same moment that wondrous harmony was renewed.

The door had been left a-jar. I crept softly up to it and looked in. The apartment was more beautiful than I can describe. Upon a crimson velvet sofa a young female was reclining. Her eyes were like two stars and pierced my very soul. A tear stole down my cheek and involuntary sobs burst from me as I laid my burning face upon the door-step. But I cannot tell you how it all happened, though never shall I forget that hour when a poor wandering stranger won the heart of Madhawi, the sister of the powerful sovereign of the Mahrattas. From that time, however, I went every evening into the pavilion in the garden by the assistance of her nurse whom we contrived to gain over to our interests.

Being fully convinced in our own minds that we never could enjoy life separated from one another, we determined to effect our escape. I ought before to have told you that I had parted from my kind friends the jugglers when they left Poonah, and afterwards engaged lodgings for myself in the suburbs.

One dark moonless night I took my station, as agreed upon, at a private gate of the garden, with two splendid steeds bought with money given to me for that purpose. I hardly made the appointed signal when Madhawi came out, carrying her jewels and valuable property in several small boxes. These I packed away in the saddle bags with which I loaded one of the horses, while springing on the other I took up my beauteous bride behind me, and, like a wounded hart, bounded away in rapid flight. During the day time we concealed ourselves in the woods, but all night long we sped on until we reached a French factory. Here we were kindly and hospitably received, and conducted in safety to the sea-coast, whence we took ship for Europe and landed at Marseilles without harm or accident. In that city Madhawi was baptised by the name of Helena Indiana, and then became my very dear wife.

Impelled by love of home and fatherland, I returned once more amongst you, my friends; but my poor wife suffered bitterly from our cold foggy climate. Often times too she would talk to me about a white cow she had petted and brought up in her own country. Who would not do something to please a wife who had sacrificed wealth, climate, and regal splendour, every thing, for love? I therefore erected a building in my garden exactly like the one in which her Indian cow had lived, and I myself went away in search of a similar animal. Friedhold accompanied me, and can vouch for the truth of my words."

The citizens, on hearing this, would have sorely ill-treated old Friedhold for not mentioning this before, had not Wilhelm interposed and pacified their resentment.

From this time no man was held in such high estimation as Wilhelm. Year after year he was sure to be elected King of the Archery feasts, because he never failed on such occasions to bestow on his towns-folk three hogsheads of Bamberg beer. If any one was in distress, or complained of oppression, he was sure to meet with sympathy and redress at the hands of Wilhelm. But at length the foreign bank in which he had invested nearly all his money became bankrupt, and soon afterwards his house was burnt down, so that he had nothing left him of all his wealth but his wife and the potter's yard inherited from his father. His reputation and influence depart-

ed together with his fortune, and every house and purse were closed against him.

However he bore up bravely under his misfortunes. He began to turn his wheel as in the olden time, and his wife carried the plates and dishes to market. Thus they lived in a respectable and becoming manner, like good honest working people. But the poor young woman gradually sank into melancholy, and died shortly afterwards in her first child-birth. The day after she was committed to the earth, the potter's hut was deserted, and no one to this day knows what became of Wilhelm. A few pitied him and sympathised with his sorrows, but all those who had received favors from him declared that he richly deserved his fate. This—concluded the old huntsman—is all that I remember about Wilhelm and his dark Helena, and her beautiful white cow.

"She was a Vallisneria," said the doctor. "That marvellous plant blooms deep beneath the wave until moved by the Almighty's influence of love, when it loosens itself from its stalk and rises to the surface of the water into the new world of air, to float across to the crimsonhued flower of its beloved in order to cherish it, and then wither and sink for ever.

VERSES.

(From the French of Mellin de St. Gellais.)

THE ASSOCIATION.

Upon a certain fête day fair
Our Pastor did an Agnus chaunt
In sonorous voice both loud and clear,
While Annette from the distant aisle
Wept as she listened to his lay;
To whom our friend, with kindly smile,
Thus said :—"Why weep'st thou, Maiden? Say."
"Ah, Messire Jean!" the maiden cried,
"I weep my donkey lately dead,
"And ah! your voice"—and here she sigh'd—
"Did *so* remind me of poor Ned."

THE VACUUM.

In the market place once a knave did say,
He'd the Devil to all the word display,
And well I ween, there was never a wight
But rushed to the market to see the sight!
A purse that was wide, and deep withal,
He then held up in the Market Hall,
"Open your eyes! Is there nothing within?"
"Nothing," cried one, "neither Devil nor tin."
"Hold!" quoth the knave, "'tis the Devil, I swear,
"To open one's purse and find nothing is there.

LOSS, A GAIN.

They say that thou hast lost thy precious heart
To thy sweet self! To thee most justly dear,
'Tis well, since thou alone wilt feel the smart,
And jealousy will never interfere.

THE UNKNOWN VOCALIST.

(A Romance from the French.)

CHAPTER I.

The anniversary of the Marquise de Laujon's birthday was celebrated with great festivity. The saloons of her house in the Place-Beau-veau, were crowded with friends all eager to give utterance to their congratulations and good wishes. Her husband, the Marquis, a distinguished musical amateur himself, at the request of his dear Marie, had arranged a concert for the occasion, at which the first singers of the Italian Opera and the Theatre Feydeau were to assist. I was present at this fête which took place on the 14th of August 1808. It was ten at night, and the assembled company were eagerly waiting for the arrival of the beautiful and divine Barelli, the prima donna of the Empress's Theatre. At length, she made her appearance; her delicious tones charmed the friends of the Marquise, and her triumph was so complete in the "*Ombra adorata*" of Zingarelli's "*Romeo*," that by a spontaneous movement of admiration, every lady present detached a flower from her banquet to form a wreath with which the Marquise de Laujon herself crowned the brows of the melodious Italian.

One lady alone, young and beautiful, did not share in the general enthusiasm. She sat seemingly in a deep reverie, regardless of all that was going on around her. To her downcast eye, the thousand wax-lights, whose rays scintillated in prismatic colors on the crystal drops of the lustres, were without brilliancy. The swell of harmony, which floated through the room, causing the mind to feel a species of delirium and the heart to throb again, reached not her ear. One of her hands, clutched, convulsively, a little locket, suspended round her neck by a chain of light colored hair. In the midst of the brilliant throng, she alone wore half-mourning. Surrounded by gaily dressed, blooming and smiling women, she appeared to me to suggest the simile of a cypress, desolate amongst the roses. The sorrowful attitude, the abstracted air of this unknown one, inspired me with a degree of undefinable interest.

Anxious to find out who she was, I approached the Duchess de Lainey, and begged her to tell me the name of the pensive beauty.

"She is," answered the Duchess, "a young lady from Provence, who lost her husband a month after their marriage: it is now six years ago."

"Six years," cried I, "and she still wears mourning? That is an example of conjugal piety rather rare in these times; what you tell me absolutely excites my curiosity about her to a degree; by what dreadful misfortune did she happen to lose her husband so soon after marriage?"

"He died the victim of a horrible outrage."

"Oh!" Duchess, cried I, "pray tell me all the particulars, it must be a very interesting story."

"It is much more mournful, than curious, my friend," said Madame de Lainey "and to talk of death, on a birthday in the midst of a gay assembly? If we were to be overheard, what would be said of us?

"They are going down to the garden to enjoy the fresh air, permit me to offer you my arm, and there, in that avenue of lindens we can converse without being remarked."

"But yet,"———

"Do not refuse me, I beg."

"You feel greatly interested in the young widow, then, you fickle being. What would your Madem-

oiselle de Lussan, your *prétendue* say, if she heard you entreating me, so earnestly to satisfy your curiosity?"

"She would join with me, in begging of you to relate all you know, for she too has a lively sympathy for all those who suffer."

"As that is the case," answered the Duchess, "I can refuse you no longer; come along then, you inquisitive man, give me your arm, but take care we are not observed, the Duke is so jealous!"

"No doubt, and who would not be so, in his place? remembering of what beauty he is the fortunate possessor."

CHAPTER II.

Having descended into the garden, we sat down near a Laiterie Suisse, where, concealed from intrusive eyes, by a screen of honeysuckle bushes, Madame de Lainey commenced the following relation.

"The young widow, the object of your almost feminine curiosity comes from Arlès. Her family, one of the richest in Provence, united her in 1802 to a Monsr. de Vermont, a young man of rare merit, and uniting to the advantages of fortune all the graces of mind a distinguished education can bestow. Brought up in Paris, M. de Vermont could not resolve to bury himself at his age, twenty-five, in the feudal manor of his future father-in-law, and only consented to celebrate his marriage there, on the condition that a fortnight after the nuptial ceremony, he should be at liberty to carry off his wife to an estate he possessed, ten miles from the Capital. His wife's father agreed to all his wishes, such was the esteem he had for the man, to whom he was about to confide the future happiness of his only child. Emma (that is the name of her you feel so interested about) found in the husband, selected by her parents, a disposition so noble, generous and tender, that she quitted her house to accompany him, without a sigh of regret. They left at the time fixed upon, and arrived at Vermont's estate towards the end of July. Emma's husband, after presenting his young and lovely bride to all the residents in the neighbourhood, gave a fête champêtre at his Chateau. Madame de Vermont's beauty, and her amiability of manner gained at once the hearts of her new friends. At the very commencement of the fête, she made each guest believe that they had been acquainted with one another for a long time. Gifted with the power of being graceful and gracious everywhere and to every one, which a young and lovely woman alone can possess, she distributed her attentions with so much tact, that all present were charmed with her.

"The fête was kept up with much merriment and briskness for a day or two, then the mere acquaintances gradually dropped off, and only a few of Mons. de Vermont's friends remained. The season for field sports had commenced. Emma's husband was passionately fond of the chase. He arranged a party for a stag hunt on the following morning, which was exactly the thirtieth day after his marriage."

"Oh! yes, I remember it, as if it were yesterday, it was the 14th of August.

"Madame de Vermont's sorrowful air this evening is now accounted for," said I—"I tremble to guess the sequel of your story."

"Although placing no faith in dreams," continued Madame de Lainey, "Emma, haunted by what seemed a vision the night before the hunting party, endeavored strongly to persuade her husband not to go out on that day.

"'Stay at home, dearest Edmond,' she said to him, 'do not leave me alone, I am afraid to remain all alone in this immense château .... Pray, do not go, the sky is so overcast, a storm is brewing I am

sure; hark! to the wind whistling along the corridors. Again and again I beg of you, to stay at home.'

"De Vermont laughed at her presentiments and childish fears, and embracing her tenderly, he sallied forth accompanied by his friends.

"She followed with her eyes as long as he was in sight, and then bursting into tears, returned to her apartment.

"The chase was a glorious one, the stag brought to bay soon succumbed, and the notes of the huntsman's horn, announced the triumph of the young and active sportsmen.

"A drizzling mist was falling, when they commenced their return homewards.

"De Vermont, prevented by a slight sprain in his foot, from keeping step with his companions, who were hurrying on to escape the coming rain, took advantage of this circumstance to stop a little behind, and gather some wild flowers to take to his darling Emma. He sat down at the edge of the wood to arrange his little nosegay of primroses and daisies. His friends were already more than a hundred paces in advance of him, when, suddenly they heard the report of fire-arms, followed by terrific cries, such as a man would utter struggling for life. Greatly alarmed, and missing De Vermont, the other sportsmen rushed towards the the spot from whence the sounds proceeded.

"A dreadful spectacle awaited them .... De Vermont, the unfortunate De Vermont, was lying extended on the ground writhing in terrible agony,—the pangs of death........ His head shattered and his body bleeding and mangled .... His gun lay near him, but it had not been discharged! No doubt, the unfortunate young man was the victim of some cowardly murderer, who had lain in ambush for him!

"His friends lifted him up, and tended him with the utmost care, but in vain, the wounds were mortal, and the name of Emma was the only word which escaped his lips before be expired.

"It is impossible to relate to you the grief and terror of poor Madame de Vermont when she saw her husband's friends returning, pale and trembling without him.

"'Edmond! Where is Edmond?' cried she in a tone of anguish, which wrung their very hearts. Tears, not to be repressed, were the sole answer.

'Edmond is dead!' she exclaimed. 'My God! My God! thou hadst forewarned me of this!' and she fell to the ground, deprived of consciousness. Diligent search was made on the spot where the outrage had been committed; but no traces of the culprit could be found. Emma purchased that part of the wood where her Edmond had breathed his last, and caused a monument to be erected there. She could not be induced to leave the Chateau, the Chapel of which contained his remains, and made a vow to wear mourning, till the day should come, on which she could revenge his death.

"Unfortunate and noble woman," said I to the Duchess, "but to what cause can one attribute this almost supernatural occurrence? Mons. de Vermont was rich, supremely happy in the society of the wife he loved, and of the friends who were attached to him. Oh! no, the demon of suicide could not have armed his hands against himself. His gun was found still loaded I think you told me?"

"It is a mystery, which time, perhaps, will solve, some day or other," rejoined Madame de Laincy.

"Emma found a species of pleasure in passing hours by the monument she had erected to her late husband in the wood. One day, whilst undesignedly loosening the moss which covered the trunk of an old oak, about ten paces distant from the mausoleum, she found——"

Just as the Duchess had got so far in her narrative. the Marquis de Laujon approached and scolded us, for our long absence from the saloon.

Madame de Lainey pleaded a severe headache, which had obliged her to seek the open air.

She leant on my arm, and we followed the Marquis into the concert room.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS greatly annoyed at this interruption, and would gladly have renounced the remainder of the entertainment, to have had my wish, to know the end of this strange story, gratified.

But Madame de Lainey went and seated herself next to the pretty widow, and it was impossible for me to learn any thing further.

Upon the departure of the professional singers, some amateur music was performed. Several young ladies of the company sang some piquant pieces out of the newest comic operas. Then a gentleman, whose name no one could tell me, but who seemed to be thought some celebrated foreign artist, seated himself at the piano and played something of his own composition. Mons. de Laujon asked him to be kind enough to sing a song, which he had sung once before at a party given by the Chancellor of the Empire. After a spirited prelude, he sang as requested. We all applauded the flexibility of his voice, which was rich and full, and when he ended, complimented him on the talent he possessed of setting his own verses to music of his own composition.

The tones of the singer had engrossed the attention of all present with the exception of Madame de Vermont, whom I perceived apparently suffering from the gaiety which reigned around her, and wishing to make her escape from it. Madame de Lainey begged of her to stay a little longer, and the Marquise having discovered that the lively air which had just been sung was disagreeable to Emma, she requested the artist who was still at the piano, to favor the company with something in a more serious style.

The stranger bowed his assent to the lady's request, and commenced an expressive and solemn ritornelle. Scarcely had he sung the first four couplets of his new Ballad, when Mde. de Vermont shook off her previous languor. She started up from the couch where she had been reclining the whole evening, and paid most remarkable attention to the song. The applause which followed it was even greater than at the conclusion of the first? Madame de Vermont added her encomium to those of the other ladies, and even said to the singer, with a peculiar grace: "Can you tell me, Monsieur, where you got this romance, which you have just sang with so much taste?"

"Madame," said the stranger, "it has not been published yet, although I composed it a very long time ago."

"It is your own composition then," rejoined Madame de Vermont, her eye glistening.

"Yes, Madame, if you will permit me——"

"You anticipate my wishes, Monsieur; I was about to beg the favor of your giving me a copy of the words. I admire them exceedingly."

"Really, Madame, the honor is too great for me; and if you will permit me, I will myself bring you the copy you wish for to-morrow morning."

"No, not to-morrow, Monsieur, I beg of you, for I start at day-break for the country."

"But, madame——"

"This very evening I wish to have a copy of your delightful verses, would you refuse this small favor to a lady who is entreating you for it!"

"Certainly not, Madame; but I am really quite confused at your complimentary earnestness; which does me so much honor. I am quite ready to write not only the words but the music also, if you wish it."

The Marquis de Laujon led the stranger into his library; Emma followed them. The artist returned alone: Madame de Vermont had taken the opportunity to make her escape from the company, which had evidently been irksome to her from the first.

A quadrille was formed; I stood *vis à vis* to Mde. de Lainey, hoping to extract in the course of the dance the end of the beautiful Arlèsienne's story.

The orchestra had just struck up the tune for the second figure in the quadrille, when the valet of the Marquis entered and pronounced these formidable words: " Monsieur le Procureur Imperial." A thunderbolt crashing over our heads would have terrified us less .... The music stopped instantaneously, the gentlemen dropped the hands of their partners............the faces of all present grew pale.

The valet threw open the folding doors of the saloon, and the Imperial Procureur, followed by four gens d'armes entered the apartment. After whispering a few words to the Marquis the dreaded functionary went up to the stranger artist, and placing his hand on his shoulder, said, " In the name of the law, I arrest you !" The unknown, who alone had blushed amongst the pallid guests during the foregoing scene, stammered out some protestations, declaring that there must be some mistake, that he knew not what they wanted with him, in short, that he was well known as a gentleman and a man of honor. The Procureur Imperial having established the identity of the stranger, with the description in the warrant which he held in his hand, ordered the gens d'armes to seize his person, and retired, making many apologies to the company for having been obliged to interrupt their amusements, in order to fulfil so painful a duty.

This incident withered all the gay flowers of the fête, and the party broke up, every one quitting the house their minds filled with [illegible] fear and astonishment at so inexplicable an occurrence.

CHAPTER IV.

Six months after this event had taken place, a man was conducted towards the Place de Grève in the condemned cart.

This man was a highway robber, and it was the first copy full of erasures of a ballad written by him, he had used as wadding to his gun which brought him to the scaffold!

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